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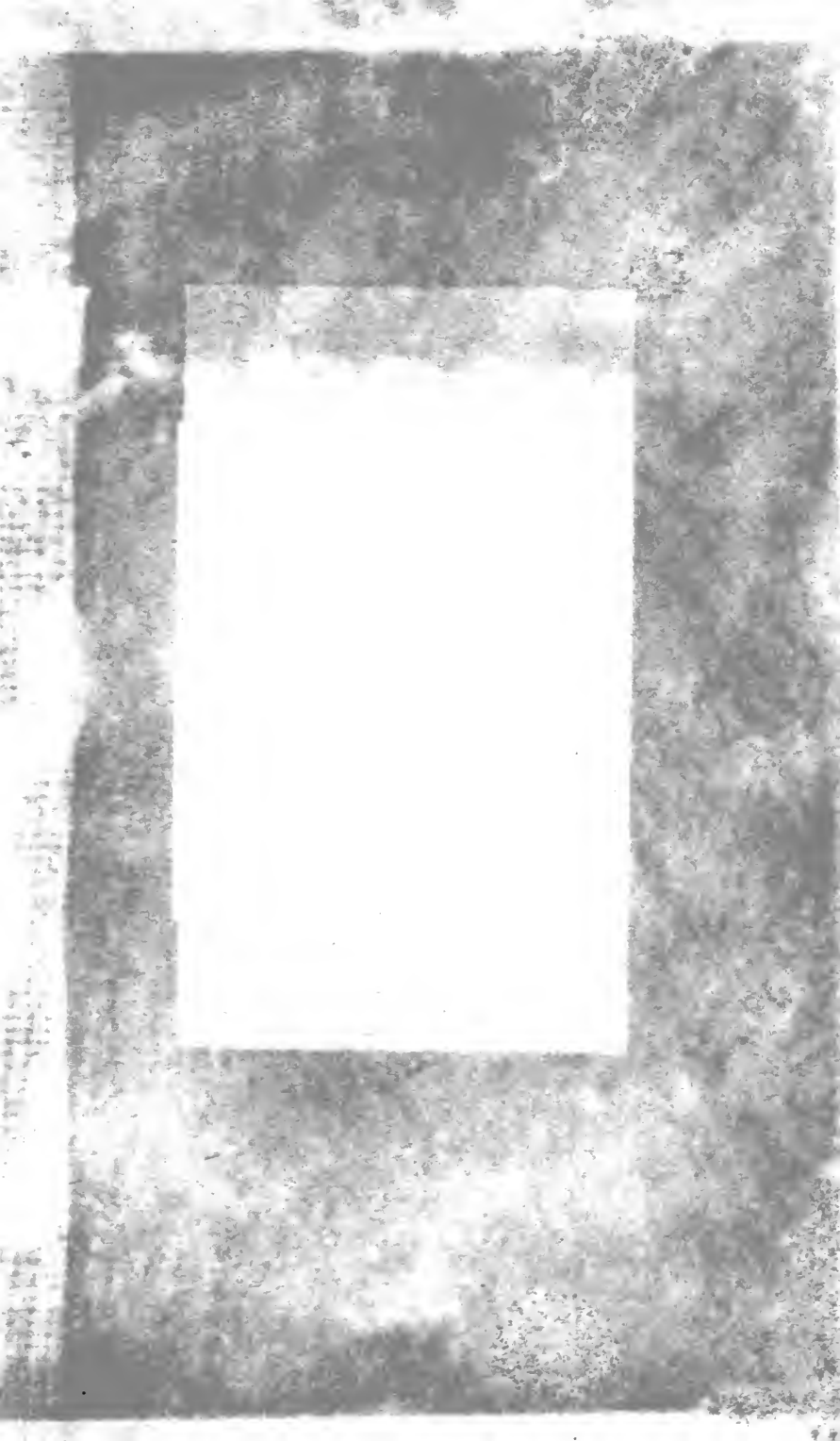

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

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Prince Charles Edward

From a miniature in the possession of E. Beresford Chancellor, Esq.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND FIGHT FOR THE CROWN

BY

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

AUTHOR OF
"COMPOSERS IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE," "THE NELSON NAVY BOOK," "THOMAS CAMPBELL," ETC.

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TO MY FRIEND,

MR. WILLIAM BROWN,

OF THE UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, ELGIN,

THIS BOOK,

ON A SUBJECT DEAR TO HIS HEART,

IS INSCRIBED

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PREFACE

SOME five or six years ago, Lord Rosebery told of a conversation which took place in London between himself and a very distinguished historian. "Don't you think enough has been done for the Jacobites of the eighteenth century?" said the historian. To which Lord Rosebery replied: "Well, perhaps to the eye of reason it may be so; but to the eye of sympathy I do not think we can ever do enough for the Jacobites of the eighteenth century. I hold the opinion that there is a strong underlying sympathy with, and interest in, the Jacobites to be found somewhere in the nature of every Scotsman or Scotswoman; and, therefore, I feel certain that any one dealing with the Jacobites is meeting a constant appetite and desire in the Scottish mind." Not, it may surely be added, in the Scottish mind only, but in the minds of all who have any feeling for romance, for "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

The present book is neither a history of the rising of 1745 nor a biography of Charles Edward Stuart. It is a biography only in essential details, and the story of the rising is told only as fully as need be at this time of day. On the other hand, an effort has been made to weave around the biography and the history some outline of the

social and general conditions of the Scotland, especially the Edinburgh, of the '45; while in the sections devoted to Flora Macdonald, Clementina Walkinshaw, and Louise of Stolberg (the last Stuart "Queen"), I have dealt more fully than is usual with these personalities, who were so intimately connected with the Prince. The first three chapters, though not strictly connected with the main subject, will yet be found of interest as leading up to an intelligent understanding of the whole situation and circumstances. That entitled "In Search of a Queen" will be found even amusing.

It is perhaps superfluous to express my indebtedness to previous writers who have dealt with Charles Edward and the '45, especially to Mr. Andrew Lang and Professor Sandford Terry. Mr. Lang left, indeed, very little for later gleaners in the "Charlie" field.

J. C. H.

EDINBURGH,
April, 1913.

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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANCE OF THE STUARTS

In the whole history of monarchy there is no romance like the romance of the Stuarts. A peculiar kind of romance it is, too; strangely blended of mystery and charm, of bloodshed and oppression, of crime and sorrow, of failure and intrigue, of humour, and pathos, and pity. How many have been fascinated by it! How many have sought to solve the enigma of that ill-starred dynasty! "If anything," wrote Voltaire, "could justify those who believe in a fatality which nothing can escape, it would be that continuous series of misfortunes which befell the House of Stuart during three hundred years." So, in truth, it is. Over the stage passes that woeful procession of Stuarts, the finger of Doom ever pointing the way. No royal race was ever so accursed. "What has your family done, sir, to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many years?" The question was addressed to Prince Charles Edward himself, last of the Stuart line who hoped to hold the sceptre of monarchy. What, indeed, *had* the Stuarts

done to cover themselves with such an Odyssey of miseries and misfortunes ?

Think of all the luckless wearers of the Stuart crown ! Think of James I., the poet king, the ablest of the race. Suffering patiently a long, weary imprisonment in England, he comes at last to his regality ; and, after twelve years of a wonderful reign, during which the fierce, turbulent clans of the Highlands have been assailed in their mountain fastnesses and reduced to swear fealty to the Saxon King, a band of ruffians bursts into his chamber in the old priory of the Dominicans at Perth, and leaves him lifeless with sixteen stabs in his body. The Fair City never witnessed a darker, a more desperate tragedy than this of the February of 1437. Handsome, brave, a gentleman and a scholar, a musical composer, too, in quieter times this accomplished ruler might have shown himself the best of the ancient royal house. But the hand of Fate had been raised against him ; the ban of the Stuarts had fallen upon his young life.

And, then, think of James II., beginning a troublous government by slaying his own nephews, himself slain, before he was thirty-one, by the bursting of one of his own cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. Think of James III., held a close prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, making war against his own son : worsted in the battle that ensued ; foully murdered, after being thrown from his horse, as he galloped from the

field of Sauchieburn. For all that it was inaugurated with such splendour and promise, no more melancholy reign than his is recorded in the annals of Scottish history.

And what of James IV., the headstrong, the obstinate, the licentious, to whose personal beauty Holbein's miniature bears such notable witness? Who that has heard of the Field of Flodden, when the flowers of the Forest were "a' wede awa'," can ever forget the fate of *that* James? After leading his country to defeat and disgrace, his life-blood ebbed out, with the blood of the best of his nobility, on that day of dule and sorrow when the sixteenth century was young. In her bower at Linlithgow, Margaret, his Queen, "lonely sat, and wept the weary hour," looking for the return of him who would return no more.

And James V. Consider for a moment his unhappy reign and equally unhappy end. Driven to the verge of madness by his wild barons, he had not yet reached his prime when his people were truthfully describing him as a miserable, half-demented, sorely-stricken man, dragging himself home on the tidings of the disastrous defeat at Solway Moss. We recall him, lying in Falkland Palace, under the brow of the Lomonds (scene of that dubious disaster enacted in *The Fair Maid of Perth*), broken-hearted, with Death at the door, hearing of the last trouble of all, that a daughter had been born to him at Linlithgow. "It cam' wi' a lass, an' it'll gang wi' a lass, an'

the deil gang wi't," he cried.[1] And thus the Red Tod died—died cursing England, though he had the Tudor blood in his veins, leaving the "lass" whose head was one day to lie on the executioner's block at Fotheringay.

Ay, there goes a piece of romance! Think of her, above all, the Mary Stuart of endless speculation, the lady of riddles, the Sphinx of Scottish history, the superlative fascination of whose personality is equalled only by the tragic close of her career. Mary Stuart shares with Marie Antoinette the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune.

"Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms appear,
A woman's form in beauty shining."

The undying attraction of the unexplained lingers around that figure, so made for love, yet giving her heart to so many unworthy to possess it; that queen so fitted to rule, yet destined for a kingdom where for her to rule was to be lost. Away back in 1563, Thomas Randolph declared her to be "the fyneste she that ever was," and still to-day, as Mr. Swinburne finely said, there beats no heart in English-speaking lands that does not keep her memory aglow. Enigmatical as to her character, baffling the penetration of the most acute minds who have tried to get behind her mask, her misfortunes at least are open to the day. They began before she was born, and the

[1] Referring to Marjorie Bruce, daughter of Robert I., whose son by Walter the Steward, succeeded as Robert II., first of the Stuart dynasty.

society around Catherine de Medici, into which she was early transplanted, was a nursing-ground for a fresh crop.

A wife before she was sixteen, a widow at eighteen, she seemed from the first enmeshed for her inevitable end. Accused of the murder of her husband by her own brother, brought to the block after eighteen miserable years in captivity, she left a name which still moves every heart to compassionate her sorrows and forget her errors. Mary Stuart is almost as immortal in interest as Helen of Troy.

Nor does the tragedy of the baleful Stuarts exhaust itself with the Queen of Scots. Follow the dynasty into the country south of the Border, and see how it fares there. James I. of England and VI. of Scotland was the only son of Mary and the dissipated, murdered Darnley. The wisest fool in Christendom, they called him, though, in reality, he was only a pompous pedant, a malicious buffoon, a participator in the most pagan vices. He died peacefully in his bed, and thus achieved a distinction rare in the history of his House.

After him came his son, Charles I., of most unhappy memory, who, with all his melancholy beauty, derived from his Danish mother, essayed to play the autocrat, and paid the penalty when he "bowed his comely head down, as upon a bed," before the man with the axe at Whitehall. With him was exploded for ever the fallacy that a special divinity doth hedge a king. Charles II.,

the "merry monarch," a vicious worldling, who "did not rise to the level of contempt," escaped the more untoward fate of certain of his predecessors; but he had been an exile in France, in Holland, and in Germany for many years before the Restoration of 1660. He, too, the mystic "Junius" insisted, should have died upon the scaffold. His brother, who succeeded him—James II. of England and VII. of Scotland—a bigot and a despot, was a hated man before the crown touched his head, and his tyrannical attempts to Romanise the country made all but the Highlanders of the far North sick to death of the rule of the Stuarts. William of Orange, who had married the King's daughter—the good, the gentle, the loving Mary—landed at Torbay in the November of 1688, and six weeks later James VII. was a fugitive—an exile on the Continent.

Thus we come, by a path charged with tragedy and darkened by disaster, to the Chevalier de St. George, the son of the exiled James, who looked to the fickle chances of Fate to restore him to the throne as James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland. In him we have the "Old Pretender" of Jacobite history, the father of Charles Edward Stuart. He was a brother of Queen Anne, who succeeded William of Orange, and who died in 1714, the last of the Stuarts to sit on the throne. Anne had been engaged in plots to secure the succession to the melancholy James; but at her death George Louis, Elector of Hanover, was

peacefully proclaimed king as George I. The crown had passed for ever from the Stuarts, the most tragically interesting line who ever wore it, and poetry, so to speak, gave place to prose.

One has only to compare the sombre, humdrum careers of the four Georges with that record which stretches from the accession of James I. to the death of "Great Anna," to see why the one dominates the romantic sense and the other does not. For what romance can be drawn from the careers of the German "intruders" against whom the biting sarcasm of the Jacobites was so cruelly directed? The Sybaritism of the Stuarts, with all its lavish expenditure of money, had still about it something of refinement. These rulers of the rueful race were at least kingly and dignified, and maintained their royal office with courtly munificence and becoming state. But how little can be said, even by the most charitable, for those who displaced them!

George I., the "wee, wee German lairdie"—what was he but a cold, selfish, odious libertine? His successor, the second George, was a colourless nonentity: gross, low, sensual; having neither lordliness, learning, nor wit; hugging his fat, ugly mistresses; kicking his coat and wig about in his outbursts of wrath; calling everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed. George III., much as we pity him in his old age, blind and bereft of reason, was stubborn, bigoted: a dull man with a small intellect.

And George IV.—behold *him*, the "first gentleman in Europe," in Thackeray's well-known picture. In the whole of that life the novelist could discover only a bow and a grin; taking him to pieces, could find only silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then—nothing! Swaddled in feather beds all his life; lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking; never having a desire but he coddled and pampered it; frittering away his time among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera-dancers. Such were the successors of the royal line that traced its descent direct from the hero of Bannockburn.

No one wants to have "the auld Stuarts back again" now, but it is easy to see why the Scottish Jacobites of the '15 and the '45 intrigued and fought, and bled, leaving fathers, mothers, wives, children, loves and friends, risking all for the restoration of the House to which the saviour of their country belonged. The Stuarts, many of them, may have been personally unworthy: pig-headed, self-willed, despotic, narrow-minded, dissolute, eaten up of royal prerogative and absolute monarchy. But their yoke had never been heavy upon the Highlands; partly because the power of the chiefs was paramount there, partly because

the inaccessibility of these wild regions precluded kingly influence and interference. The Highlanders, moreover, were (as, indeed, they still are) essentially a conservative people, clinging to old customs, old friends, old associations; shy of novelties, whether as regards men or manners; resenting fiercely every attempt at innovation. All through the Jacobite minstrelsy one traces this characteristic of the race. The cry is constantly for the old ways, for the old insular line of kings. William of Orange and the House of Hanover were importations, a foreign graft upon the native royal tree, and that was enough.

> "Auld Scotland was owre dark a hole
> For nursing siccan vermin,
> But the very dogs o' England's Court,
> They barked and howled in German."

The Stuarts were the people's own kith and kin, as it were, and their dispossession was a laceration of the heart-strings, as well as a snapping of the kingly line. The personal charm, the ill-luck, the very incapacity and weaknesses of the race appealed to that vein of imaginative enthusiasm which, belying a stolid exterior, runs through the depths of the Scottish nature. The Jacobite movement, as one has said, was possible only amongst a susceptible and sympathetic race, with a sense of injustice rankling in their breasts. Thus, while the glory of the Stuarts departed with that precipitate withdrawal of James in 1688, the love and loyalty of the Jacobites

revived it at intervals in flashes of lurid brilliancy which have burnt deeply, upon the open pages of history, marks that the hand of Time can never efface.

And so we return upon the point which all this is meant to emphasise. Tudors, Stuarts, Hanoverians: who shall say that the Stuarts do not "have it" when it comes to an appeal to human emotions, to human hearts and sympathies? And, after Mary Stuart, who has it more surely than the "bonnie Prince Charlie," of a cause for ever lost but never to be forgotten? To the age of romance most assuredly belongs, as his pseudo-grandsons, the Sobieski Stuarts, observed long ago, the "adventurous and concentrated character" of Charles Edward Stuart—his daring designs, his patience and poverty in exile, his nebulous, perplexed projects, his years of inscrutable seclusion, eating out his heart in the despair of hope abandoned. His unsuccessful enterprise in the land of his fathers was prompted by the same spirit which carried his namesake across the Baltic and Cæsar beyond the Rubicon. Conquerors have planned upon no better hopes, have won battles with greater disparity of force. Conspicuous to the great world by these adventures towards the regaining of his fathers' crown, the years of bitter, bewildered exile which followed upon the tragedy of Culloden were no less deeply tinged with romance. His sudden, secret, and long journeys, his negotiations with Courts and

adherents, his momentary apparitions in the most distant parts of Europe, left traces of occult enterprises and ceaseless activity, filled with a spirit as far from the animation of the everyday world as that which threw him alone and practically unsupported into the bosom of the clans. Even in his latest years, incognisable and extraordinary occurrences left indelible marks of a deep and troubled history, appearing like twinkling sparks through the veil which Fate compelled him to draw over his seclusion. The working of his dark, sinister designs can yet be outlined in the Cabinets of foreign Governments, in the Senate of Great Britain, in the British Navy itself—busy, mysterious phantoms of tradition, more nearly allied to the *romaunt* of the Middle Ages than to the history of modern times; and leaving such evidence of his spirit and conception, that there is no event connected with his name of which it may not be said: "It is credible, because it is improbable."

There is something sad about the end of anything, whether it be the building of a palace, the writing of a great history (like that of Gibbon), the finishing of a child's baby-house, or the conclusion of some small, unpretending work in literature. There is something sad about the end of the House of Stuart, extinguished for ever by the fate of its latest hero. Yet this is not the prominent feeling aroused by the name which forms so brilliant a speck of romantic light in

that dull, unromantic eighteenth century in whose records it is enshrined. A hundred musical notes, as Mr. Lang puts it, must keep green the memory of the last Prince of Romance, the beloved, the beautiful, the brave Prince Charlie, the glamour of whose personality cast a spell over so many susceptible hearts. His story will send a thrill through the bosoms of men and women as long as the heather blooms on Culloden Moor or the lion-crowned height of Arthur's Seat looks down on the home of his ancestors, the old royal palace of Holyrood. Death, as the poet has said, "takes everything away"; but those whose penchant is

> "For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

can never be deprived of the name and the romance of Charles Edward Stuart.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD CHEVALIER

"O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
And ane abroad that's forced to range!
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
And send him safely over!
It's J. and S., I must confess,
Stands for his name that I do bless:
O may he soon his own possess,
Young Jamie they call the Rover!"

THE King was "over the water"; "Geordie reigned in Jamie's stead." Jamie had "forefaulted the right to the Crown," as the Convention of the Estates of Scotland decided in 1689. Then, for the first time, old England heard of the Jacobites, who took their name from "Jacobus," the Latin form of James. "The Stuarts will be back again," they kept saying to themselves, and they left nothing undone that could be done towards that end. Exile and loss of estate, death on the battlefield or the scaffold: it was all one to these ardent loyalists, if only the "auld Stuarts" could be re-seated on the throne.

Killiecrankie had been fought and won, to no permanent advantage for the Stuarts. There fell the gallant Graham of Claverhouse, the "bonnie Dundee" of Scottish song and story: mortally wounded by a random shot when heading a

desperate but victorious charge. Aytoun's lines are familiar—

> "And the evening star was shining
> On Schehallion's distant head,
> When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
> And returned to count the dead.
> There we found him gashed and gory,
> Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
> As he told us where to seek him,
> In the thickest of the slain.
> And a smile was on his visage,
> For within his dying ear
> Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
> And the clansmen's clamorous cheer;
> So, amidst the battle's thunder,
> Shot, and steel, and scorching flame
> In the glory of his manhood
> Passed the spirit of the Græme!"

Well might the late Jacobites exclaim: "Oh, for a single hour of Dundee!" If Claverhouse had lived it is more than doubtful whether the Hanoverian would ever have ascended the British throne. As it was, the Jacobite army, which carried everything before it by that mad rush in the romantic "Pass," melted away within a few weeks, and all for want of a leader with a personality strong and individual enough to unite the clans.

Fateful also for the Jacobites was the battle of the Boyne, fought the following year. "It was a' for our rightfu' king," said the leal-hearted loyalists. But, alas! "a' was done in vain." James was there himself, but the day was not

saved by his presence. He looked helplessly on, and then, when all was over,

> "He turn'd him right an' round about,
> Upon the Irish shore,
> An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
> With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
> With, Adieu for evermore."

The cowardice of the Stuart sovereign on that doleful day moved the contempt even of his followers. "Change kings with us," an Irish officer replied to an Englishman who taunted him with the panic of the Boyne, "change kings with us, and we will fight you again." They did better, as Green observes, in fighting without a king. The French, indeed (for Louis, feeling the importance of the struggle, had sent over 7,000 picked men, under the Count de Lauzun), withdrew scornfully from the routed army as it stood at bay beneath the walls of Limerick. "Do you call these ramparts?" sneered the Count of Lauzun: "The English will need no cannon; they may batter them down with roasted apples."

So ended that disastrous campaign in the sister isle. James' roving days were over. France made a home for him at St. Germains, and there he died in September, 1701, having vainly busied himself the while with projects for the regaining of his lost crown. A hundred gentlemen, all of good families, had volunteered to attend him in his exile: only four of them Roman Catholics, and Lowlanders by far the greater number of

them. There are few more pathetic episodes in history than that. Disdaining pecuniary assistance from Louis, the faithful, high-minded hundred became private soldiers in the French service. "For the sake of your Majesty," said they to James, "we will submit to the meanest circumstances, and undergo the greatest hardships and fatigue that reason can imagine or misfortune inflict." And they did. Under French colours they fought most bravely in Spain, many of them dying in the field or in the hospitals there. Interest was made at home for the remainder, and leave was given to them to return to their own country. But loyalty to the old royal line was not easily exhausted in those days. "Louis has been kind to our master," was the answer of the exiles, "and we will fight for him as long as we have a drop of blood to spend." It was no empty boast, no piece of mere bravado. They said what they meant, and meant what they said. Afterwards they served in the campaign against Prince Louis of Baden, on the banks of the Rhine, where they distinguished themselves with "almost unparalleled bravery and devotion."

When peace was concluded in 1696, only sixteen of the hundred who had followed James from the Boyne to St. Germains remained alive. How is it all to be explained, all this unselfish devotion to a poor, poltroon king who turned tail at the first hint of personal danger? There is only one way of explaining it. There are those, says a Jacobite

sympathiser, in effect, whose disposition and temperament incline them to loyalty. Loyalty is the very essence of their nature. The doctrine of legitimacy, of hereditary monarchy and indefeasible right, is part of their religion. The revolution of 1688 cut the line of royal continuity, and it was only to be expected that men of such temperaments, holding such principles, should rebel against the new order and seek to reunite the broken thread. They, indeed, looked upon that as a sacred duty which could only be put aside with dishonour. It was misguided heroism, no doubt, that of the honourable hundred of the Boyne ; but England's annals are full of stories of misguided heroism, and it will be an evil day for John Bull when that form of self-sacrifice fails to find its laureate.

It was said of James II., the unworthy object of this touching devotion, that he had " thrown away three kingdoms for a Mass." The Stuarts had always been deeply attached to the old faith, whose history is itself a sort of romance. John Knox had good cause to know it when, in the course of those rude, uncourtly interviews at Holyrood, he made himself so offensive to the girlish Queen of Scots. Knox's blind intolerance prevented him from realising that it was no part of a queen's duty to change her religion because her subjects had changed theirs. A contemplated marriage with a " Papist " had to be denounced by this long-bearded commoner in language as

fierce as it was impertinent, notwithstanding that the commoner himself, a worn-out widower of sixty, was about to marry a girl just emerging from her teens!

Luckily for James II., there was no bullying John Knox. After his flight, he solaced himself with a devotion almost monastic—a devotion which made even his co-religionists deride him. But no one worried *him* on account of his creed. His insistence upon the faith of his fathers had, it is true, alarmed both kingdoms, but not even the loss of the crown opened his eyes to the fact. He kept steadily looking forward to the death of his sickly son-in-law as re-opening a way to the throne; but the poor, defeated *dévot* had been in his grave for six months when William passed away in 1702. "Great Anna" came to the throne, and her brother—he who should have been James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland—was an exile, like his father before him.

This heir of the unhappy fortunes of the House of Stuart had been born in England in the summer of 1688, the very year of the Revolution. To his "subjects" he was James III.; to his friends he was the Chevalier St. George (his *incognito*); to his foes he was the Pretender—later the Old Pretender, to distinguish him from his son, the "bonnie Prince" of Jacobite history. Of course, he was no "pretender." Upon that the Jacobites were perfectly right in insisting. James Francis Edward was the legitimate heir to the

The Chevalier de St. Georges

throne of these realms. No vulgar impostor he ; no Lambert Simnel or Perkin Warbeck. Descended in direct line from the Stuart kings, without a flaw in his pedigree, without the slightest taint of the bar sinister in his blood, why should he be called "pretender" ?

The opprobrious epithet is said to have arisen from the circumstance that, at his birth, the baseless idea of a suppositious origin was bruited throughout the country. "The Queen's delivery of a prince (whether the birth was genuine or spurious) gave great and just apprehension to the nation." So one reads in a book published in the year 1748. Many people appear to have believed in the spurious birth. Thus we have the contemporary Whig rhyme—

> "A bastard for King they set up, sir,
> Forsooth by hereditary right,
> Though when all is said and done,
> He's but a tailor's son,
> And will gain but a halter by't."

Poor James! Better a thousand times had it been for him to have been, indeed, a tailor's son. Not much of an appeal to the romantic imagination does that figure make—the father of Charles Edward Stuart, the unhappy White Rose Prince of Wales, the "old Mr. Melancholy" of the Hanoverian wits. He was an infant in arms when his father fled from his dominions, leaving his crown to England's "Dutch ironical saviour." Surrounded by a French atmosphere, he grew up

to manhood and traditions altogether alien to the kingdom whose crown he claimed; and the lessons instilled into him with most persistence were, gratitude to Louis and obedience to the Pope. He lived his young life apart, in the dreary isolation of dethroned royalty, his tender, formative years robbed of all their natural mirth and joyousness by the rigid regulations of an austere parent, whose austerity he himself copied only too well.

What could be expected? "Remember that God and religion are above all things," his father had said to him, on his dying bed. This charge, he assured His Holiness of St. Peter's, would never be forgotten. Nor was it forgotten. James was, as Charles De Brosses, first President of the Parliament of Dijon, expressed it, "devout to excess." He "saved his soul alive," but in so doing sacrificed his earthly crown. He knew this himself, no one better. When he attained his majority in 1709, he wrote to the Pope: "Though driven from both our country and our throne for the sake of religion alone, and by the furious hatred of the heretics, we must trust that the greater wrong we suffer from men, the greater help our worldly affairs will receive from the Ruler of all things. But, whatever may happen therein, we are resolved that, with God's grace, no temptation of this world, and no desire to reign, shall ever make us wander from the right path of the Catholic faith, having been taught

how infinitely the Kingdom of Heaven transcends all the kingdoms of this world." How can we of a broad-minded age help admiring that spirit? In James' case we may see in it a stupid, tactless misreading of the situation temporal. But what then? James' first concern was not for the situation temporal. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, even the Crown of England, and lose his own soul? The best that can be said for James—and it is much, and wholly creditable—is that he was no bigot. "To his own creed," writes Mr. Lang, "he must cling, but never would he do other than protect the religion of his subjects." The author of a certain pamphlet (said to be Lord Blandford) was amazed to find that in Rome, James had an Anglican chapel for his Protestant adherents.

James, in fact, as we shall see, suffered keenly in his domestic relations from his religious toleration. But religion came to him chiefly as a solace in exile. In brighter days he had brighter moments, in spite of his rigid upbringing. It was then that they wrote of him as "Jamie the Rover," and (anticipating our story) we shall not greatly err if we attribute Charles Edward's instinct of wandering to him. When the hot blood of youth coursed through his veins, he was "brave and eager," and charged the English lines again and again with the Maison du Roi at Malplaquet, though Thackeray says that here he "won but little honour." "There was always a question

about James' courage," he adds. "Neither then, in Flanders, nor afterwards in his own ancient kingdom of Scotland, did the luckless Pretender show much resolution." The historian tells how he "boldly passed, disguised and unhurt, through the armed myrmidons of Stair." But James certainly —we must regretfully admit it—did not distinguish himself in "his own ancient kingdom, Scotland."

An attempt had been made to restore the Stuart dynasty in 1708. In that year a French invasion of Scotland sailed out from Dunkirk, with James himself in attendance, and, on the 12th March, appeared off Montrose. Sir George Byng, the English Admiral, put to sea in pursuit, and the French returned whence they had come, without even attempting a landing. The effort of seven years later, James' little "rising," was no more successful. Sheriffmuir, the Culloden of the '15, did not disturb the equanimity of the "German lairdie" in his royal chair. Nor, when James himself landed in the north-east of Scotland at the eleventh hour, did the "cause" assume anything more of a hopeful aspect. James had none of the qualities, physical or other, which fired the Jacobites of the '45 on behalf of his son. If the '15 had been headed by the glamorous, energetic young Prince who unfurled his standard on the Crag of Glenfinnan, it is all but certain that Sheriffmuir would have been won for the Jacobites. But "old Mr. Melancholy" inspired no enthusiasm, set no hearts beating.

We have several descriptions of him as he appeared about that time, all bringing out in bold relief the same unfortunate features of character and physique. His dark complexion and sombre cast of countenance repelled rather than attracted the Scots, who had no sentimental leanings towards asceticism and an "interesting" appearance. Physical strength, manly vigour, personal courage—these were the qualifications which the sons of the mountain and the flood regarded as essentials in the *beau-ideal* leader. James possessed no such qualifications. One of his adherents, writing of the doings at Perth, whither James had proceeded (in an "aguish distemper") from Peterhead, wrote thus disparagingly—

"When we saw the man whom they called our King, we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come among us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise. Some said the circumstances he found us in dejected him; I am sure the figure he made dejected us."

Compare this with the portrait drawn by the Rev. Charles Leslie, Protestant chaplain in James' household—

"He is tall, straight, and clean limb'd, yet his bones pretty large. He has a very graceful mien, walks fast, and his gait, his great resemblance of his unkle King Charles II., and the lines of his face grow dayly more and more like him. . . .

He is always chearful but seldom merry, thoughtful but not dejected, and bears his misfortunes with a visible magnanimity of spirit."

These descriptions are abundantly corroborated. Thus one pourtrays him as "a tall, thin, though not inelegant figure, with high, narrow forehead, cold eye, shapely nose, full weak lips, and long oval face." Another says: "His person was tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean rather than to fill as he grows in years. His countenance was pale, but perhaps looked more so than usual by reason he had three fits of ague, which took him two days after his coming on shore." This was written of his landing in the '15. "Yet," continues the chronicler, "he seems to be sanguine in his constitution, and there is something of a vivacity in his eye that would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances. His speech was grave, and not very expressive of his thoughts nor over much to the purpose; but his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed." Rather a tame, colourless character, obviously.

The poet Gray saw this *triste* James in Rome in 1740, and thus outlined his portrait—

"A thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King Charles II., and has extremely the look and air of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually."

The author of the famous "Elegy" had sized up

the King whose crown rested on the head of the alien. An old writer says that, being once asked what he most delighted in, James replied that it would be "to hear wise men discourse upon useful subjects." The sentiment was excellent, but what bearing did it have on those persistent, futile attempts to regain the lost crown?

James, in fact, showed himself a miserable craven in that so-called "rising" of 1715. "I shall ever pursue with the utmost vigour my just designs," he wrote when he left Scotland, never to see it again, in February, 1716; but he scuttled off by a back way from his lodgings at Montrose, leaving his disgusted and enraged adherents to shift for themselves. Such a man could put no inspiration, no heartening into the "cause." The wonder is that Jacobitism survived the despicable desertion.

CHAPTER III

IN SEARCH OF A QUEEN

It is not good for man to be alone. James had so far lived the celibate life. He had had his amours, of course, though he was far from being the reckless profligate of that distorted caricature in *Esmond*. Mr. Lang protests that James never was amorous or profligate. As a young man, resident at Bar-le-Duc, he undeniably kept a mistress. But a pamphleteer of 1716 actually rails at him for his incontinence and "cruelty" to the Caledonian beauties! After his death, when there was some talk of an "indiscretion," those who had known him best in Rome declared that the story must be false. But all this merely by the way.

Settled down, in 1718, to his long exile in Italy, James began to think seriously of taking a wife, "lest his line should fail." He was now in his thirtieth year, and various matrimonial projects had been designed for him, all abortive. "His partizans," says an author of 1748, "were zealous in pressing him to marry, to continue the line. But it was not easy to find a match for him that might be some way suitable to the rank he assumed; for it was scarce to be supposed any sovereign Prince in Europe would contract an alliance with an adventurer who, whatever his

pretensions were, had nothing to support them but his sword." Those who were scheming to get James married did not take that view. The Duke of Lorraine favoured a sister of the Emperor Charles VI., no less, though the Duke of Berwick, that distinguished "natural" son of James II., who established the throne of Philip V. by the decisive victory of Almansa, doubted whether Charles would give his consent to the suggested union until James had regained his crown.

But Charles had nieces—daughters of the late Emperor Joseph. Berwick told James in 1714 that he should try for one of the nieces. "The younger," he wrote, "has but a portion, which would not be sufficient to maintain you and children, so that the eldest is the only one at this time that can be of use to you. But there is no time to be lost, for as soon as Bavaria gets into his country, your Majesty may be sure he will work for his son, if even he is not about it already." Nothing came of *that* proposal. But no matter. The Elector of Bavaria now had his eyes on the bachelor James. The Elector had a daughter: why should she not be Queen of England *in posse,* if not *in esse?* The sanguine parent mentioned the matter to Berwick, and Berwick passed on the word to James. James had not been favoured with a vision of the Elector's hope, and he was prudently cautious. "My answer in laughing was," he wrote, "that one would be glad to see one's wife before one would say one's thoughts."

It seemed reasonable enough. But kings in those days had often to make consorts of princesses they had not seen. The occupant of the throne was no mere figurehead, then. It was impossible, or, at least, impolitic, for him to leave his kingdom for any length of time in search of a wife. Thus, the only method remaining open to him was to send a trusted deputy scouring across the Continent, who would look in at the various Courts, review all the likely ladies, and report home.

It was a hazardous method, liable to result in awkward surprises and disappointments. One recalls the case of George III. and Queen Charlotte, who was not a beauty, to put it mildly. "I do think the bloom of her ugliness is going off," an old Colonel long about her Court said, in the exuberance of his wit. George never saw his Charlotte until shortly before the marriage, when the poor little Mecklenburg bride of seventeen crossed to Harwich; storm-tossed in the royal yacht, most unromantically sea-sick, yet cheering the company by singing Luther's hymns to the harpsichord in her cabin, with the door open. Perhaps she remembered the saying attributed to Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., who was nearly wrecked on *her* crossing: "Les reine ne se noient pas." It was unkind, at any rate, of the bridegroom to wince so visibly when the homely little bride was presented to him.

Not very different was the arrival of Catherine of Braganza, who, when first seen by Charles II.,

was laid up with a cough and a fever in bed. Charles was not impressed with his consort, and remarked as much to his attendants. And who does not remember the reception which George IV. gave to *his* bride, the blue-eyed, bouncing, buxom Caroline of Brunswick? When Caroline was first conducted into the presence of the King, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. George raised her "gracefully enough," but, turning round to Malmesbury, said, in a whisper: "Harris, I am not well; get me a glass of brandy." The shock was too much for him. "Drunk on the wedding night," the Princess afterwards reported.

Such were the risks of royal courtship by deputy. The father of Charles Edward Stuart was shy about experiments of the kind. He must know what his proposed consort was like. A miniature was produced by the Elector. Berwick reported it "neither handsome nor ugly," adding that the eagerly interested Elector "says she had a swelling in her left eye, but that is well now." The artist might surely have ignored the swelling, unless, indeed, the lady herself desired to be painted, like Cromwell, warts and all. Berwick, at any rate, was prudently polite. "I thought it was not convenient to tell him [the Elector] your Majesty would not think of his daughter, but what I said to him was only civil, and engages to nothing." So that proposal was off, too!

A suggested alliance with a niece of the Elector

Palatine led to the same unfruitful results. Berwick's hopes were next centred in the Austrian House. "I am assured," he wrote in January, 1715, "that there is a sister of the Emperor of not above five or six and twenty; if that be so, and she be not horrible, I could heartily wish James had her." James did not have her. Perhaps she was "horrible." More charitably to the lady, let us remember that it was the year of Sheriffmuir, when James had other things to think about than getting married.

These were merely tentative suggestions—hesitating, timid "feelers," all ante-dating the day when James forsook his followers at Montrose. The hunt for a bride now began afresh, and in dead earnest. In 1718 a Russian princess was coaxed, and coaxed in vain. But success was in prospect at last. In that same year, Charles Wogan set out on a tour through the Courts of Europe, determined to find somewhere a lady willing to link her fortunes with the house of Stuart.

The delegate deserves more than passing mention. Wogan was of a family which had been settled in Ireland from the twelfth century. "A gentleman of Ireland who has distinguished his zeal and capacity on several occasions," is how he is described in a pamphlet of 1722. He was a friend of Pope and Swift; took an active part in the rising of 1715, when he was only nineteen; and paid for his loyalty by becoming

one of the prisoners of Preston. He was a handsome, gay, witty fellow; and Mr. Lang hints that he may have made love for himself with some of the princesses when he should have been making love for James. Small blame to him if he did! James, later, when he found that the matrimonial lottery-bag had not provided him with a jewel, declared, in effect, that Wogan was responsible for much of the misery of his domestic life. The idea was quite unfounded, though it receives some countenance in Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel *Clementina*, a book which, however, sentimentalises and romanticises the historical facts.

Mr. Lang suggestively observes that, "accustomed to the gay and resourceful chivalry of Wogan, good at need, Clementina may have been disappointed in her grave, patient, and laborious lord." She *was* disappointed. But where was Wogan, good at need, then? The young Irishman certainly proved himself resourceful in the carrying out of his delicate mission. The story of his adventures when he had happily found the bride makes a sort of comedy-romance. Wogan, if one may so express it, brought down his game with the first shot. Chance carried him to Silesia, to the Court of Prince James Sobieski, a son of the victor of Vienna, the saviour of Europe from the tyranny of the invading Turks; the brave, the high-minded John of Poland, who leaped into a light that almost blinded the nations.

There he found, as one might find in a fairy tale, three daughters all waiting to be "asked," one having already "run strange risks for the dazzle of an airy crown." Wogan addressed himself covertly to a study of their respective qualities of person and temperament. One he discovered to be "bristling with etiquette and astonishingly solemn"; another was "beyond all measure gay, free, and familiar"; the third, Clementina, the youngest, was "sweet, amiable, of an even temper, and gay only in season." Here, the *envoy* concluded, was the very woman for the exiled King. Was he right? We shall see.

Without delay, Wogan posted away to Urbino, where he reported to James the gladdening result of his mission. Imagine him as he sits in close conclave with his royal master, detailing the charms of the chosen bride! We know not in what eloquent terms he commended his choice —a Princess already courted by many, a Princess who would have been a prize to the noblest. But we know what was said by others much less directly interested. We have the Marquis of Blandford describing the prospective bride as "of middling stature, well-shaped, and lovely features; with wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper painted in her looks." Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, who knew her personally, says she was a Princess who deserved to be a queen. "Without possessing the lustre of a great beauty, she unites endless attractions in her person." Her disposition, adds

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the Baron, "was amiable, and her deportment sweet and engaging; her temper was benevolent and compassionate, and her life blameless and exemplary; she had a quick comprehension and an admirable memory, and spoke the Polish, High Dutch, French, Italian, and English so well that they seemed natural to her." Remember that this was the future mother of Charles Edward Stuart, whose "gift" of languages astonished the men who fought with him, a youth of fourteen, before the fortress of Gaeta.

Clementina Sobieski must have been painted by Charles Wogan in the brightest of colours, for James no longer wavered, no longer demanded to see the lady who had been named for him before giving his assent to the union. He expressed his gratification at all that was told him about Clementina, and at once began arranging for the return of the gay Irishman to further and complete the negotiations.

But James—King as he called himself—was not his own master even in so intimately personal a matter as the taking of a wife. He had to reckon with the Jacobite factions around him; and the factions, strong on the Protestant side, decreed that Wogan, being a Catholic (and a son of Erin, besides: which was apparently a fault), should be relieved of further active interest in James' matrimonial arrangements. Hence, to Prince Sobieski went, in place of Wogan, Murray (Lord Dunbar), "son of a Jacobite mother, a Scot and

a Protestant"; brother of Lord Mansfield; coming cause of trouble to Clementina. Murray had the worst possible luck in his mission. News of the contemplated union had reached England, and England disapproved, for several substantial reasons. The bride was one of the richest heiresses in Europe, and St. James' was envious of the prospective good fortune of its rival. Unluckily for James and his bride-elect, England had adequate means of applying the screw. Clementina Sobieski was cousin-German to the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Germany. Her father was dependant on the latter, who, at the time, was being supported in his claims on Sicily by the reigning dynasty in Britain.

It was easy to see what must happen. Taking advantage of this obligation, the ministers of George I., jealous of the influence and the wealth which the union of the Polish Princess would bring to the House of Stuart, made interest with the Court of Vienna to prevent the marriage. Their interposition was—temporarily, at least—only too effective. In the circumstances, the Emperor of Germany must stand well with England, and it was plain that James' bride-elect would not be allowed to travel from Silesia to Italy through the Imperial territory.

But perhaps the Sobieskis could outwit the Emperor? They would try, anyway. Hearing of the opposition to the union, the parents of the bride proposed that she should be spirited away

to Bologna, there to be married. The "lovers" themselves approved, and the Princess and her mother set out from Poland to cross the Alps. Alack! they had not taken sufficient account of the Emperor. Before many days had passed, mother and daughter were safely immured in a convent at Innsbruck, under the strict surveillance of a *garde de corps* in their ante-chamber.

Here was Wogan's opportunity. For how could Murray carry through such an enterprise? Wogan dearly loved an adventure, and this, in prospect at least, was an adventure after his own heart. One may still read about it at first hand in that rare little work of 1722, entitled: *Female Fortitude Exemplify'd in an Impartial Narrative of the Seizure, Escape, and Marriage of the Princess Clementina Sobieski.* "The story," says the eighteenth century author, who had it direct from Wogan himself, "chief manager in that whole affair, contains all the entertaining variety of a novel." And so it does. Truth, as revealed here, is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

Wogan, having received permission from James to kidnap his imprisoned bride, sped away to the Tyrol, disguised as a travelling merchant. When he arrived at Innsbruck, he contrived to communicate his purpose to Clementina, who "welcomed his romantic resolve." But the father of the Queen-prospective must be consulted before anything further could be done. Would Prince Sobieski approve of the "rescue" and its

consequent defiance of the Emperor ? Wogan lost no time in consulting the Prince on that point. Laughing at first at the Quixotic enterprise, the Prince was soon brought to approve heartily of it. Wogan must have had "a way wid him," like Father O'Flynn. He suffered nothing, but rather gained, by this daring exploit ; while the unfortunate Sobieski, for his share in the business, was deprived of his government of Augsburg, and clapped in prison like any common rogue.

But to the story. Dillon's Irish regiment was stationed at Schlettstadt, near Strasburg, and the resourceful Wogan resolved upon seeking aid from his countrymen. An eager party was soon organised—Major Gaydon ; "one Misset, an Irishman" ; the "huge blue-eyed O'Toole, the Porthos of the party" ; and one Mitchell, who had already given proof of his spirit for such enterprises by contriving the escape, from the Tower of London, of Lord Nithsdale, disguised in a woman's dress. That was a Jacobite affair, too, for Nithsdale was one of the seven lords who led the rebels of the '15 to Preston. Besides these, there went with the party Mrs. Misset, a lady of Irish birth, but bred in France, and her maid Jeanneton, a girl of "a pleasant comical humour in her way." Mrs. Misset was expecting an "interesting event," but she readily consented to act as *chaperon* to the Princess, a post for which she was specially fitted, being "young, with a sprightly turn of wit, and a conversation

so engaging as could not fail to make her an acceptable companion."

"All these persons," says the contemporary chronicler, "came to Innsbruck with an equipage which denoted them to be people of distinction." At Strasburg they had, in fact, bought a strong travelling coach, "able to stand the shock of so great a journey, provided with double braces and spare tackle of all sorts in case of accidents." This notable conveyance they cunningly contrived to break down at the gates of the town, which afforded them a pretext for remaining in the place while it was repairing. In the meantime, according to Baron Pöllnitz, whose account of the adventure may be set by the side of Wogan's, they appeared at all the assemblies, and bribed a nun to carry a letter to the Princess. The arrangement was, in brief, that the bride-elect should feign indisposition; that the convenient Jeanneton should somehow be passed through the guard to her chamber, take the place of the Princess in bed, the Princess then getting away under the disguise of Jeanneton.

This audacious programme was successfully carried out. Between eight and twelve o'clock of an April night, the Princess marched boldly from her room, dodged the guard without discovery, and presently joined Misset, who, according to the arrangement, stood outside the convent whistling, so that the runaway might know whom to address: a practical reading of "O

whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad," long before Burns made his song. The elements (unless for the darkness) were far from favourable for such an escapade. " It was terrible weather," says the chronicler ; " it snow'd and rain'd in abundance ; the streets were dirty and the night very dark." On the way to the hotel where her newly-found guardians were staying, the Princess plunged her foot into a puddle, lost her shoe, and had to scamper on through the slush in her stocking. The gallant Wogan was much concerned at the *contretemps*, but the Princess " only laughed, and was very merry upon it." When they reached the hotel they found the fires black and the servants in bed. So Mrs. Misset " dry'd her [the Princess'] feet with the sheets, changed her shoes and stockings, and, to keep her warm on the road, put her legs into Wogan's and Gaydon's muffs." Was ever Princess on the way to the altar so accoutred ?

The carriage was at the door ; Wogan stood by, mounted on horseback. The Princess was hustled in, with Gaydon and Mrs. Misset for companions, and away they rumbled *en route* for the frontier, at two o'clock in the morning. Misset was to remain behind for a couple of hours " to wait the issue " ; in other words, to see if the trick were discovered. The coach rattled on, and the tongues inside rattled with it. Suddenly the Princess remembered that she had left an important packet behind her in the

hotel. James' present was in that packet—the Crown jewels of England, if you please. Fancy the consternation of the Princess and her party! By this time some prying person at the hotel might have looked into the parcel and revealed the secret. What was to be done? It was O'Toole who saved the situation and the jewels. He "returned upon the spur to the hotel, and found the packet in the place it had been laid." Thus simply and laconically does the recorder of 1722 dismiss the episode. There ought to have been more in it than that: a forcing of the hotel gate, an encounter with the porter, angry words with mine host, perhaps an arrest for breaking into lock-fast places. But there was no hitch in all this mad piece of work.

The coach rolled away again, making for the frontier, on the other side of which lay security. Clementina, merry of heart at the thought of meeting her Prince, enjoying, besides, the fun of the whole affair, gave cheer to everybody. She laughed and made light of everything—"the precipices, the breakdowns, the fears of Mrs. Misset, and her own fall into a flooded stream." She took the jolting of the crazy coach on the wretched roads with the greatest good-humour, and joked at the discomforts of the wayside inns. She even protested her relish of tea made in "a porringer that smelt of oyl." Wogan, transported with the triumph of his perilous undertaking, was as blithe as the future "queen," who

listened with rapt attention to his vivid narrative of the "affair" of Preston.

Time was being gained; the miles were being eaten up by the lumbering wheels. Jeanneton, the deputy Clementina, was lying at Innsbruck, pretending to be ill. Twenty-four hours passed before the deception was discovered, and already Misset was hurrying to overtake his advance party. He himself was presently overtaken by one of the couriers sent off in hot haste by the Commandant of Innsbruck in search of his escaped charge. But a German courier was no match for Irish strategy. Misset drugged the fellow with drink, saw him helpless under the table at the inn, relieved him of his dispatches, and in a very short time handed these same dispatches to the Princess. The last risk of capture had been obviated. After three days' and three nights' travelling without a break, Clementina Sobieski found herself safe in the states of the Church. Her lucky and romantic escape gave immense delight to the Jacobites, who regarded it as a happy portent, prognosticating good to the Stuarts. Alas! that happy portent, like many another in the story of the "cause," was never fulfilled.

Clementina was received at Bologna by Murray (Lord Dunbar), and made at once for the Palazzo Caprara. She wanted to examine the portrait of a certain lady who was reported to have the honour of pleasing James. The daughter of the

House of Poland was already jealous, then! One of the Irish musketeers says she "flushed vermilion" on seeing the canvas. It was a rival, perhaps; perhaps, too, a rival with more engaging charms than herself. What did it matter now? Clementina was already bound to the King, to the melancholy James. But where was James? Why was *he* not here to meet his bride? James was far away in Spain: gone thither in pursuit of his old delusive, will-o'-the-wisp hopes of the British crown. Spain had promised the help of men and ships, but those "Protestant winds" which dispersed the invincible Armada of the great Philip blew fiercely on James' allies, and the defeat at Glenshiel, in the midsummer of 1719, brought the poor King's active Pretendership to a sad and decided end.

Meanwhile, Clementina, after a proxy marriage in May, was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her tardy bridegroom. He came towards the end of August; and on the 1st September, 1719, the regular marriage ceremony was celebrated at Montefiascone, that charming little town cresting a hill, supposed to have been the site of an ancient Etruscan city. One would have liked to be there that September day, a day so full of fate for the Jacobites. What were the thoughts of the newly-wedded queen? Was she perfectly happy as she looked down on that magnificent and truly Etruscan panorama; on the lake of Bolsena, more than twenty-six miles round, shining beneath

in all its breadth and beauty, mirroring its twin islets and white castellated cliffs, and the distant snow peaks of Aminta and Cetona? Did the dark mountains of Umbria say anything to her? or the giant Apennines of Sabina looming afar off? or the nearer Cimian, black with its once dread forests? or the long line of mist which that day may have marked the course of the noble river "that rolls by the towers of Rome"? Who knows?

The daughter of the Sobieskis was, at any rate, James' consort now, entitled to sign herself "Clementina R." She would be sorely disillusioned by-and-bye. This *triste et pieux* husband of hers should have had that other daughter, the sister reported by Wogan as "astonishingly solemn"; not this sprightly beauty who, under his cold indifference and selfish neglect, was to become petulant and sullen; "the round, glad, girlish face to be drawn and melancholy, peaked and wan, yet resigned and sweet, before all was done." For the time, James was vastly pleased with his bride. It was not only that she had brought him a fortune, to say nothing of the valuables of her dowry—the rubies of the Polish crown; the golden shield presented by the Emperor Leopold to the heroic deliverer of Vienna; the cover of gold brocade adorned with verses of the Koran in turquoise, in which the standard of the Prophet was kept during the siege. James honestly esteemed his bride for her

own sake. She had, he said, "the agreeableness of seventeen and the solidity of thirty," and had, so far, "surpassed all my expectations." "I would not be satisfied," he wrote on September 23, "without telling you again, with my own hand, of the happiness I enjoy . . . for it is true that if I had had to ask God to give me a wife with all the qualities that would suit me or that I could desire, I could not have wished other than the woman He has been pleased to choose for me." But all this was said during the first joyous days of wedded life, while the Jacobites were waiting hopefully for the birth of a Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER IV

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF CHARLES EDWARD

At the northern end of that Piazzi dei Santi Apostoli which lies midway between the Forum of Trajan and the beautiful Trevi fountain, stands the old palace of the Stuarts, object of curious and pathetic interest to the Roman society of the eighteenth century, scene of many a Jacobite plot and intrigue. Gifted to James by Pope Clement XI., it has passed through several hands, including the family of About's charming and unhappy Tolla Ferraldi, since the Chevalier de St. George lived so dismally within its walls ; but time and change have left it the tall, featureless, dingy structure it was when, through half a century, it made a home for Britain's exiled kings and their miniature Court. "A vast dwelling with no pretence of beauty," was how Debroses described it.

The glory has departed from the Palazzo Stuart, once distinguished by every recognised mark of reigning sovereignty, including the mounted guard of the Papal cuirassiers. The great, big, roomy place, which had housed so many Jacobite courtiers and attendants, is known now as the Palazzo Balestro, seat of the British consulate ; and the stranger passes it by totally oblivious to its old romantic associations, unless, indeed, he happens to enter its dingy courtyard

and reads there the inscription on the marble tablet which commemorates Henry, Cardinal York, "in whom the dynasty of Stuart expired." Thus passes the glory of the world!

It was to this dreary old house that James brought his young wife. And into this dreary old house came the baby Prince of Romance, the long-hoped-for Prince of Wales. Romance was in Charles Edward Stuart's blood. Romance attended at his birth. It was on the last day of December, 1720, that he arrived. One day later, and the babe would have saluted that month always so fatal to the Stuarts, the month of January. Sixty-eight years after, this same babe died on the 31st January. So they averred. But Earl Stanhope was told, on the authority of some members of his household, that Charles had passed away on the evening of the 30th; that date was altered in the public announcement on account of the evil omen which, notwithstanding the difference between the Old and New Styles, was supposed to attend the anniversary of King Charles' execution.

As yet, however, we are far enough away from that. Charles Edward Stuart was a son of December, and in that respect no evil omen attended his birth. "The most acceptable news which can reach the ears of a good Englishman," was the remark of the famous Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when he heard that Clementina had been safely delivered, after a weary travail of six

days. The circumstances attending this event were surely unique. James, the expectant parent, had not forgotten the doubts that had been cast on his own birth. No such aspersion should cloud the life of *his* first-born : of that he would make sure. Hence it was that round this couch, attended by doctors and nurses, sat also a quartet of Cardinal protectors, with ladies amongst them whose names and titles had for centuries been recorded in the *Libro d'Oro :* all there to attest, should it ever be called in question, the reality of that accouchement. Poor little Jacobite Prince ! Nobody, looking at his life history, could say that he was born under a lucky star. Yet they declared that a new star appeared when his baby cries were first heard in this room crowded with solemn Cardinals and whispering grand dames.

No doubt they said, too, that at the same time a violent storm raged throughout Germany, committing fearful havoc. But there is a romance in stars that's not in storms, and the Jacobites made much of Charles Edward's orb. Referring to his pathetically brief period of glory, when he captured the capital of his ancestors and routed Johnnie Cope in the morning, one described him as " glittering all over, like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity." An English visitor to Rome, some years after the great " event " of this December night, tells how, when Charles and his brother Henry were at their devotions in the Anglican chapel which the

thoughtful James had set up for his Protestant adherents, "a small piece of the ceiling detached itself from the rest, and a *Thistle* fell into the lap of the elder, on which he started, and, looking up, a *Rose* fell immediately after: this, together with a star of great magnitude which the astronomers pretend appeared at his nativity, might have had some share in exciting him to his rash enterprise." Well, Napoleon believed in his star, so why not Charles Edward? He, too, may have had a superstition of that kind, though we do not hear of it. A star was introduced on one of the medals struck in his boyhood, but this would be his father's doing.

In any case, who would think of an unlucky star just now? Congratulations poured in at the gaunt old palace. Salvos were fired from the Castle of St. Angelo. The Pope came in person to bestow his blessing, and sent the costliest baby-linen that Rome could produce. Members of the Sacred College and the Spanish Court presented scudi and doubloons. Medals were struck—busts of James and Clementina on one side; a mother and child, with the motto "*Spes Britanniæ*," on the other. Clad in his consecrated swaddling clothes, the royal babe was laid on a couch under a gorgeous canopy of State. "It was his first *levée*," says Ewald. "Never in after life did he receive such homage. Beautiful dames, the brilliant leaders of a brilliant society, bent the knee and covered him with caresses. Cardinals

and prelates stood over him and gave him their blessing. Soldiers, who had been exiles from their country to follow the declining fortunes of his House, pressed his chubby hand with their bearded lips, and felt a new life animating their loyalty. Bigoted intriguers, whose one prayer was that England might return to the Catholic faith, hurried to the couch to pay homage, knowing that as long as the old line still survived there was a chance of their hopes being granted."

And what was this royal babe like? Among the gossips opinions were divided. One plain-spoken male person, John Walton, the English agent in Italy, declared that he was "d'une sauté qui de jour en jour montre plus d'imperfections." His legs were so misshapen—turned in—that he could never walk! Walton's wish must have been father of the thought. At the most interesting period of his life, no one noticed anything amiss with Charles Edward's limbs. It was all nonsense. The lad who boated on the lake at Albano, who marched from Edinburgh to Derby and from Derby to Glasgow in fifty-six days, was "as vigorous and straight-limbed as athletic youth need ever wish to be." The Stuarts, in spite of their bracing cradle-land, had never been a stalwart race; but when they represented the baby Charles Edward as weak and ailing, they must have been as far out as was the interested Earl of Arran when he circulated the report that the infant Mary Stuart was "sickly, and not like

to live." That calumny stung the Queen-mother to the quick, and she lost no time in getting from Sir Ralph Sadler, the emissary of Henry VIII., that oft-quoted certificate: "It is as goodly a child as I have ever seen, and as likely to live, with the blessing of God."

So with this descendant of the Queen of Scots, born to James and Clementina. Lord Blandford, who saw the *Spes Britanniæ* in May, 1721, described him as "really a fine, promising child." He kissed the podgy hand, impelled to that piece of courtesy by the "racket" of the women. Clementina was charmed with the attention paid to her darling. She "laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her a compliment that, being hers, he could not miss of being good and happy." The Englishman was obviously something of a gallant. He was right, at any rate, about the "promising" youngster. Only two and a half years had gone over his head, when Colonel John Hay, who had been with Mar in the '15, was proclaiming him "the finest child in the world, healthy and strong," with a sturdy pair of legs (no hint of their being "turned in") that carried him running about from morning till night.

Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir—so he was christened. One of his biographers says there

is not a single instance of the Prince himself making use of any but the first of these names. He is probably justified in the statement, though "Charles Edward" is on the monuments at St. Peter's and Frascati. As for the form of the surname, there is some justification for those who write it "Stewart" instead of "Stuart." The name was originally "Steward": it was changed to "Stewart" merely for the sake of euphony. The earlier kings of the line wrote "Steward," "Stewart," or "Stuart," according to personal fancy. But we do not know the "Stewart" kings—in a literary sense. So far as the royal name is concerned, literature practically begins with the Queen of Scots, and she spelt "Stuart" because she was educated in France, and the French alphabet failed to furnish a "w." Why should we, with whatever "ancient authority," seek to upset her practice, which was followed also by Prince Charlie?

But we are forgetting that same Prince, now emerged from his swaddling clothes, and blessed by the Father of the Faithful. A lively sprig he was; full of mischief, "continually in motion." In the first letter he wrote to his father he makes the significant promise to be "very dutifull to mamma, *and not jump too near her!*" The Duke de Liria was charmed with him as a youngster of six. "In his very countenance I discover," he said, "something so happy that presages to him the greatest felicity." It is safe not to prophesy

unless one knows! Charles Edward's troubles may be said to have begun in the nursery—certainly with his education and upbringing.

Among the numerous counsellors surrounding the taciturn James was one who conceived the silly notion of having the boy sent over to Scotland for training there. The idea was that the Prince's presence would keep alive the spirit of Jacobitism. A similar project was mooted when Henry, his brother, was born. It would be wise to keep the Court of Spain in remembrance of the Stuarts and their claims, said James' ministers. To that end they would have the infant Duke sent to Madrid, there to be brought up and educated. In this case, James was ready with his consent. No one seems to have thought of the mother's feelings in the matter. These young Princes were simply " men " on the political chessboard, to be moved about as diplomacy might direct. The maternal instinct rebelled and saved Henry without further discussion; in the case of Charles, there was some doubt. James hesitated: he could not himself decide as to the wisdom of the plan proposed. Like his father, he would consult his confessors, the keepers of the royal conscience. These oracles saw danger in the scheme. The Prince might be taken prisoner, or, worse, might be converted to Protestantism! They had an idea of their own. Why not send a pseudo Charles to Scotland to test the devotion of the Prince's future subjects? The real Charles

could be kept meanwhile in a convent at Rome, and when the time was ripe, when the nation's loyalty to the House of Stuart was assured, he would be sent over to his kingdom.

It was an innocent and ingenious scheme, for all its absurdity. Nor would it have been difficult to work. A pseudo Charles could easily have been managed; for, as Mr. Lang observes, hundreds of faces like Charles Edward's boyish face may be seen at the public schools. Charles, as a matter of fact, had many doubles, who sometimes traded on the resemblance, and sometimes, after Culloden, "wittingly or unwittingly misled the spies that constantly pursued him." During the '45 itself a false Charles appeared in Selkirkshire; while seven years later, another was discovered at Civita Vecchia. Mr. Lang mentions the tradition of Roderick Mackenzie, who died under English bullets crying, "You have slain your Prince."

Fortunately, the fantastic proposal of James' confessors was knocked on the head by Colonel John Hay (one of James' closest friends and counsellors, and a brother of Lord Kinnoul), who bluntly declared that the King's oracles "knew nothing of English affairs," and that their blind zeal would spoil all. Thus the little Charles remained beside his parents in Rome, the innocent cause, as it turned out, of a world of wrangling between the heads of that already unhappy household.

Why were they unhappy? It was chiefly, no doubt, the husband's fault. James was much more concerned about his lost crown than about the care and comfort of his young wife. Look in upon him at the old Palace, and you will find him moping and melancholy, busying himself eternally over the momentous affairs (as he imagined them) of his kingdom. No outlet in that dull existence for the natural gaiety of the Sobieskis; no sympathy with the young mother —lively, fond of society, devoted to those pleasures without which many of her sex find life unsupportable. The pair were obviously unsuited to each other, to begin with. But there was much more than that. James was a masterful person: disposed, as Lockhart of Carnwath quaintly said, to "skrew up the prerogatives of a sovereign and a husband." He would be King even in the nursery. What should a woman know about the management of a Prince of the House of Stuart! James would see to that himself.

Before Charles was many weeks old, he set about engaging a governess, telling Mar that till the child was a year old "our Englishwoman [apparently the Welsh Mrs. Hughes] will do, but after that, she will not be bigg enough; I mean of too low a rank." The new governess was to be "bigg enough" so far as the qualifications James demanded of her. She was to be prudent, with "a reasonable knowledge of the world," and (most significant of all) "a principle of obedience,

attachment, and submission to me." James would have no governess for his child who would be likely to question his authority! It was easier saying what he wanted than to get it. He got the governess indeed, the Mrs. Sheldon so often mentioned; but she, woman-like, sided with Clementina, and was so plainly concerned in fomenting the quarrel between the royal pair, that James ultimately removed her. Charles was little over a year old when Hay was writing of James that he was resolved to meddle no more in matters of the nursery.

But this was only a temporary mood. James must, at least, concern himself with the education of his son. And here we touch one of the sorest points with poor, unhappy Clementina. The miserable religious question had vexed the domestic atmosphere from the beginning. There is no subject that men and women are more likely bitterly to quarrel over than the subject of creed, and the imagination is far from being strained in picturing the disputes that must have raged around the cradle in the Palazzo Stuart. James was tolerant, Clementina was not. The same writer who paid her the "compliment," quoted a few pages back, says: "The Princess observed to us that as she believed Charles was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands, and that in the country where she was born, there was no other distinction but that of honest and dishonest." These were excellent

sentiments, but if Clementina ever really held them, she did not hold them long. James' idea was to educate his son without religious bias : to combine Protestant with Catholic tuition ; Clementina, on the other hand, protested that he ought to be entrusted solely to Catholic tutors. There was no reason, of course, why James should not have his way ; and he *did* have his way, to the further embitterment of the situation. Charles must have a tutor, and James would choose him without reference to his consort.

In 1724 the Chevalier Ramsay was brought to Rome to fill the post. Ramsay was a learned pedagogue, the friend of Fénelon, like James himself. James professed to be " mightily pleased with him," but his tutorship was of short duration. Rightly or wrongly, he was suspected of treachery, of being " a creature of the Duke of Mar," who was now out of favour with James. " Two glasses of wine unhinges him, and he is not capable of sincerity," wrote Hay. Ramsay returned to Paris in the autumn of 1724, and his place was taken by that same James Murray (Lord Dunbar) who had received Clementina at Bologna, after her flight from Innsbruck. Murray was the son of Lord Stormont, and a brother of Mrs. Hay, of whom we are to hear more. Sir Thomas Sheridan, a left-handed cousin of James, who later figured as one of the Seven Men of Moidart, in the '45, was also called in. The choice of Murray vastly envenomed the dispute. " Make

my compliments to Murray," wrote the profligate Duke of Wharton, "and desire that he will not only train the Prince to glory, but likewise give him a polite taste for pleasurable vice." No one objected to Murray on the ground of this supposed qualification. But Murray was a Protestant, and that was enough for Clementina Stuart, to whom any other faith than her own was the rankest, most pernicious heresy. A child of four, one would think, could not be influenced much, one way or another, in religious matters.

But Clementina's anxiety was not allayed. Murray, it was said, had been seen to snatch the Prince up and place him in his carriage when the bells rang for the *Ave Maria*, and all Rome was on its knees. Walton expressly declares, though the statement seems incredible, that after Murray's appointment, Clementina and other Catholics were prevented speaking to the Prince, which thus created the suspicion that James meant to have him brought up as a Protestant. The suspicion would doubtless be carefully fostered by the Romish clergy and the bigoted intriguers about the Court. Some even professed to detect the sinister influence of the Protestant tutor when Charles was taken to the Vatican in the autumn of 1724. The royal parents made their homage to the Supreme Pontiff, but Charles was fractious. "His conduct," says Ewald, "was an offensive exhibition of Protestantism." Imagine the *petit* "Protestant" of four trying to affront the Holy

Father! Charles had nothing of the inherent religious temperament of his father, and he was very likely thinking more of play than of Protestantism when the Pope gave him audience in the gardens. Later on, in September, 1726, he behaved better, and was able to repeat his Catechism.

But just now he was undoubtedly "bad," and the shocked Clementina put it all down to Murray. The problem preyed more and more on her mind, until, after the birth of her second son, she declared hysterically that James "wished to bring up her boys as heretics; and rather than permit such an infamy, she would stab them with her own hand." The matter was certainly real enough to her—so real, that we may readily find in it the sole cause of her subsequent resolve to live no longer under the roof of a husband who insisted on the semi-Protestant education of his children. But there were many causes of disagreement in this wretched household. There was "another woman" in the case: so, at least, the green-eyed Clementina believed. James' troubles, according to one authority, came about largely "because he allowed his little Court to be directed by that triumvirate, John Hay, Mrs. Hay, and James Murray." Mrs. Hay (known also as Lady Inverness) had certainly a good deal to do with the embroilment. Walton, who speaks of the "sovereign authority" which she and her husband exercised in the house, blames them for

driving away Mrs. Sheldon, "the only *confidante* of the Princess," describes her as "a mere coquette, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant." Clementina suspected a guilty connection between her husband and Mrs. Hay, and outside scandal supported her in the assumption. James paid no little court to her, at any rate. Walton, who saw so much, says he showed "extraordinary kindness" to Mrs. Hay, while he treated Clementina "very badly." One pregnant incident is recorded. Clementina was sitting in her own private room when James opened the door and led in Mrs. Hay by the hand. Clementina naturally showed her annoyance; James retorted by offering Mrs. Hay his arm, and, saying, "Let me take you into supper," left the room. Clementina had seen too much! She boldly accused her husband of infidelity, and declared that he must choose between losing his wife or dismissing his mistress. The hot blood of the Sobieskis would not stand this the last and worst insult of all.

The advent of the second son stilled the troubled waters for a time. When Charles was born, the female gossips proclaimed that Clementina could never have another child. Walton was assured "par plusieurs dames, connoisseuses dans le métier de faire des enfants, que la Princesse Sobieski, à juger du présent état de sa santé, nen fera point d'autres." The fiction, as Mr. Sanford Terry remarks, matched that of Charles' *jambes*

estropiées. But we need not dwell upon that. Poor Clementina had scant pleasure in her offspring ; and when it was proposed to send her infant Henry away to Madrid, she felt that the tension of the whole situation must be relieved at last. She would go. She was unhappy with James : she had no say in the management and upbringing of her children ; she suspected a rival in the King's regard ; she was not even mistress of her own domestic affairs. In quarrels between a husband and a wife it is always difficult to get at the truth, difficult to apportion the blame. On the whole, however, one's sympathies are with Clementina Stuart. True, a queen, like a commoner, it may be said, should take her husband for better or for worse. But Clementina Stuart did not ask for a divorce, or even for a separation. She simply ran away !

At first, so far as we can gather, she merely retired to her own suite of rooms in the palace. She was presumably there when James wrote on the 9th of November (1725) imploring her to " return to reason, to duty, to yourself and to me, who await your submission with open arms, and am eager to give you peace and happiness as far as depends on myself. I conjure you once more, my dear Clementina," he adds, " to reflect seriously." But Clementina had done with reflection—for the present, at least. Having taken her final resolve, she wrote to the Abbess of the Convent of St. Cecilia, at Trastevere, begging that

the door of the house might be left open on the following day, when she would present herself and seek admission. It was this same convent, let it be noted, in passing, that many years later (1781) sheltered the Countess of Albany from the drunken violence of Charles Edward Stuart. Next day (November 15th) saw Clementina with the Ursuline sisters, who, as we learn from the omniscient Walton, were greatly concerned and alarmed at her hysterical outbursts. She " wept freely and used very exaggerated language," says Walton, who had his information from a brother of one of the nuns.

This is not the place to tell in full the story of Clementina's estrangement from her husband—a story which, at the time, made gossip for every Court and coffee-house in Europe. As Charles Greville, the diarist, said of Caroline of Brunswick, " the discussion of the Queen's business had now become an intolerable nuisance in society." The story has been told elsewhere with more detail than was perhaps necessary. James pleaded; Clementina protested. Return to " reason and duty," he reiterated. " I will rather suffer death," she replied, " than live with persons that have no religion, honour, or conscience." The outside world was invited to interest itself in the " sad, lamentable subject " (the words are James'), and the outside world took the part of the woman. Remonstrances poured in upon the unhappy James. The Pope hinted at his " concubinage,"

and sent representatives to argue with him. Cardinal Alberoni came. James, irritated at his remarks, haughtily observed that the Cardinal was forgetting himself. On this, Alberoni rose from his seat and in such a fury that his robes were torn by the arms of the chair. He had, he said, never failed to speak the truth even in the presence of powerful sovereigns who could have had him executed on the spot, and he was not to be intimidated by a king without a country. And with that Parthian shot, the Cardinal sailed from the room.

His Holiness presently put on the screw in another way—by cutting off half of James' pension. From every possible quarter was the erring husband assailed. When he proposed to visit Spain for political purposes, the Queen of that country (a sister of Clementina) dared him to put a foot within her dominions unless accompanied by his wife. The Emperor of Germany was indignant at the treatment of his kinswoman, and sent *his* remonstrances. The Jacobites, too, protested against James' conduct as greatly injuring the "cause." But James was obstinate. He would not, as Clementina had demanded, part with Hay and his wife, nor dismiss Murray. He would be reconciled to his consort, but only if she owned herself in the wrong. And when Clementina, stiffening her neck, declined to own herself in the wrong, the glum old King took the mean revenge of appearing in public

with Mrs. Hay! It was whispered in Roman society that a reconciliation had been effected between the estranged pair, and that James and his consort would visit the theatre together on a given evening. That evening all Rome assembled at the play. James, indeed, came: but with whom?—with Mrs. Hay, "magnificently dressed." A murmur of disapprobation went through the house. Even *that* "free" Society was disgusted at the unseemly exhibition. Rome, in truth, was becoming too hot for James. A change of scene, a little bit away, he thought, would do him good. Suppose he tried Bologna? The Pope heard of his resolve, and sent a trio of Cardinals with final representations. His Holiness, they assured him, would never allow James to establish himself permanently at Bologna if his purpose was to escape from his wife and to get a freer hand for his sons' education. Thus was James baulked in that direction, too; for did not the Pope hold the purse-strings? Nevertheless, he proceeded to Bologna, where he ostentatiously drove about with the "fascinating" Mrs. Hay.

But things were shaping themselves towards a settlement of the matrimonial estrangement. James had begun to listen to reason. Now he agreed to part with the Hays and to remove Charles from the tutelage of the Protestant Murray. This was what Clementina had all along demanded, and now, when James sent her an affectionate letter (she was so moved by it that

she "fainted straight away"), the unhappy inmate of the Ursuline Convent decided to rejoin him at once, at Bologna. But James was no longer at Bologna, though Clementina learned the fact only when she was well on the road. George I. had just died, and our Old Pretender had hurried away to Lorraine in futile quest of "something to his advantage." Alas! there was no "advantage" for the Stuart King. George II. already sat in his father's chair, and old England recked nothing of the Jacobite claim to kingship. It was a whole year after she started to join him at Bologna before Clementina saw her James. He had settled at Nancy, and was driven from there; he went to Avignon, and Avignon politely moved him on. And so the home had to be re-made at the old Palazzo Stuart. Clementina returned, and the breach was healed. Things went on smoothly enough for a time; but in the matter of matrimony, once incompatible, always incompatible. It was an ill-assorted union, and only the children's interests kept the parents together. There were mutual recriminations, squabbles about money, complaints from Clementina about her husband's attentions to this and the other "dear charmer," and so on; until, by the autumn of 1730, poor James was wishing that he could hit upon some "prudent means of separation." Clementina was neither well in health nor in temper. True, she had become devout, like James himself, but religion could not cover the

multitude of domestic differences. Later, James pity seems to have been aroused on behalf of his sad, soured, broken-hearted partner, whose bright smiling face, as he had first beheld it at Montefiascone, had now assumed an abject, nun-like expression. One who saw her in these days reported that she was "too pale and thin to be reckoned a handsome woman." Of what account was it for her *now* to be reckoned a handsome woman? Her day was done; she had played the game and lost. Early in January, 1735, James had to report her "at the last extremity." On January 12th she received the *viatique*. "She is perfectly in her senses," wrote James, "and dies with a tranquillity, a piety, and a peace which is, with reason, a great comfort to me in my present situation."

In the death-chamber the poor, distracted James was seen continually on his knees, nearly fainting with his long litanies and supplications. Walton unfeelingly said it was "in order to efface from the minds of the Roman people the idea that his bad treatment of her some short years ago shortened her days." Let us think more charitably of James. The little Princes, as we learn from Murray, were "almost ill with weeping and want of sleep." The mother had asked to see them when she realised that her last hour had arrived. "Hold fast by the old faith," she faltered; "do not quit it for all the kingdoms of the world, none of which can ever be compared

with the kingdom of heaven." The ruling passion strong in death!

It was all over at 5 p.m. on the 18th January, when Clementina breathed her last. That her bright life, bubbling over with the warm, mercurial Sobieski blood, had been linked with the hopeless, melancholy fortunes of the Stuarts, was a cruel blow from the hand of Fate. She had known no real happiness, and she died, devout but broken-hearted. One easily discerns her faults—her quick temper, her doggedness, her intolerance of any religious creed but her own. But James had his faults, too. A husband of a different temperament would have easily "managed" this "gay and charming girl," who used to call the intrepid Wogan her "papa Warner." But James had no art of managing a wife (an excited wife especially); no tact, no human consideration for the weaknesses of the sex. His fault, as Mr. Lang says, was a desire to be always, and always to be acknowledged to be, in the right; *d'avoir toujours raison*. The same temper, wildly indulged in, was to ruin Charles. Great men, it is contended, are often more indebted to the mother than to the father. It would be difficult to say just what Charles Edward gained from either parent. From his mother he can have gained little but the adventurous qualities of the Sobieskis, to which we may fairly attribute his transient dashes of heroism. Under success, that temperament—the Polish element in him—would

have survived and effectually checked the other strain—the Stuart strain, which came uppermost in his later years of ignominy, of hopes deferred and disappointed—"the morose obstinacy, the gloomy brutality of James II., and of his father." Charles was strangely compounded of the Englishman and the Pole.

Clementina Stuart was laid to rest in St. Peter's, though her heart is preserved in the Church of the Sancti Apostoli. Here, in that same church, James daily heard mass for years, and prayed beside his wife's tomb, and here he himself was laid when his life's fever was over. Clementina's funeral obsequies were conducted on a scale of lavish pomp. The wax tapers burnt on the occasion alone weighed 13,000 lbs., says the prosaic historian. Poor lady! All this extravagant illumination she would gladly have bartered for a little real love. Benedict XIV. raised a monument to the pure and blameless "Queen," which may be seen in St. Peter's to-day. In 1741 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was in Rome, and learnt, "on the spot," that Benedict and Clementina were lovers! Thus is history invented.

CHAPTER V

"WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, LAD"

WHAT was our young Prince doing, what was he thinking about all this time? When his mother "flew into a passion and a convent" he was not yet five. How was the situation explained to him? Doubtless, like any other child of his age, he would "ask for mamma." And what would papa say? Eighteen months went by before mother and child were re-united. Perhaps the vivacious Prince, busied about his juvenile affairs, would forget. The Palazzo Stuart itself must have been "slow" enough, in all conscience, for a high-spirited youngster of his type. Here was just the sort of existence which the chubby Prince of Wales, the future George IV., had to endure in that castle of *ennui* where the third George sat, "posting up his books and droning over his Handel, and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour-frame." The deadly dulness of Papa Stuart's Court, its vapid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, might well have made a scapegrace of a much less lively Prince than Charles Edward Stuart. That it did affect him in a way not altogether for his good, we shall see by-and-bye. In the meantime, his patchwork education had begun; and what with

lessons and play the time would pass quickly enough.

We have several pictures of the Prince about this date. His cousin, the Duke de Liria, before mentioned, a son of the attainted Duke of Berwick, writing of him in 1727 says—

"The Prince of Wales was now six and a half, and, besides his great beauty, was remarkable for dexterity, grace, and almost supernatural address. Not only could he read fluently: he could ride, could fire a gun; and more surprising still, I have seen him take a cross-bow and kill birds on the roof, and split a rolling ball with a bolt ten times in succession. He speaks English, French, and Italian perfectly, and altogether he is the most ideal Prince I have ever met in the course of my life."

Here, allowing for some exaggeration, was the "bonnie Prince Charlie" who was to set so many hearts aflame when he went to fight for his father's crown. When Murray of Broughton made his acquaintance in Rome, in 1742, he wrote home—

"Charles Edward is tall, above the common stature; his limbs are cast in the most exact mould, his complexion has in it somewhat of an uncommon delicacy; all his features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his eyes the finest I ever saw. But that which shines in him, and renders him without exception the most surprisingly handsome person of the age, is the dignity that accompanies his every gesture; there is indeed such an unspeakable majesty diffused through his whole mien as it is impossible to have any idea of without seeing, and strikes those that do with such an awe as will not suffer them to look upon him for any time, unless he emboldens them to it by his excessive amiability."

This is, perhaps, rather too rose-coloured. Yet there must have been something very fascinating

From the painting by *Blanchet*

Prince Charles Edward as a youth

By permission of the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.

about the Prince. His portraits do not quite explain the fascination, any more than do the portraits of his ancestor, Mary Stuart.

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

asks Marlowe, writing of the vision of Golden Helen. Was this the face that turned the heads of the women of the '45? might be the echoing answer as we look at most of the likenesses of Prince Charlie. And yet they are pleasant enough, too, these contemporary portraits. They represent him with a high, broad brow, a shapely nose, and eyes of a rich dark brown colour, as in the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh. There has been some discussion about the eyes. Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister at Florence, describes them as blue; and that colour is also mentioned in the *Letters from Italy, by an Englishwoman*, of date 1770.

It is a curious mistake to have made, for blue eyes are almost as easily recognised as red hair. One remembers how Mary Stuart's eyes have been set down as "decidedly brown"; sometimes as of a yellowish hue (hazel); more frequently as of an absolutely reddish colour, like chestnut and the paint known to artists as burnt sienna. Of course, the contemporary portraits are not to be implicitly relied on as fixing the colour of eyes, for colours (on canvas) lose much by sinking in: they not only lose brilliancy, but

they darken. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt about the colour of Prince Charles' eyes. He inherited, as Mr. Lang remarks, the dark eyes of his father, the "Black Bird," and of Mary Stuart. We shall hear more about the glamour of those eyes, about the fascination of those features, which narrowly escaped disfigurement by an attack of smallpox in 1730. As yet Charlie is still "a lad with the bloom of a lass."

Many and varied were his occupations and interests. He was musical, and already, in his fourth year, had been reported as playing the fiddle "continually," which, however, we are not required to read as indicating that he could draw a tune from the strings. So the baby George IV. "played elegantly on the violoncello." One looks upon these royal attempts at music-making through very mildly critical eyes, remembering the stinging answer made by Handel to a certain German sovereign: "Your Majesty plays like a prince." But both Charles and Henry excelled on the strings—excelled for princes, that is to say. That genial old French gossip, Charles Debrosses, tells how he once entered the room while they were executing the celebrated *Notte di Natale* of Corelli, and "expressed my regret at not having heard the commencement." In later life, Charles tried the French horn and, as became a claimant of the Scottish crown, the bagpipe. What a sight it would have been—that leader of the '45 marching at the head of his forces in kilt

and philabeg, sounding the chanter, the "drones" over his shoulder!

But music was only one of his youthful diversions. One observer, writing of him in 1727, says he has "a stable of little horses, and every day almost diverts himself by riding." He is "most alert in all his exercises, such as shooting, the tennis, shuttlecock, etc." A gentleman in town "has prepared a Caccia of pigeons and hares to be shot by him this afternoon." And then, "you would be surprised to see him dance: nobody probably does it better, and he bore his part at the balls in the Carnival as if he were already a man." Later, one reads much about the young Prince at the dances in Rome and elsewhere, and the fluttering anxiety to secure the royal partner visible among the beauties of the ballroom. Like his grandfather, James VII., Charles played "the golf" (not then a popular game, as it is now); and "it would very agreeably surprise you," Sir James Hamilton is informed, "to see him play so well at it." By-and-bye he learned to handle the gloves to some purpose. In short, he was a happy, vigorous, restless boy, plucky and pretty, fond of the open air and of all open-air activities in the way of sport and amusement, physically built for strength and health—as Lord Elcho said, "with a body made for war." Ah! if only the Fates had been kind to him, and brought success out of his "forlorn hope"! Charles Edward Stuart was born for high enterprise, for adventure,

for activity ; for a crown and a kingdom. Given these, and that tragic story of his later years—despairing, disillusioned, inactive, devoted to the "nasty bottle" for want of something to do of real import in the world—that sad, pathetic story would never have had to be written. His, surely, was the worst luck of all the luckless Stuarts. Better to have died at Culloden in a halo of glory ; better, perhaps, to have lost his head, like the martyrs of Whitehall and Fotheringay.

But to return. Charles' studies, we may take it, did not greatly vex him. Much has been written about his education. "It is told with what astonishing rapidity he learned all languages, ancient and modern," says Thackeray of the "first gentleman in Europe." That also is told of Charles Edward Stuart. Murray of Broughton, "secretary" of the '45, writing of him in 1742, says his learning is "extensive beyond what could be expected from double the number of his years. He speaks most of the European languages with the same ease and fluency as if each of them was the only one he knew ; is a perfect master of the different kinds of Latin, understands Greek very well, and is not altogether ignorant of Hebrew," Greek and Hebrew—such a paragon! Who taught him Hebrew, and what did *he* want with Hebrew? Much better if he had been taught spelling and a "good hand of write." Spelling was not much heeded in the eighteenth century, certainly. But Charles' spelling was shocking, and

there was no sense in his learning Hebrew when he could not spell English.

His mental accomplishments were very likely overrated. The unprejudiced Debrosses said he was "less cultivated than became a prince"; while Æneas Macdonald, the Scots banker, who made his acquaintance in France and got so involved in the '45, wrote that "he seemed to have been badly educated, and to care for little else than hunting and shooting." Lord Elcho, too, spoke disparagingly of his acquirements, though it has to be remembered that Elcho had lent him money which the Prince could not or would not repay.

Whatever his education was, the Prince clearly proved himself something of a worry to his tutors. Towards the end of 1728, a Mr. Stafford had been engaged in that capacity. He remained attached to Charles for many years, and aided his secret flight from Rome in 1744. There is nothing to show that Stafford had any more success with his mettlesome young charge than had his predecessors. In truth, Charles was slowly but surely passing beyond control. The Sobieski temperament, no doubt, in part accounted for this. But it is only fair to him to remember the circumstances which surrounded him. The wretched intrigues of the Court and the miserable bickerings of his parents cannot have been other than pernicious in their influence upon his character and general conduct, while at the same time they

had their effect in robbing him of that parental affection and attention so important in the guiding of a young mind.

It soon became apparent, at any rate, that Charles Edward Stuart was no docile son of a devout father. By the year 1733 he had, as Earl Marischal reported, "got out of the hands of his governors." He had threatened to kill Murray, his old tutor, and was regarded with such apprehension, that weapons were removed from his reach, and he was placed under ward in his rooms. It seems rather too much to believe of a youth of thirteen, but that *vivacité brutale*, of which Walton speaks, was clearly latent if not now actually apparent. One regrets parting with the young, innocent Prince, busied with his violin and his golf, and his shooting, and his tennis. But Mr. Lang is right in asking us to regard Charles' education as practically ended at thirteen. Up to that age he is the pretty, fair-haired, brown-eyed child, the cheery, active little fellow, already distraught between two religions. "Then comes a kind of revolt against teaching and teachers, and we find him the handsome, petulant lad (as in several portraits) who is to see war at Gaeta." No mere carpet knight he, now!

The year 1733 was full of fate for more than one of the dynasties of Europe. It was the year which saw the outbreak of the war of the Polish Election. Augustus the Strong had just died, and there was a double election to the crown of Poland

between Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, the son of the late King, and Stanilaus, who had before been made king by Charles XII. Russia and Germany supported Augustus, but as Louis XV. had married the daughter of Stanilaus, he promptly declared war on Germany. Louis was joined by the King of Sardinia and by Philip of Spain, both of whom had designs on the Austrian possessions in Italy. Spain's younger son, Don Carlos, was in search of a crown: why should the Don not be King of the two Sicilies? For once, thanks mainly to Sir Robert Walpole's wisdom and courage, England took no part in the contest. George II., now six years on the throne, was eager to fight; Queen Caroline, also, her German sympathies prompting her, was inclined to join in the fray. But Walpole stood firm. "There are fifty thousand men slain this year," he was able to say as the war proceeded, "and not one Englishman."

A long business it proved, and all over so little! The united armies poured into Austrian Lombardy; a Spanish army was hurrying forward with Don Carlos to Naples. Already the power of the Austrians in Northern Italy had been crushed by the battle of La Crocetta. Charles Edward Stuart was itching to "see life," to make some acquaintance with another world than that which lay within his reach in the city of St. Peter, where everyone who was not a noble or a soldier—married men, lawyers, doctors, writers, even strangers—wore the black dress and cloak

of the priest and was addressed by the title of *Abate*. Rome was no doubt "the most cosmopolitan city of eighteenth-century Europe"; crowded, too, in the Prince's young days, with British travellers and others, all more or less interested in the exiled King and his Court. But Charles Edward had other interests than priests and tourists. He was only fourteen, but the cannon were booming almost within hearing. Was it not possible to get some little share in the campaign? He would have to fight in his father's "bonnie Scotland" yet. Might it not be well to have some experience of "war's alarms" before that time arrived?

The unexpected often happens with opportunities as with other things. The Duke de Liria had given his services to Don Carlos. He came to Rome on a brief visit when the Spaniards were settling down to business in front of the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, into which the pick of the Austrian troops had thrown themselves. Would the young Prince "like to see some service"? What would the young Prince like better! Charles jumped at the idea with boyish enthusiasm. James was not displeased. The Pope bestowed his benediction (which cost nothing), but "gave me no money on this occasion," James pathetically added. He blessed his boy himself, "with all the tenderness I am capable of," voicing the hope that the boy would one day be both "a great and a good man." It was the end of July when the

excited youth set out from home for the first time, already the "young Chevalier" of Scottish song, for he went *incognito* under his father's old name, the Chevalier de St. George. It was the first of a series of mystifications that were to follow in that life now beginning in something like real earnest. For *suite*, he took with him Murray and Sheridan, a surgeon, four servants, and a couple of Spanish friars, the latter, we may assume, a concession to his mother's devout notions. For Clementina was at the Palazzo Stuart again, to see her boy off. There would be tears mixed with maternal counsel and solicitation at that parting. But Clementina Stuart had faith in her Prince and his future. Had she not remarked, fourteen years back, that "the day would come"?

She had good reason to be proud of her boy now. In that short and dashing campaign which ended in the addition of a third Bourbon kingdom to Europe, few veterans distinguished themselves with more bravery than this fourteen-year-old who had never smelt powder but in sport. Don Carlos welcomed him when he arrived, saluting him, with royal courtesy, as Prince of Wales. A command was immediately assigned to him worth a thousand crowns a month. He wanted to go into the trenches at once. The risks were great, for was not this a Prince of the Stuart line in whom the hopes of the Jacobites were already centred? The Duke, his guardian,

hesitated, more especially as the Don had so far declined to expose himself to danger. But Charles was not to be denied. He sprang into the trenches and actually seemed to enjoy the lead hissing about his ears. " Valour does not wait for numbers of years," exclaimed the astonished Duke, watching him. The balls were making havoc of the house in which he resided, but he took it all " with an undisturbed countenance."

Officers and soldiers adored him, amazed at the pluck and intrepidity of one so young. " I cannot express to you," wrote one, " how much our whole army is charmed with the Prince of Wales. Never was any Prince endowed with so much vivacity, nor appeared more cheerful in all the attacks. If he had been master of his own inclinations, he never would have quitted the trenches, and was overheard to say that the noise of the cannon was more pleasant music to him than the opera at Rome." It is worth emphasising this in view of the charges of cowardice in the '45. Such charges were totally unfounded. Whatever were Charles Edward's failings, cowardice was not among them. His courage may, indeed, have been purely physical, but it is enough to know that he possessed it, whether it was the courage of Nelson, who " never knew fear," or the rash, impetuous, unthinking courage which dashes into danger regardless of consequences. At Gaeta, at any rate, there could be no question. When the affair was over and the fortress invested, it was

written of Charles, from the scene of operations: "All who have seen him affirm that he is born to a happy fate, and to make others happy, too." Alas! the prophecy was sorely "out" on both counts.

From Gaeta, Charles proceeded to Naples, clothed in glory and golden opinions; with "numerous jewels" and two splendid horses presented to him by the admiring Don, now King of the Sicilies. Debrosses tells a good story of the voyage. In the course of the trip, Charles' hat blew off into the sea. A prince's hat was a thing to be looked after, and the seamen were preparing a boat for the rescue. "Never mind," said our gallant Prince; "I shall be obliged before long to go and fetch myself a hat in England." Already, then, he was thinking of the Crown! Naples made a hero of him—far too much of a hero, for we find that he was ill and Papa advising him to be more temperate in his "dyet." Before September ended, he was with Papa at Albano, suffering reproaches on account of the brevity of his letters while away. His old temper returned, so that "he was in penance again yesterday, but things went better to-day." We may easily imagine him after the exciting experiences through which he had passed, getting restlessly rebellious against the dreary life which his father was content to live. What were Albano and the Palazzo Stuart to Gaeta and the glory of Naples? "Everybody," writes Walton, "says

that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was." If Charles had any real idea of this himself, can we wonder at his impatience now ?

Meanwhile, he was suffering the distress of his mother's death. Charles would probably take the bereavement less to heart than Henry ; for Henry was " thoughtful," as his father said. Henry was hurt at not being allowed to go to Gaeta, but one can hardly imagine the future ecclesiastic as a military hero. Charles was " wonderfully thoughtless," addicted to " little childish amusements " ; but then he was made for adventure, not for a cardinal's hat. He was only fifteen, and could hardly be expected to show gravity. A wife might steady him, thought James. The Spanish Infanta was asked for and refused, and there the matrimonial idea exhausted itself for the present. A visit to grandfather Sobieski in Poland was contemplated ; but, finally (in 1737), it was resolved that Charles should make a tour through Italy. Once more he travelled *incognito*, this time as the Count of Albany, a name full of suggestion to those who know his later history. Murray was again in his *suite* (Murray whom he had threatened with his *vivacité brutale*) ; also Mr. Strickland, who was in Scotland in the '45, and was now to " superintend his writing " ; and Henry Goring, son of Atterbury's accomplice Sir Harry, who served

him long and faithfully, and was ill-requited for his devotion.

The tour was begun towards the end of April. There was a two days' stay at Bologna—noble old Bologna, looking out on the green plains of Lombardy—where Charles danced at a ball given in his honour at the magnificent palace of the Marquis of Tibbia. At Parma he inspected the troops, danced again, saw all the shows, and carried away valuable presents. From there he went to Piacenza (where another ball was arranged), and thence to Genoa, Milan, and Venice. We ought to imagine him enraptured, in spite of himself, with the beautiful city in the sea, crumbling gaily away: that sure asylum for men of letters like Boccaccio and Petrarch, where Beckford could "dream Oriental dreams of luxuriousness and hidden terrors, and compare the motley population, not less than the cupola and minarets, with the strange world of Vathek which he carried in his mind." But, in fact, there is nothing to show that Charles Edward felt anything of that fascination indicated by Byron's famous lines—

> "Italia, oh! Italia, thou who hast
> The fatal gift of beauty, which became
> A funeral dower of present woes and fast,
> On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame
> And annals graved in characters of flame."

As Mr. Lang says, the seductions of Italy were lost upon him. He "never dallied in Armida's

gardens, but loved the wintry woods, hunting, shooting, walking stockingless, all to harden himself for the campaigns that lay before his imagination."

Here, at Venice, for the first time on the tour, he enjoyed something of the distinction due to royalty. The "gorgeous gondola" of the French ambassador was placed at his disposal; he was received by the Doge, and sat on the Bench of Princes at the Assembly of the Grand Council. England, far away, nearly interested, was looking on, and promptly repaid the royal hospitality of Venice by dismissing the Venetian resident from St. James'. The lesson was not lost on Florence, whither Charles presently betook himself after visits to Padua and Ferrara. The fair capital of Tuscany, with her Frenchified rulers and intensely Italian people, painted in all her frivolity by the frivolous Mann—friend and life-long correspondent of Horace Walpole, British Minister there for forty-six years—this was ever after the favourite city of Charles Edward Stuart. The royal carriage had been sent away to meet him, but the English *envoy*, flustering about the Government officials of the Grand Duke, impressed them with the fact that this seemingly innocent act of courtesy would mar the friendly relations existing between the Court of His Highness and that of St. James', and the royal carriage returned empty. Charles Edward would not be officially recognised in Florence. He was, nevertheless, splendidly entertained

by the Florentine aristocracy, the Parisians of Italy. At Lucca, at Pisa, too, the visitor had royal junketings and festive fraternisings; and when the tour came to an end at Leghorn, Charles Edward had "watched and enjoyed the glories of actual royalty: had beheld the splendour of that gilded *papier-mâché* Italy; the brilliant, fading, and fated sunset of the Venetian Republic."

Murray had meanwhile been sending home "ecstatic descriptions" of the "splendid receptions and the glittering company," the "noble dinners," and the "compliments," and all the rest. Charles, we learn from him, "wore curl papers in the morning." Captain Redmond, from Dublin, chanced to see the royal hair thus bestowed, but was cautioned not to mention it in the Irish capital, "where these artifices might be thought effeminate." Charles was assuredly not effeminate. "Had I soldiers," said he, "I would not be here now, but wherever I could serve my friends." He was pleased when (on August 3rd) his long hair was cut and his *caput* covered by a wig. Later, on his seventeenth birthday, he was shaved for the first time. He was now a man! But this was after the Italian tour. During that expedition, as we gather from Murray, his real character came out in its full strength and weakness. In public he carried himself with princely distinction; in private, he was rather less than polite. Thus Murray to

James, who, deploring his son's inattention in the matter of correspondence, had written: "Don't forget a father that loves you better than himself." Murray continues—

"I cannot but tell your Majesty that in private we might make the same exceptions as formerly, and that he gives us rather more uneasiness when he travels. But this is only a trouble to his own people, and particularly to me who go in the chair with him."

Thus we see the wilful, spoilt boy, his horizon widened by this Italian tour, sick of his dull existence in a community of priests and curious English tourists, chafing at the deadly routine of the Palazzo Stuart, eager to be up and doing, possessed of a heart for any fate. He "felt deeply the oppressive character of his present position," says Debrosses. Who can doubt it? Charles Edward, it must be repeated, was born for action. Given employment that he could understand and relish, he "rose gaily and strenuously to the needs and duties of the hour. Unoccupied, he relapsed into the bitter gloom of his long years of later life, and fell back on the stimulant that was his ruin." But now hope and anticipated happiness were in front of him: the opportunity was again presenting itself.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE EVE OF THE '45

THE embers of the long-smouldering Jacobite fires were reviving into active flame; the "cause" was about to experience a new breath of life. It had never, of course, been dead. Though the Old Chevalier was not a character to inspire enthusiasm, to the Jacobites he was still "The King." So they toasted him, with furtive glances (for spies were always to be feared) and the passing of the glass across the vessel of water on the table. "The King—over the water" was understood though unexpressed. In bolder mood the toast would run—

> "Here's to the King, sir,
> Ye ken who I mean, sir."

All the time they were scheming and plotting in secret with the view of getting the auld Stuarts back again. Not a Court in Europe but had its Jacobite agent intriguing for arms and money. Atterbury was plotting at Versailles, Wharton at Madrid. Partisans of the cause were similarly engaged at Vienna and elsewhere. Irresponsible "agents" wandered about, weaving their empty, ineffective plots. The little Court of James himself was "ever swelled by the arrival of some impulsive Jacobite, who had endless plans for the future." But nothing had been done openly for some years. England was at peace with her

neighbours, and foreign diplomacy, whose one ambition was to hamper John Bull and his sea-girt isle, had consequently no use for the Jacobites. Year by year the Crown became more firmly fixed on the head of the Hanoverian. Even Lockhart of Carnwath, old-time optimist, had begun to despair. "All the King's [James'] then schemes and projects were at ane end," he wrote, "as the affairs and views of almost all the princes of Europe took a quite different turn, and their designs in favour of the King were superseded." The darkest hour is before the dawn. The opportunity of the Jacobites was at hand.

In 1720 Philip of Spain had yielded to the Quadruple Alliance, and war between England and Spain ended. There was peace between the two countries until 1739. But peace could not last in those war-vexed times. English commerce and Spanish commerce were equally at stake, and fair dealing on both sides seemed to be attainable only by the arbitration of the sword. The West Indies and Spanish America continued to be the chief source of irritation. England wanted to trade there; Spain was resolved that she should *not* trade there. "Remember Jenkins' ear" was now made a war-cry in England; and Walpole, man of peace as he was, answered the cry by declaring war against Spain (October, 1739). Historians speak of "the egregious Jenkins." Robert Jenkins was master of the *Rebecca* brig,

of Glasgow. The Spaniards fell in with him on the high seas, and boarded him in search of contraband. Jenkins protested; whereupon a Spaniard lopped off his ear. "Carry that home to your master, the King," said the insolent son of Spain, "and tell him that if he had been here he would have been served in the same manner." It was a trifling incident—except to Jenkins! But the English took it as a national affront, and demanded blood for blood.

The war went on; and then, in 1740, the death of Charles VI., the last German Emperor of the proud house of Hapsburg, set Europe by the ears. The War of the Austrian Succession began, and the Jacobites leapt from their lairs. A Jacobite Association, including Lovat, Cameron of Lochiel, Lochiel the Younger, the Earl of Traquair, and others, was formed, and an official agent for Scotland was appointed—Murray of Broughton, the future renegade of the cause. Murray, a young man of good birth and fortune, fresh from Edinburgh University, was in Rome, making the indispensable "grand tour." Looking through the picture galleries one morning, he was approached by two gentlemen, who asked if he would care to see the Palace of the exiled Stuarts. Certainly! A day or two later, Murray was introduced to James and presented to the young Princes. The elder Prince was about his own age, and the pair took to each other. Murray was, in fact, so captivated by this heir of the house of Stuart,

that he at once enrolled himself among the adherents of the cause. He became a daily guest at the Palace, acquired the confidence of James, learnt of all the secret schemes and intrigues in progress, and, by special writ, was appointed "Secretary for Scottish Affairs." It was an evil day for the Jacobites when that appointment was made. But of this we may not speak now.

Fleury, the French Minister, a doubtful friend of the Jacobites, died in January, 1743; and was succeeded by Cardinal Tencin, who was indebted to James for his Hat, and might, therefore, be expected to do the right thing by the Stuarts. Tencin did not disappoint. He suggested that Charles Edward should proceed to France, there to wait an opportunity for action. James reluctantly consented, and Charles set out from Rome on the romantic adventure in the early days of January, 1744. The greatest secrecy had to be observed, for Walton, the English agent, his keen, diplomatic eyes always on the Palazzo Stuart, might get to know, and would report home. It was Walton who first saw Charles in a kilt, and he regarded his appearance in that picturesque garb as highly suspicious. It was at a ball given at the Palazzo Pamphili. The kilt had been sent from Scotland by some ardent Jacobite, and, "being a costume unknown in Italy, it attracted considerable attention." Thus Walton, who adds that the wearer, conscious of the admiration the bright tartan of his house

created, " swaggered about the rooms, and chatted in terms of enthusiasm about Scotland and his people." Clearly this young man had better be watched!

Walton himself noted the great precautions that were taken to hide the most trifling steps of the Prince. But he was entirely outwitted now. Charles made his exit from Rome under cover of a boar-shooting party—an arrangement curiously in keeping with the complicacy and secrecy of his exile after Culloden. Even brother Henry was not admitted to the secret. Nay, brother Henry was sleeping soundly in his bed when, about midnight, Charles stealthily descended the staircase. Papa was sitting up to take farewell; and an affecting farewell it was. " I go, sire," said the Prince, " in search of three crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin." Alas! he failed in the attempt; and James, though he lived for twenty-one years after this, never saw his " dearest Carluccio " again. The poor King was sorely distressed over Charles' little speech. " Heaven forbid! " he cried, amid his tears, " that all the crowns of the world should rob me of my son. Be careful of yourself, my dear Prince, for my sake, and, I hope, for the sake of millions." And so they parted, parted for ever in this world.

Charles' sorrow would be short-lived. His

heart was in the adventure on which he had entered, and he carried the thing through with true romantic realism. At the porch of the old palace, Murray stood waiting for him, with a chaise and two saddle-horses led by a groom. He got into the chaise, but after posting some miles, he said he was cold and would rather ride. Murray, who was, of course, in the secret, pretended to thwart his purpose and, being defeated, threw himself into a ditch to divert attention from the Prince. They were all on the way to the boar-hunt, remember—all but the Prince. While Murray was being got out of the ditch, the Prince rode off. He seemed to be making in the direction of Albano, but this was only his ruse. Out of sight, he changed his coat and wig, and habited himself in the guise of a Neapolitan courier bound for Spain. Further on the road, he became a Spanish officer. Soon he was in Massa; from there he went by boat to Genoa; next he took ship to Savona, where, for reasons unexplained, he was "locked up and in a very ugly situation." He got safely away, at any rate—away hurrying to the land of Louis. Herve Riel himself did not ride more swiftly. For five days he neither slept nor changed his clothes; and when he at length arrived at Antibes, cleverly running though the English fleet on his way, his attendants were so exhausted, that he declared if he had had to go much further he would have been obliged to drag them along with ropes.

All this time they had been trying to make believe that Charles had never left the Palazzo Stuart. The boar-hunt proceeded, as had been arranged, and hampers pretending to come from the Prince were sent to the Pope and other friends in Rome. Nay, when at length the hunting party broke up, a young man who bore a close resemblance to Charles was made to ride in the company (this was Murray's idea), so as to still preserve the secret from the Romans. How many people *did* resemble the Prince? His portrait was painted by Sir Horace Mann as he rode away from home for ever, and this was how it came out—

"The young man is above the middle height and very thin. He wears a light bag-wig, his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue, but without sparkle, the mouth large, with the lips slightly curled, and the chin more sharp than rounded."

The blue eyes again, and large, too! Whereas an Englishman who had an audience of the Prince about this time says he had "a small but lively eye." But what was the need for all Charles' wild haste in getting to France? No need whatever, as it appeared. Louis, indeed, as Charles told his father, received him with "great tenderness" and promised to be "careful" of his concerns. But Louis was not in such impetuous haste as his visitor: he and his ministers must see their advantage in it before they would rush precipitately to the help of the Jacobites. Promises were made, certainly—promises specious enough

—but, as James bitterly wrote, France's promises were not to be reconciled with France's indifferent behaviour to the Prince. For France had no royal honours to bestow on Charles Edward. How could she, when his very presence in her midst was a breach of treaty ? King, ministers, persons of distinction—all shied at this compromising representative of the Jacobites. He was even obliged to assume an *incognito*. "At Antibes," he wrote to his father, "there was such a rumour that I was there that I durst not write in my own hand for fear the packet might have been opened." In one letter he even admits himself a serving man ! Still, "little intrigues" were in progress for his interest. Nay, an invading force was actually being got ready at Dunkirk, under the superintendence of that Marshal Saxe who was to give England such a beating at Fontenoy. Charles was to go with it, and now he was sitting patiently at Gravelines, looking for the call to come to him.

The February of 1744 brought what seemed likely to be the realisation of his hopes. The combined squadrons of Brest and Rochefort (twenty-three ships) were now actually sailing up the Channel. The French army, with the Prince in its keeping, stood "all ready" at Dunkirk. The fleet was to clear the way for the transports. But what was England doing ; England, boasted mistress of the seas ? England knew all ; Sir John Norris was at Spithead with twenty ships

of the line, waiting for the French admiral. Unfortunately before the enemy arrived, Sir John had been driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in the Downs. De Roqueville sailed up cautiously : Spithead was clear ; not so much as a frigate to be seen. Word was sent to Saxe to hurry his forces to sea. Seven thousand men were soon aboard the transports, Saxe and the Prince among them. Away they moved gaily for the shores of Albion. The " Protestant winds " again favoured Albion. Saxe's transports were all but totally wrecked ; some of the largest were lost with all their human freight ; others were hurled against the coast and the men saved with difficulty. Norris, too, surprised the French admiral off Dungeness, and the admiral coasted back to his country during the night, ere yet battle could be offered. England and the throne of the Hanoverian were so far safe.

Thus ended the sadly-misguided enterprise which made such a bad beginning to Charles' efforts to restore the " three crowns." It was a terrible blow to the Jacobites. James, eagerly waiting for news in Rome, was stunned, mortified, prostrate with grief, shut up in his room for days in succession. So assured had he been of success, that he had ordered new liveries for his household, to be donned when the tidings came to Charles' triumphant entry into London ! And what of Charles himself ? Never for a moment did *he* lose heart or ambition. Sad and

disappointed enough he was when he returned to Gravelines, but not broken-hearted. Early in March he writes to tell his father that he is in perfect health, and that "everything goes well." The little difficulties and dangers he has so far run are nothing. He has every day large packets to answer. Yesterday he had one that cost him "seven owers and a half," and it was "fore a clock before I could get my dinner." He was still hoping for aid from France, though the army had been withdrawn from Dunkirk, and Saxe was in Flanders; and his chief business—all this busy correspondence, etc.—was to get friends at Court to "push on" Louis and his ministers. The half-hearted promises and delays sorely tried his temper and patience. But what could he do but wait and hope? He declared, indeed, to Earl Marischal that, failing French help, he would go to Scotland alone; but the Earl, "wise with the wisdom of age and humour," "dose all that lise in his power to hinder it." Moreover, the French minister had requested his withdrawal from Gravelines, and he was driven (*incognito*, of course) to Paris, where he lurked about, "eating his own heart, avoiding the paths of men." Writing to James on the 3rd April, he draws a pathetic picture of his situation—

"Nobody nose where I am or what is become of me, so that I am entirely Buried as to the publick, and can't but say but that it is a very great constrent upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stur out of my room, for fier of some bodys

From the portrait by *Le Tocque, painted in* 1748

Prince Charles Edward as a young man

noing my face. I very often think that you would laugh very hartily if you saw me goin about with a single servant bying fish and other things and squabling for a peney more or less. I hope your Majesty will be thoroughly persuaded that no constrent or trouble whatsoever either of minde or body, will ever stope me in going on with my duty, in doing anything that I think can tend to your service or your Glory."

Again, in recognised orthography: "Everybody is wondering where the Prince is: Some put him in one place and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting." Later in the month he reports that he is in strict retirement; "his retreat unknown, reading hard." Louis was polite, but at a distance. It is said that he openly shunned the Prince at the *bals masques* at Versailles. France's promise had proved illusive. And poor Charles had other difficulties. He could not get his pension of 5,000 livres a month from the French Minister of Finance, and his debts had now run up to the tidy total of 30,000 livres. James hinted that he might as well return to Rome. "That would be just giving up all hopes," replied the Prince. He had seen enough of Rome! He would rather retire to Avignon.

Meanwhile, he stayed on where he was—in a little house near Montmartre, practically a prisoner. The details of these many months of waiting, from April, 1744, to July, 1745, are, in Mr. Lang's words, "copious, but uninteresting." It was the weary waiting that drove Charles into

the romantic adventure with which his name will be for ever associated. He had looked to France for help ; France had timidly held back. Charles would therefore go to Scotland himself, if he took only a single footman with him. We can understand the strain he was enduring. His father was worrying him, the attitude of Louis and his ministers was worrying him, the Scottish Jacobites were worrying him. "You may well imagine how out of houmer I am," he says. We can well imagine it! Sitting here doing nothing but writing futile letters to lukewarm sympathisers all day long—how could this impatient Prince bear it at all? To regain the crown he would put himself in a tub, like Diogenes, if necessary. So he told his father. And as France had disappointed him, he would take the business into his own hands. "I cannot but mention a parable here," he wrote, "which is that, if a horse which is to be sold, if spurred, does not skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing ; just so, my friends would care very little to have me if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me." He meant serious business, clearly! In spite of his personal difficulties of finance, he raised 180,000 livres for broadswords to be used in the "cause," and gave orders to his father to pawn the Sobieski jewels.

James was not sanguine : he had been too often deluded. The proposed descent on

Scotland he declared to be rash and imprudent. But Charles read himself as "invited" by the party over there; England was in trouble (Fontenoy had been fought), and was temporarily depleted of her troops. The time seemed opportune. Charles would go to Scotland. "I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or dye, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me," he wrote. And, anticipating James' veto, he added: "Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father." And so the die was cast. "The most forlorn of all hopes was on its way to win a throne. . . On no side was there a gleam of promise, a single omen of good." But

> "Young blood must have its course, lad,
> And every dog its day."

It was the June of 1745. Charles was at St. James, the seat of his "kind cousin," the Duke de Bouillon. His equipment was ready, or as good as ready—20 small field pieces, "two of which a mule may carry"; 1,500 muskets, 11,000 broadswords, ammunition, "durks," powder and ball, and other supplies. Of brandy, too, he had laid in a fair quantity; and 4,000 louis d'or were at his command. With these resources he would "challenge the might of Britain." He had never seen that Scotland to which he was going, bent, as he told his father, "on restoring you to the Crown, and them to their liberties."

Scotland still carried memories of the miserable part played by James in the affair of 1715; of the defeats of Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel. Scotland, moreover, knew practically nothing of Charles Edward. But a considerable number of Scots remained faithful to the Jacobite cause. The Lowlands might be lukewarm, but the Highlands could be depended on.

Nearly a generation of tedious inactivity had gone since the Old Pretender made his last futile bid for the Crown. From about 1719 on to 1743 nothing effective had been done for the "cause." But the Jacobite leaders were not wholly idle. Schemes were numerous, intrigues went on in every Court of Europe; and if the old Chevalier had been a character capable of rousing enthusiasm, the cause would doubtless have been actively revived. It was different with Charles Edward—"a shoot of the stem of Robert Bruce, one who, by every perfection of mind and body was destined to play anew the part of that great restorer of the Scottish monarchy." And Charles Edward's time had come, young as he was.

"The dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefather's eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die."

And so Charles Edward was off on his mad

enterprise. We see him now, in imagination, embarking at Belle Isle on July 5th, Old Style. For companions he has (1) the Marquis of Tullibardine ("the high-minded Moray, the exiled, the dear"), called by the Jacobites, Duke of Athol, though he had been attainted for his share in the '15, and the title had descended to his younger brother, a Whig; (2) Sir Thomas Sheridan, his old tutor; (3) Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; (4) Æneas Macdonald, a young banker, brother of Kinloch-Moidart, with whom he had been "chumming" in Paris; (5) Colonel Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; (6) George Kelly, a non-juring clergyman, who had been concerned in Atterbury's plot; and (7) Captain O'Sullivan. There were others, of course, including Buchanan, the messenger, and Walsh, the owner of the ship. But these seven should be specially noted, since they are known to Jacobite history as "The Seven Men of Moidart." "Old allagrugous-like fellous as ever I saw," was how Mr. Bissatt, writing from Blair Athol, described these Men of Moidart.

Charles' ship was a frigate of 44 guns, called the *Doutelle*. An escort ship, the *Elizabeth*, of 68 guns and 700 men, had been provided by his ardent friend Routledge, of Dunkirk. The French Court knew nothing about this expedition so far. The arms had been shipped by Walsh under the false statement that they were meant for his own

plantations in Martinique. Even Young had not been admitted to the secret—not till the *Elizabeth* had cast her moorings in Belle Isle harbour and was in full sail for Scotland. Then Charles wrote and told his father all. "I never intend to come back," he said. He would begin with his own country, and having won that by the aid of his loyal Highlanders, the "stalwart adherents from its rocky glens and heather-crested hills," he would go on to England. For what said the proverb ?—

> "He that would England win,
> Must with Scotland first begin."

But even Scotland itself knew practically nothing of the expedition. The Prince had only sent a note to Murray of Broughton to say that he was "coming," and desiring Murray to inform "friends" of his setting out. It seemed the most forlorn of all hopes of winning a crown. History knows no parallel instance of such determination and force of character in any one, prince or commoner, as this man, who, at the age of twenty-four, started with seven companions to wrest a throne from one of the most powerful monarchies of the time. As Mr. Terry remarks, by every law that rules success, the story of the '45 should unfold a comedy. But Charles Edward Stuart made no comedy out of it : more of a tragedy it proved for him !

On board the *Doutelle*, he was again *incognito*, masquerading as the son of his tutor, Sir Thomas

Sheridan. He wore the habit of a student of the Scots College at Paris, and, the better to conceal his features, allowed his beard to grow. None of the crew knew the rank of their distinguished passenger. The ship sailed away round the Land's End, and nothing notable occurred during the early part of the voyage. But after they were a week out, when the *Doutelle* was lying south-westward of the coast of Ireland, a suspicious vessel appeared in the offing. It was evening: the stranger drew near, then disappeared. Next morning she repeated the manœuvre, and was then identified as H.M.S. *Lion*. The *Lion* was a vessel of 58 guns, and was commanded by Captain Brett, who had seen service with Anson when he stormed Paita. She was one of several cruisers which had been sent out to intercept the Prince when the news of his sailing was officially confirmed.

Meanwhile, the captain of the *Elizabeth* scented battle. He consulted with Walsh, but Walsh had his Prince in keeping, and was much more concerned about the safety of his charge than about gaining fame from an encounter with the enemy. He "answered him civilly," is all that we read of Walsh's reply to Captain d'Eau of the *Elizabeth*. But Captain d'Eau was a Nelson in a small way. He was for immediate action. He concluded that the *Lion* was simply putting off time till a consort should appear; and he judged it prudent to fight her before assistance arrived. Later in the

afternoon the ships ranged up against each other, the *Doutelle* standing away at a respectful distance. The action began with great fury and lasted for five or six hours. The Frenchman had, of course, first of all, to secure the safety of the frigate under his convoy. With that view, he strove, above all, to disable his adversary in the sails and rigging. He was completely successful, for by nine o'clock the *Lion's* masts were riddled through and through. She sheered off "like a tub upon the water"; and Captain Brett describes the situation by saying, "I lay muzzled and could do nothing."

And Charles—what about him all this time? He was a chivalrous young man, and he wanted Walsh to go to the help of his escort, the *Elizabeth*. But Walsh's one consideration was the Prince's safety, and he not only "positively refused" when the Prince pressed him to share in the engagement, but declared that he would confine the Prince in his cabin if he persisted. The Prince was, therefore, helpless: he could only pace the deck and look on, gnawing with impatience, eager for the fray, which was being carried on in his interest. There is an absurd tale to the effect that he wanted to "go below" when the fight was proceeding: absurd, because it implies cowardice, and is in conflict with Charles' "habitual audacity." Legends of that sort were invented by the Whigs and other non-sympathisers. The best example, perhaps, is that

ridiculous letter of David Hume to Sir John Pringle, in which we are told that the Prince, repenting him of his resolve, had to be carried forcibly on board the *Doutelle* at the last moment! The case, as we know, was very different, for Charles persisted in his determination against all the remonstrances of his friends. Not likely, then, that he would "go below" now, when the *Lion* and the *Elizabeth* were engaged! Burns' stinging stanza on the Earl of Galloway comes to mind—

> "No Stuart thou, Galloway,
> The Stuarts all were brave;
> Besides, the Stuarts were but fools,
> Not one of them a knave."

And what an encounter this was! The *Lion* had 55 men killed and 107 wounded, amongst the latter being Captain Brett himself; while the *Elizabeth's* loss was afterwards learned to have been 64 killed and 140 wounded. Both vessels were helpless as derelicts. Neither could now give the slightest attention—attention of friend or foe—to the *Doutelle;* and the *Doutelle,* unharmed and unescorted, sailed away to the coast of Scotland. The *Elizabeth* had to run back to Brest, and thus Charles lost nearly all the arms and ammunition which it had cost him such efforts to obtain.

Burning no light at night, the *Doutelle* held on her course. She met with no further check, though a couple of British men-of-war crossed

her path ; and on the 23rd July (1745) the Prince and his attendants landed at the low-lying island of Eriskay, between Barra and South Uist,

> " Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides."

In the offing of the Long Isle, a happy omen had presented itself to the adventurers. There is a story of the wars of Rome which Stevenson very much envied for England. Germanicus was going down at the head of his legions into a dangerous river (on the opposite bank the woods were full of Germans), when there flew out seven great eagles, which seemed to marshal the Romans on their way. The eagles did not pause or waver, but disappeared into the forest, where the enemy lay concealed. " Forward ! " cried Germanicus ; " forward ! and follow the Roman birds." It would be a very heavy spirit that did not give a leap at such a signal ; a very timorous spirit that continued to have any doubt of conquering the foe. And so, when an eagle hovered over the *Doutelle* in the offing of the Long Isle, the faint hearts drew courage from the omen. " Here," said Tullibardine, " is the king of birds, come to welcome your royal highness to Scotland." It was a variation of the birth-star incident.

Eriskay must ever be a romantic spot in the Jacobite memory. Remote from the modern world, " attached to ancient songs and to old beliefs in apocryphal sagas," its beauty is now largely the beauty of desolation. The crofts are

small in extent and poor in quality. They are, in reality, fishermen's homes. But the old affection for the Stuarts still lingers there. When women sing at the "fulling" in Eriskay, it is often of Prince Charlie that they sing. They boast of young Clanranald, whose uncle met the Prince here the day after he landed, and look back lovingly to the old times of the '45. They still call the place where landed the lad that was born to be king, the "Prince's Strand"; and Mr. Lang writes that a pink convolvulus, not elsewhere known on the island, is said to have sprung from some seeds that happened to be in Charles' pocket. It is a pretty notion. But what should Charles be doing with flower seeds in his pocket?

At any rate, here he is, in Scotland at last "There's a Stuart in Scotland again!" they exclaimed. Songs were addressed to him from the mainland—

"Glad my heart is; he is nearing;
Soon we'll hear him hailed as king.
By his side, begirt with armour,
Sword and target loud will ring.

"Fierce he comes, like winter lowering,
Cold with showers and thick with rime;
Blade in hand like sickle sweeping,
Fields to reap in harvest-time.

"Banners waving, pibrochs sounding,
Soon would rouse the clans afar;
High our hearts would beat around you,
Charging down the ranks of war.

"Bombs and cannons loud would thunder,
Earth asunder spring to hear;
Hills and glens the din resounding
Deep confound the listening ear.

"Woe that day to every varlet
That in scarlet coat appears;
Soon he'll find his hat cockaded
Split and splayed about his ears."

This, and much more that we cannot stay to quote. And before we go further with this adventurous Prince, it may be well to consider what the Scotland which he hoped to conquer was like—socially, politically, and ecclesiastically.

CHAPTER VII

THE SCOTLAND OF THE '45

It was not so long, comparatively, since the Union had been consummated. From 1603, England and Scotland had one King, though each country had its own Parliament. Attempts at union had often been made, and even effected temporarily. Edward I., after the manner of his time, carried fire and sword across the Tweed towards that purpose. Henry VIII. first negotiated for a marriage between his infant son Edward and the infant Mary; and when the negotiations failed, he resorted to arms. James VI. no sooner ascended the English throne than he set his heart upon a union of the kingdoms. "King of Great Britain" he called himself. He declared that England and Scotland were names of hostility which ought to be abolished.

His son, Charles I., adopted his views, but made no practical progress with them. It was left for Cromwell to effect with a strong hand what many sovereigns had been unable to accomplish. During his reign, England and Scotland were one nation, with one Parliament; and though Scottish pride was wounded, a prosperity hitherto unknown helped to salve the sting. Unhappily, when Cromwell died, his policy died with him. All these efforts permanently to knit the two nations

into one had failed. At last the thing was to be accomplished.

A union of some kind had been for many years under discussion. During the reign of William III., it had become an urgent constitutional necessity. A Parliament at Westminster and a Parliament at Edinburgh could not each maintain its autonomy unless England and Scotland were content to suffer the woes of a country divided against itself. In the eyes of Queen Anne's English Ministers, the Union was not only a constitutional but also a political necessity, and only a complete incorporation of North and South Britain could suffice. Their chief interest lay in the maintenance of the Protestant succession, and the existence of Scotland as an independent kingdom was a constant menace to that succession. Nothing less could suffice than the end of the two kingdoms and their incorporation in one United Kingdom and the Parliament of Great Britain. If that could be accomplished, no power remained which could, with any pretence of legality, restore the Crown of Scotland to the Stuarts ; and, if James landed in Scotland at all, he must land as a Pretender and an invader.

It was accomplished. In the spring of 1707 the Scottish Parliament sat for the last time. On the 25th March of that year the Union was formally ratified when the Duke of Queensberry, Queen Anne's representative in Scotland, rode in state from Holyrood to the Parliament Square,

attended with all the pomp which had marked the ceremonial meetings of the Estates of Scotland, and which a hundred and fifty years earlier had pained the soul of John Knox as a display likely to provoke God's vengeance upon Scotland.

But (and the fact must be remembered in reading the inner history of the '45) it was not a popular union.

> " Shall thy name, O my country! no longer be heard;
> Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard;
> Alas! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
> For the name of proud England is echoed alone!"

Good feeling between Scotland and her "auld enemy" had never been restored since its earliest and most complete destruction under Edward I.; and the memories of the hatred of 400 years had been revived by William's merciless and vindictive order for the massacre of Glencoe, and by his personal treachery in the matter of the Darien scheme.

The Scots deplored the surrender of their national independence, an independence bound up especially with the glorious names of Wallace and Bruce; and there were many angry ebullitions over the Union of 1707.

> " We're bought and sold for English gold,
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation,"

sang one contemporary rhymer. "There's an end of an auld sang," observed the Lord Chancellor Seafield, as he attested the exemplification of the English Act. The words stung his

countrymen like a poisoned barb. Captain Ogilvie, Seafield's brother, was a considerable farmer and cattle-dealer. One day Seafield reproved him for engaging in a profession so mean. "True, brother," retorted the Captain; "I dinna flee sae high as you: I only sell nowt [cattle], but ye sell nations." The anecdote may be taken as significant of the popular feeling. More than all, the Scots dreaded the threatened loss of their religious freedom. The Presbyterians could not forget the trials through which their Church had come, and they conceived all sorts of dangers to Presbytery from a Parliament in which so many Church of England dignitaries had a seat.

Some of them called to mind the Covenant they had sworn to extirpate Prelacy from both England and Ireland, and how could they now tolerate its mitred representatives in the legislature of the United Kingdom? Popular opposition and public excitement continued—but not for long. When Parliament reassembled in October its deliberations were accompanied by almost unceasing uproar and tumult in the Scottish capital, and Edinburgh reflected the feeling throughout the country.

It was all in vain. The English Ministers and the majority of the Scottish Estates had decided to carry a great national reform in the face of almost unanimous opposition in Scotland and of unquestionable ill-will in England. The Treaty of Union is, in the opinion of the greatest living

authority on constitutional law, the highest legislative achievement of this country, and it was rendered possible only by a Whig Government which had the courage to ignore the popular will. It was not for many years that the wisdom of the step came to be generally admitted, and within the first decade of its enactment the Union more than once came near to being dissolved. But for the last hundred years there have been few dissentient voices, and the feeling of most Scotsmen is probably that of Sir Walter Scott, who, writing to Miss Edgeworth from Dublin in 1825, spoke of it as " an event which, had I lived in that day, I would have resigned my life to have prevented, but which, being done before my day, I am sensible was a wise scheme."

Still, in this place, we cannot forget the feeling of hatred and the prejudice with which the Union was so long and almost universally regarded in Scotland. Many intelligent, well-educated men were known to have favoured the insurrection of 1745 less from attachment to the Stuarts than from a hope that their restoration would lead to a repeal of the Union. Naturally the feeling was strongest in the northern parts of Scotland. Defoe found the Highlanders a source of real danger in Edinburgh during the Union debates. Under date November, 1706, we have him writing—

" Highlanders here [Edinburgh] in unusual numbers; formidable fellows. I wish His Majesty had 25,000 of them in Spain, a nation equally proud and barbarous—all gentlemen.

Not a thrum-cap among them but halts on that foot—will take affront from no man, insolent to the last degree. You see a man with claymore, target, two pistols, and a dirk, staff in hand, stalking upright and haughty down the street—driving a cow! Pride of birth and contact with a crowd of helpless vassals have made them gentlemen, only in the sense of never doing any work."

Leaving this side of the question, it must be admitted that the Union did something to improve matters social, if not political. Dr. Johnson seriously averred that until this amalgamation made them acquainted with English manners, the tables of the Scots were "coarse as the feasts of Esquimaux, and their houses filthy as the cottages of Hottentots." Things were not so bad as that, we may be sure, for Johnson had an unreasoning hatred of the Scots, and never lost an opportunity of lampooning them.

But the country was undoubtedly poor, and many of its people were ignorant and degraded. Fletcher, in his "Second Discourse," speaks of thousands dying from want. Seton estimates the population at 800,000, Defoe at 2,000,000. The "submerged tenth" Fletcher puts down at 200,000 penniless unfortunates, "sorning on those who had anything to lose from force or importunity, and a constant terror to the outlying districts. The colliers and salters were expressly exempted from the Habeas Corpus Act of 1701 as slaves. Transportation to the Colonies was a recognised mode of getting rid of undesirables. A Maryland planter in 1704 petitions the Privy

Council for six young Papists and twenty-two unfortunates from Paul's Wark in Edinburgh. Cadets of feudal houses get commissions in the Army on the strength of forced recruiting among serfs and blackguards."

One may infer a good deal from the single fact that, at the time of the '45, £138 a year was the highest salary enjoyed by any minister of the Church. One hundred and twenty-six ministers had only £45 a year! Only twenty-nine of the total had salaries running into the three figures, and there were more than a hundred stipends under £40 a year.

Most observers, English and Lowland, comment on the enslaved and poverty-stricken condition of the common people. They remark on the dirt and destitution seen in many places; on the organisation of cattle-theft, of which more presently; and on the institution of blackmail, or money paid for protection. The poorer classes were evidently in a desperate state of slavery and ignorance. The population far exceeded the means of subsistence and the opportunities of industry. Tradition would have us believe in a golden age behind Culloden. But there was no golden age. Charles Edward could not get salt from one of his hosts. "Salt is dear," he was told. Agriculture was scanty and primitive. The soil was for the most part barren, and was, therefore, neglected or imperfectly cultivated. Lord Rosebery put it frankly when, in a speech of 1906,

he declared that before the '45 there was a veil of darkness over the Highlands—a most interesting veil. "North of the Firth of Forth," he said, "there were clans living like, or almost like, the tribes that we find in Africa, conducting their affairs almost without reference to the central government, having their petty warfares, their pitched battles, their districts bounded not by parchment so much as by immemorial tradition, and the jealousy of the tribes inhabiting them. You have a condition of things, immediately neighbouring civilisation of a more advanced type, which was almost barbarous in many respects in its character."

Robbery was undoubtedly considered a laudable custom among many of these "barbarians." But theirs were no petty thefts. Cattle constituted nearly all the wealth of the Highlands, and cattle were stolen on a noble scale. Perhaps these predatory incursions diffused a martial spirit. In any case, the Highlanders were not the despicable robbers and miscreant cut-throats that the partisan Macaulay has painted them. Not every chieftain was a Rob Roy, living by plunder. If he had been, the depredations of Macgregor and his gang would not have gained the peculiar notoriety that they did. Macaulay pictures the traveller in the Highlands as in imminent peril of being "stripped and mangled by marauders and his eyes given as meal to the eagles." This is too absurd to be quoted even for refutation. As a

matter of fact, Hampstead Heath 200 years ago was less safe to the pedestrian than the remotest corner of the Highlands at the same period. What says Captain Burt of the Highlanders? He says—

"Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part, I have several times with a single servant passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburgh with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way, or danger in my lodgings at night, though in my sleep anyone with ease might have thrust a sword from the outside through the wall of the hut and my body together. I wish we could say as much of our own country, civilised as it is said to be, though we cannot be safe in going from London to Highgate."

They had many a tough, gory tussle one with the other, but their hospitality to the stranger was such that it has passed into a proverb. As Burns wrote—

"When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome."

As regards the Highlands especially, there is no question that the Clan system was inimical to peace and settled habits of industry. In 1745 the feudal authority of the chiefs was still as strong as ever. Civilisation, working its healthy way in the Lowlands, had not yet reached the northern wilds. There the people still adhered to the customs of their forefathers. That patriarchal system so dear to Stuart monarchs still pervaded every clan. The chief was the Highlander's

leader in war, his judge and protector in peace—"his God and his everything," as Murray of Broughton said.

The chief was no absentee laird. He stayed among his people and looked upon them as his children. The whole income of the tribe, paid into his purse, served to maintain "that rude but generous hospitality which was meted out to the poorest of the clan." His table was always open. Loyalty to the chief was, therefore, only natural. Accidental circumstances, moreover, added to his power and authority: the mountainous nature of the country, the want of towns, distance from the seat of government, and so on. Destitute of books, unvisited by strangers, with no resources against *ennui* but what lay within themselves, these Highlanders were ignorant and superstitious, with an unwavering belief in witches, goblins, second sight, and the power of the "evil eye."

They were averse to regular labour and a settled life. "The lightness of their habit and the wandering nature of their avocations in the mountains made them superior to fatigue and indifferent to the inclemency of the weather." The Highlander would wrap himself in his plaid and defy the most pitiless storm. He was well armed, too, when in full costume: a claymore or great two-handed sword, a target, a brace of pistols, a dirk, a gun, and a skeandhu or small hunting-knife placed in the garter of the right leg.

Captain Burt compares a man thus accoutred to a whole company of foot. But, mostly, only the gentlemen, he adds, were skilled swordsmen: commoners had no powers but personal courage and violence.

Altogether, Scotland was then a very different country from what it is now, when the automobile traverses the Great North Road on its way to the Highlands, and Inverness is within a sixteen hours' journey of London. In 1745 it took twelve hours to get from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and two days from Edinburgh to Aberdeen. Letters took from three to six days on the road between Edinburgh and London. Riding was the only comfortable mode of travelling, for the huge and expensive old post-chaises shook the occupants cruelly. The roads in the North were incredibly bad—mere cart tracks, as a rule. The Selkirk carrier in 1747 preferred the bed of the Gala water during summer to the road! The gravel for the roads in Stirlingshire (when decent roads were made) had to be carried across the Forth in sacks. Sprained ankles were common with pedestrians.

The Lowlands did not then exist as we know them. The charming scenery of the South of Scotland, the country seats (each with its own "policy"), the well-built farms with their gardens and steadings, the churches and schoolhouses, did not then diversify the landscape. The country was very nearly a treeless waste. Johnson made

fun of the scant timber of Scotland, and assured Boswell that his own stout oaken staff, which he lost in Mull, was of rare value in an unwooded land.

At the country inn one had to be content with a modest supper of potted pigeons, though in rare cases the landlady might offer the choice of "a deuk [duck] or a fool [fowl]." Inn cooks were unbelievably dirty; but the bedrooms, although without a carpet or wallpaper, or plaster on the roof, were often richly stored with clean and well-spun linen. Linen-weaving was at that time one of the chief industries of Scotland. Tea had just come in, and was denounced by many. Before this, they used "twopenny" ale at breakfast. Tea, they said, was sure to enervate the human constitution and ruin the State! Resolutions against its use were adopted by many towns and counties. A body of farmers declared it "a consumptive luxury, fit only for those who could afford to be weak, indolent, and useless." Even the intelligent and patriotic President Forbes, of Culloden, attributed almost all the misfortunes of the Jacobite rising to the "villainous practice" of tea-drinking, and mourned over the degeneracy of people who could give up their wholesome beer for such a vile drug.

Before the '45, and for some time after, the national drink of Scotland among the poorer classes was ale; and this was even the beverage upon which Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie

got "roarin' fou." Whisky was but little drunk. The better classes drank claret; and even in the first half of the eighteenth century, wine-carts used to go round the Edinburgh streets dispensing the "laird's drink," as it was called, to jug-customers. Brandy, Johnson's drink for heroes, was much used by the Scottish gentry, and even by yeomen, like Dandie Dinmont. Port was all but unknown. It seems to have been first imported in 1743. In 1746 it was given as a great rarity by a Hessian Prince at a banquet to the magistrates of Stirling, but the company were offended at the innovation! Public-houses were not so common as now. Ray, the historian of the Rebellion, declares that in the city of Aberdeen he "with great difficulty found a public-house, there being but one sign in the whole town to notify such a house, though at the same time there is plenty of them in the place."

It was Ray who, even before he reached Edinburgh from Berwick, on his Northern tour, found "the houses and inhabitants so miserable, that 'twas with sorrow I beheld them. The houses smoaked, very few that had a chimney (only a hole in the thatch), and stunk so of turf, that I began to condole my condition." Of course, in the Highlands things were worse. A stone house was rare. Turf huts with earthen floors were only to be seen, and very often the family would occupy one end and the cattle the other, without any dividing partition.

Such, in rough outline, was the Scotland which Charles Edward came to conquer. It was the '45 which, as Mr. Sandford Terry has so well shown, marked off her past from her future. During Charles' wanderings after Culloden, his loyal followers were given up to the vengeance of the "butcher Cumberland." The Highlanders scuttled despondently to their homes—such of them as escaped. Punitive expeditions swept their glens. English influence and English institutions found a footing and spread over the Highlands. Peremptorily and conclusively, the Anglicising of the Clan districts was pushed forward, with what results Sir Walter Scott (born 1771) may be left to tell, for readers interested, through the pages of *Waverley*.

CHAPTER VIII

RAISING THE STANDARD

"Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved us and trusted us fairly;
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?"

INTO this Scotland, then, came Charles Edward Stuart, in the summer of 1745. The Highlanders were still suffering from the severe measures adopted by the Government after the '15. At that time an Act had been passed depriving them of their arms. Estates and leaders in the rising were forfeited and proscribed; garrisons of English soldiers were stationed in the different Highland forts; native companies of men favourable to the established Government were formed; and various measures for weakening the power of the chiefs were tried—measures all more or less abortive. Even the Disarming Act proved practically a dead letter. With the exception of the Duke of Argyll's clan, not a single tribe had been effectually stripped of their weapons. As a rule, the Government got the worn-out, old arms, while those that were serviceable were carefully hidden—kept ready for future use.

At the accession of George I. the Highlanders continued to present the same singular aspect as in former reigns. The Union had not removed the bitter conflicts of party spirit, and the conduct of

the new monarch was no more calculated to allay disaffection. When George was proclaimed in Inverness, the magistrates opposed the sheriff in this duty, and even encouraged the mob to break the windows of those who had illuminated their houses. In short, even by 1745, the spirit of change had effected little on the character of the Highlanders. Society had practically stood still. The people, almost without exception, clung to the hope that the Stuarts would regain the Crown. "Shall a royal Stuart be banished, while a stranger rules the day?" they demanded. They "grieved for the lad that's far away, over the seas." George might reign in James' stead, but only, as they believed, for a time. "The Stuarts will be back again," they said to each other, and

> "Then George and his breed shall be banished our land,
> To his paltry Hanover and German command;
> Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
> And Britons be blessed with a Stuart once more."

The heather was blooming, the July sun lit up the glories of the rugged landscape, when the Prince arrived to rouse "the sleep that is among the lonely hills." One wonders what he thought of the scenery, so different from that of Italy or France. Perhaps he thought nothing about it at all! They were not given to admiring landscape in those days. Not until Scott's time were the Scottish Highlands really discovered. The pen of Mr. William Black, the novelist, has splendidly pictured the wonders of the dawn flaming along

the crests of the mountains of Lochiel and Ardgour; those magical twilight evenings, too, when the northern glow hangs high in the heavens far into the night: that no-man's-land of twilight which, in those regions, lies between the lingering evening and the coming of the dawn. In summer, the West Highlands, when they are not darkened by purple rain storms from the west, become faint and ethereal in the haze produced by fine weather; the mountains recede behind a veil, as it were, through which you can see the pale lilac-greys and rose-greys of their lofty peaks and shoulders, with the shadows traced in lightest blue; but in the colder and clearer atmosphere of late October, when the brackens on the lower slopes have turned to orange, and the bent-grass of the higher slopes has withered, the hills come startlingly near, and are of a solid russet-red, with every corrie and water-course sharply marked in deep cobalt; while as the afternoon wanes, and the skies richen in intensity, the wide calm stretch of sea becomes a lake of crimson fire.

But what, really, should Prince Charlie care for all this? If he thought of the scenery at all, it may have struck him as it struck Oliver Goldsmith, when, more than a century ago, he ventured to explore the Highlands. Goldsmith was disgusted by the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round Leyden: the vast expanse of

verdant meadow, and the villas with their statues and grottoes, trim flower beds, and rectilinear avenues. Charles' friends and followers may have thought differently. This glorious country was theirs, and, with the noble Fitz-Eustace, they may have been ready to shout,

> "Where's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a land?"

The Prince and his followers would require, indeed, to be in the blithest of spirits when they landed that day in Eriskay. For Eriskay had no royal palace to open its doors and offer fitting hospitality and comfort to "the lad." There was only the humble hut of Angus Macdonald, near the shore: the usual low, thatch-roofed erection, with the fire in the middle of the earthen floor, and a hole in the roof to serve for chimney. The party, as we read, had been unable to find "a grain of meal or one inch of bread, but they catched some flounders which they roasted upon the bare coals, and Duncan Cameron stood cook. The Prince sat at the cheek of the little ingle, and laughed heartily at Duncan's cookery." His identity was quite unsuspected by his host, and one can imagine the chuckle he and his followers would enjoy when Angus proudly announced that even a prince need not be ashamed to lie in *his* bed! Charles had been feigning concern about the bed linen. Nor was that his only concern. The peat reek was proving too much for him, and he was "obliged to go often to the door for fresh

air." Angus became resentful under this restlessness. "What a plague is the matter with that fellow," he testily exclaimed, "that he can neither sit nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?"

How should Charles Edward be expected to stand still—the eager lad who had his foot for the first time on Scottish soil, and was anxiously looking to Fate for the fortunate turn of his great adventure? Angus Macdonald little knew that he was entertaining in his tumble-down cottage the Stuart Prince that he, in common with other Highlanders, was looking for. Charles, let it be remembered, was still, to all but his personal following, the "son" of Sir Thomas Sheridan. Moreover, he was not now, in appearance, the "bonnie Prince Charlie" of the portraits. He had a most unromantic beard (grown purposely), and was habited as a parson in "a plain shirt, not over clean; a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle; a fair, round wig; a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; and black stockings, with brass buckles to his shoes."

Thus, then, we are to picture him: the centre of a little group gathered around the door of the reeking hut on the grey morning after the landing. Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, the uncle of young Clanranald, had come over from South Uist in answer to the Prince's summons. They were discussing the course of procedure. Boisdale

was not sanguine. "You should return home," he said to the Prince. "I am *come* home," was the witty reply. The retort did not, however, silence the discouraging prophecies of the laird of Boisdale. He rowed away back to his island, declaring that the expedition was hopeless. With 6,000 troops and 1,000 "stand of arms" at his back, the Prince *might* win, but not with his present meagre resources.

But Charles was not to be discouraged. He felt sure of his Highlanders, of the men who would actually fight for him. His patience was exhausted; he would tarry no longer. On the 25th July he was again on board the *Doutelle*, this time bound for the rocky basin of Loch-nanaugh, between Moidart and Arisaig, on the rugged coast of Inverness. Arrived there, he soon found himself in the midst of a new band of sympathisers—men whose very names (Lochiel, Clanranald, Glenaladale, and the rest) awaken the romantic sense. He remained on the ship, and a sort of levee was held on board under a tent, "well furnished with a variety of wines and spirits." The bulk of the company needed some such kindly cheer, for they were left on deck for three hours, while Charles and young Clanranald, closeted below, were debating affairs.

When the Prince at length appeared it was still as a clergyman—"a tall youth of most agreeable aspect, in a black coat." "I found my heart swell to my mouth," said one who was present.

Charles was the grand dissembler. He had long desired—so he told one who was "not in the know"—to see and converse with the Highlanders, to study their dress and social customs, and so on. Now, in the character of "ane English clergyman," he drank to the company and withdrew. Much as they sympathised with him, none of his followers, so far, encouraged his desperate resolve. Lochiel—the "gentle Lochiel"—had deprecated his coming at all without bringing French soldiers with him, and his opinion remained unchanged now that he could speak with the Prince himself. The English Jacobites had all along taken this view, insisting that without the aid of a foreign power, no attempt in favour of the cause had the slightest chance of success.

Clanranald hung back; others hinted at imprudence, wild schemes, disaster, and so on. The Prince's impatience resulted in a pretty little incident. Standing beside him, among others, was young Ranald Macdonald, a brother of Kinloch-Moidart. The Prince "saw the lad's eyes kindle, and his hand grasp his sword hilt. 'Will *you* not assist me?' he exclaimed. 'I will, though no other man in the Highlands should draw his sword,' cried the gallant lad; and the heather was on fire. . . . The Clanranald loyalty leaped up at Ranald's word; and when young Clanranald marched, young Lochiel would not be left behind." That "noblest heart in Scotland" had been

suffering from the taunts of Charles, who had assured him that he might stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince. The reproach touched Lochiel to the quick. "No," he replied, "I'll share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom Nature or fortune hath given me any power." Ah!

"Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain."

The die was cast. The timid now took courage in their hands; the clans were already answering to the calls of their chiefs. Swift-footed messengers were carrying the news of the Prince's landing. Stout-limbed henchmen sped the fiery cross, and soon the land, from north to south, trembled in wild excitement. Now was heard the call—

"To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads!
To your arms, to your arms at the touk o' the drum!
The battle trump sounds, put on your white cockades,
For Charlie, the great Prince Regent, is come."

And again—

"Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early,
Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?"

Active preparations were everywhere in progress; arms were distributed; the *Doutelle* was sent back

to France, and Charles wrote to Rome begging that her captain might be created an earl. For Charles there was now no going back. Where he had been discouraged before, he was now fired with the zeal and enthusiasm of his followers. He declared himself ready to "dye at the head of such brave people" as were now pressing round him. The French Court, he wrote to James, "must take off the maske or have an eternal sheme on them; for at present there is no medium, and wee, whatever happens, will gain an immortal honour by doing what wee can to deliver our country, in restoring our Master, or perish sord in hand." Charles uttered no empty bombast. He meant what he said; and, as even the hesitating James admitted, his courage and sentiments on this important occasion must always do him honour. A brave spirit in a young leader commends itself to all adventurous souls, and Charles' Highlanders could not fail to be roused by his militant example. Charles was a brave man and a capable soldier. In a song of this time he is referred to as "The Chevalier devoid of fear." Lochiel's brother, Cameron of Fassiefern, said: "If this Prince once sets eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." So, indeed, it was. Charles did everything to ingratiate himself with the people. He was affable to all; he denied his presence to none. He wore the kilt, joined in the native sports, took to whisky, and even tried to talk Gaelic!

And now the day was nearing when the Royal Standard was to be raised. The place chosen was Glenfinnan, a narrow, lonely, peaceful, sequestered vale, some twenty miles from Fort William. No more suitable spot could be imagined. Shut off from the outer world by stupendous, craggy mountains that rise almost perpendicular from the level of the blue surface of the long stretch of fresh water (26 miles) named Loch Shiel, it "forms a natural amphitheatre of soft, green turf, intermixed with great masses of heather, which at that season of the year would be clothed in all the glory of purple raiment and afford a carpet of Nature's own weaving, worthy of being trodden by the feet of the gallant young Prince." The approach to the Glen presents points of surpassing grandeur until the view dissolves into the blue waters of Loch Eil and Loch Shiel, which pours its rapid stream into the sea strait of Loch Moidart. On the spot where the standard was raised, a lofty monument, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Prince, now stands as a lasting memorial of the historic event, thus preserving for the generations an imperishable testimony to the zeal, the undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity of the Highlanders of the '45 and the rest of those who fought and bled in the arduous and unfortunate enterprise.

The date fixed for the raising of the standard was the 19th August. Eight days before that, Charles, with his artillery and baggage, took boat

to Kinloch-Moidart, where he remained till the 18th. Leaving the little grey house, near by which the "Prince's avenue" may still be seen, he set off by Glenaladale to keep his tryst at Glenfinnan. Mr. Lang thinks he landed under the blackened shell of Clanranald's Castle Tirrim, burned by the chief's own orders when he left home in 1715. "Long it had resisted the galleys of the Campbells of Argyll: now it was, as to-day it is, a frowning ruin, looking across the sea-strait of Loch Moidart to Eileen Shona." Little heartening there was for Charles when at length he reached the appointed rendezvous. The glen, which should have been gay with tartans and resounding with the skirl of the pipes—

> "Those thrilling sounds that call the might
> Of old Clan Alpin to the fight"

—instead of this, the plain was deserted. No vast concourse of armed Highlanders, such as the Prince had expected; only a few shepherds, who wished him "God speed" in Gaelic as he passed. His friends found it hard to cheer his despondency: even that sanguine temperament had received a shock. Two hours of painful anxiety, of weary waiting, went by; and still he mused in melancholy suspense and surmise in the little barn at the head of the Loch. But his forces were on the march, drawing gradually nearer. Lochiel and his Camerons, to the number of six or seven hundred, were coming. Hark! there is the stirring note of

the pipes, "the war-note of Lochiel." Nearer and nearer sounds the welcome music. At last

> "The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
> The pibroch's sounding up the glen."

The men whose appearance was being so eagerly awaited swung into view over the hill. Up they marched and the day's ceremony—simple but momentous in what it betokened—was proceeded with.

> "Then raise the banner, raise it high,
> For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die:
> The clans a' leal and true men he,
> And shaw me wha will daunton thee!
> Our gude King James will soon come hame,
> And traitors a' he put to shame;
> Auld Scotland shall again be free:
> O that's the King wad wanton me!"

Raised by the hands of the exiled Atholl, the white, blue, and red silk unspread its folds and floated in the breeze. A deafening shout went up, echoing from the clustered mountain peaks, resounding through the glen. Bonnets were hurled into the air; claymores were unsheathed and held aloft by brawny arms. Pipers, clad in all the glory of tartan bravery, blew as they had never blown before, fingering the "chaunter" to its gayest notes. It was a scene of never-to-be-forgotten bustle and animation. Then, if ever, Charles must have felt the blood of Bruce stir in his veins, prompting to heroic endeavour; then, if ever, he must have felt the pride of royal descent kindle in his breast. While the emblem

still waved in the breeze, he delivered what Murray of Broughton calls a "short, but very pathetick, speech." He never doubted, he said, that he would find in Scotland brave men fired with the "noble example of their predecessors, and jealous of their own and their country's honour, to join with him in so glorious an enterprise." That he would bring the affair to a happy issue he felt certain. Meanwhile, as these proceedings were in progress, more men were marching up the plain.

"Down from the mountain steep, up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothy and shieling.
Bugle and battle drum, bid chief and vassal come,
Loudly the bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.
When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up! then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanranald, and Donald Macdonald!
Come Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon;
Rouse every kilted clan, rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the broadsword on!"

Macdonald of Keppoch came with 300 of his followers; Stuart of Appin, a "bashful man of few words," was there with 250; Macdonald of Glencoe, "very proud," with 150; and others: till, when the shades of evening fell over Glenfinnan, a body of some thousand strong lay ready to march with the Prince and fight for the Stuart Crown.

"We a' maun muster soon the morn,
We a' maun march right early,
O'er misty mount and mossy muir
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
He clamb to 't most unfairly;
Sae aff we'll set and try to get
His birthright back to Charlie."

Such was the "gathering rant" of the brave and loyal fellows who had that day, in deep Glenfinnan's valley, seen the stately ensign waving in the northern breeze.

"Then loudly let the pibroch sound,
And bauld advance each true heart;
The word be, 'Scotland's King and Law!'
And 'Death or Charlie Stuart!'"

CHAPTER IX

"BONNIE JEANIE CAMERON"

"Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Bonnie Jeanie Cameron,
How she fell sick, and she was like to dee,
And a' that they could recommend her
Was ae blithe blink o' the Young Pretender.
Rare, oh rare, Bonnie Jeanie Cameron!
Rare, oh rare, Jeanie Cameron!"

LEAVING the Highlanders there for the moment, let us look into the tangled story of "the celebrated Miss Jenny Cameron," who was present at the raising of the standard, and who, for some unknown reason, was believed by the English to be Charles' mistress, and to have accompanied him throughout his campaign. Jenny Cameron's history is, as Mr. Lang says, "a mass of confusion," told in a different way by almost every writer who has dealt with the '45.

Her celebrity (or notoriety) is, at least, sufficiently attested by the fact that in the year 1746, the year of Culloden, no fewer than three works purporting to be the "Life" of Jenny Cameron were published. The first is entitled: *A Brief Account of the Life and Family of Miss Jenny Cameron, the Reputed Mistress of the Pretender's eldest son, containing many very Singular Incidents.* The second is largely, but not entirely, a reprint of the first, and on the title page Charles is described as the "Deputy-Pretender!" The

heroine is here depicted as given over to wickedness from her early youth; her father dies of a broken heart owing to her conduct; her gallantries in Scotland and France are recounted; and the author winds up by accusing her of incest! The third "Life" of Jenny is the largest of the lot—a volume of 280 pages. It bears this long title: *Memoirs of the Remarkable Life and Surprising Adventures of Miss Jenny Cameron, a Lady who, by her Attachment to the Person and Cause of the Young Pretender, has render'd herself famous by her Exploits in his Service; and for whose Sake she underwent all the Severities of a Winter's Campaign.* The author of this work carries the heroine through far more adventures than in the other two works. Constantly masquerading in male attire, and perpetrating gallantries, both as a man and as a woman, she becomes the acknowledged Queen of a robber band. She eventually joins Prince Charles, and makes him a set speech, in which she compares herself with the Queen of Sheba. She is the life and soul of the army, and heads the Camerons at the battle of Prestonpans. She accompanies the Prince to England, and finally is captured by a marauding party sent out from Stirling Castle, which was then being besieged by the Highlanders. The whole thing reads like (and, doubtless, may be rightly described as) a Grub Street novel.

But the point is: Why all this writing about Jenny Cameron? What can have been the

From a *Contemporary print*

Miss Jenny Cameron

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history and doings of *any* Jenny Cameron to excite so much attention in 1746? Nor did the attention end with the works just mentioned. In that same year (1746) a pantomime entitled "Harlequin Incendiary, or Columbine Cameron," music by Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule, Britannia," was performed at Drury Lane, with Kitty Clive, the celebrated actress, in the part of "Jenny Cameron." Again, and, perhaps, most significant of all, when Fielding's *Tom Jones* was published in 1749, it was found that Sophia Western, the charming heroine, was mistaken for Jenny Cameron at Upton. When Sophia lies fainting in the inn parlour (in the eleventh book), the concern and sympathy of the landlady are greatly stimulated by this supposition that Sophia is Miss Jenny. Obviously, Jenny must have been a celebrated figure before Fielding would have used her in this way. Sophia Western, let it be further noted, was young and lovely: is it, therefore, to be assumed that the Jacobite Jenny was young and lovely too? One writer speaks of "the whispered style of allusion" in Fielding's novel, suggesting that Jenny's name possessed some sort of forbidden interest, and popular tradition rather supports that idea.

Perhaps it should be added that another contemporary account of the lady is to be found in the appendix to a *Life of Dr. Archibald Cameron*, published shortly after Cameron's execution in 1753. The writer of this account goes further

than his predecessors in one respect, for his Jenny Cameron is made "the head of her party," not only at Prestonpans, but at Falkirk and Culloden. The book also includes a portrait of "Miss Jenny Cammeron [*sic*] in a military habit," but probably the portrait is a creation of the imagination.

Now what is to be made of all the queer story? That a Jenny Cameron was prominently present at the raising of the standard is certain; but *that* Jenny Cameron had no further intimate concern with the Prince and his campaign, and cannot, therefore, be identified with the profligate and adventurous "heroine" of the several writers above mentioned. The truth would really seem to be, as Mr. W. B. Blaikie, an authority on the subject, suggests, that there were two Jenny Camerons, and that they got mixed up and confused, the one with the other.

The Jenny Cameron who was present at Glenfinnan was, as we are told by Æneas Macdonald (the Paris banker who accompanied Charles from France), a daughter of Cameron of Glendessary. Macdonald describes her as "a genteel, well-looked, handsome woman, with a pair of pretty eyes, and hair as black as jet"; a woman of "very sprightly genius and very agreeable in conversation"; "buxom, but no longer young." She was, in fact, a widow nearer fifty than forty. The story is that she took the place of her nephew, the new laird, a youth of "doubtful intellect,"

who was personally unable to respond to the summons of Lochiel to organise and arm the local Camerons for the Prince's service.

Two hundred and fifty Camerons responded to the lady's call, and she accompanied them to Glenfinnan. The picturesque writers of the books cited represent her (or at least *their* Jenny Cameron) as riding up mounted on a bay gelding, gorgeously arrayed in trappings of green and gold, with a velvet cap and scarlet feathers on her head, and holding a drawn sword in her hand. If she was really thus accoutred, we can readily believe that she "presented a very extraordinary spectacle." However this may be, we have Æneas Macdonald's explicit statement that the Jenny Cameron of Glenfinnan "was so far from accompanying the Prince's army, that she went off with the rest of the spectators as soon as the army marched, neither did she ever follow the camp, nor was ever with the Prince but in public when he held his Court at Edinburgh." So much for Jenny Cameron the first.

The second Jenny, as we must regard her, comes on the scene by reports in contemporary newspapers. Thus in the *Scots Magazine* for November, 1746, we read: "Miss Jeanie Cameron was admitted to bail on the 15th, the Duchess of Perth on the 17th, the Viscountess Strathallan on the 22nd October. They had lain in the Castle of Edinburgh (whither Miss Jeanie Cameron was brought from Stirling) since the beginning of

February." There is corroboration of this in certain orders of the Duke of Cumberland, dated at Stirling in February, 1746, where the military are required to march to Edinburgh and "take under their guard the rebel officers who are prisoners, and ye lady, and put them into the Castle of Edinburgh." By "ye lady," according to some authorities, is intended the heroine of Glenfinnan, who, as they assume, had been left behind at Stirling on its evacuation by the Highlanders. She "was released from Edinburgh Castle on bail, October 15, 1746, and afterwards retiring to the Continent with a son (said to be the child of Charles Edward), died at Ghent in 1767." So we read.

But this Jenny Cameron who was taken prisoner was assuredly not the lady of Glenfinnan. Who, then, was she? The most reasonable explanation is that given by Richard Griffith, author of *Ascanius*, published in 1746. "Ascanius," let it be premised, is Charles Edward. "The most flagrant instance of the impudence of our common scribblers," says Griffith, "has been furnished by Mrs. Cameron, the innocent occasion of more lies and nonsense than have been published concerning any other person whose name has of late been tack'd to our public reports and pamphlets." He goes on to protest that he cannot understand "how it came to be rumoured abroad that Ascanius had any mistress, or at least any particular mistress in Scotland," for "those who saw

most into his private life knew of none." Yet, "we are told that he had a mistress, that her name was Jenny Cameron, and that she marched with the Highlanders into England and back with them to Scotland; all of which is absolutely false and groundless." This exculpates Jenny the first, at any rate.

As to Jenny the second, Griffith proceeds to say that she was a milliner in the High Street of Edinburgh, "who was for some time confined in Edinburgh Castle under the notion of her being the person so much talked of in England." It is a pity that Griffith did not explain *why* a Jenny Cameron was "so much talked of in England." But that by the way. This milliner, Jenny, he says, was "never out of her shop and business during the whole course of the Rebellion, except for a day or two before she was made prisoner." And the way she was made prisoner was this: During the Highlanders' siege of Stirling, she went to see a rich relative there. Here it may be well to quote *verbatim* from Griffith—

"On the very next Day after her arrival at the Camp, the Duke of Cumberland arriving at Edinburgh, immediately marched the English Army to raise the Siege of Stirling. On his Approach the Besiegers retired with Precipitation, and Mrs. Cameron, far from having any Desire to accompany the Highlanders in their Flight, thought only of returning to Edinburgh to her Shop and Business; but being stopped and interrogated by the Duke's People, her very Name, added to the Circumstance of her being found so near Stirling, was enough to make her a Prisoner; and without Farther Ceremony she was committed to Edinburgh Castle, but was after a short

Confinement enlarged upon Bail. Nor Has she any Reason to regret that ever such an Accident befel her, since it has given her a fame she might never otherways have acquired, and may prove the Means of her making a good Fortune so great is the Increase of her Business, all the City crowding to buy Ribbands, Gloves, Fans, etc., of the Young Adventurer's mistress, who might well, indeed, fall under the Displeasure of the Government, when every Body knew her to be so zealously affected to its great Enemy, and to hold so close a Correspondence with him. This celebrated Milliner is neither young nor handsome, but is a Woman of Wit and very good Sense ; however, she has nothing in her remarkable, which makes it the more strange that the News-makers should pitch upon her for the Object of the Young Adventurer's Affections, in Preference to all the other Ladies in Scotland."

All this seems plausible enough. But we are not done with the tangle yet. In 1793 the Rev. David Ure published a *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride*. In that work Mr. Ure expressly states that Jenny Cameron, a parishioner of his, was "a lady of a distinguished family, character, and beauty, whose attachment to the House of Stuart, and the active part she took to support its interest in 1745 made her well known throughout Britain." Mr. Ure adds that Jenny died at Mount Cameron, a house she had built for herself in East Kilbride, in 1773 ; and was buried under a clump of trees in the grounds. This Jenny Cameron, we are told, was sister of Captain Allan Cameron of Glendessary, so we may accept her as the heroine of Glenfinnan.

There are, however, at least two other accounts of a "celebrated" Jenny Cameron's end. According

to one account, she followed Charles to France, only to find herself neglected and cast off; and, when she returned to Scotland, her relatives closed their doors against her. Robert Chambers says that a friend of his saw her in the streets of Edinburgh about the year 1786, in male attire and with a wooden leg! She died, *he* says, in a stair-foot somewhere in the Canongate.

The matter is further complicated by the apparently authentic fact that a Jenny Cameron went to Rome to solicit the continuation of a pension formerly granted by Charles Edward. Why should Charles grant a pension to any Jenny Cameron, if we accept the facts as previously stated? The Marchesa Vitelleschi, in her *A Court in Exile*, identifies the pensioner with the lady who appeared at Glenfinnan. But this must surely be a mistake.

Mr. Blaikie thinks it more likely that she was the prisoner of Edinburgh Castle, "to whom it may be fairly surmised that the Prince had at one time granted a small pension as compensation for her imprisonment." There is, however, no documentary evidence to prove this; and it is just as likely that the pensioner was the widow of Dr. Archibald Cameron, who perished in the Prince's cause. At least, she had more claim to recognition in this way than either of the other two.

But the whole Jenny Cameron business is much too involved to make more of it. It is full of

Nile sudd, choked with the weeds of tradition and lying legends, and no clear way seems out of it, so much has romance overgrown it and devitalised the original truth that was in it. All the same, it is an interesting and chivalrous story, with sufficient variations to make it entertaining reading.

CHAPTER X

ON THE MARCH TO EDINBURGH

" Over the lonely moors we ride,
Booted and spurred, with sword at side,
Our hearts beating strong with loyal pride,
And we're off to fight for Prince Charlie.
Fearing no foe, onward we go."

AWAY they marched from Glenfinnan, over the craggy mountains, down through the solitudes of the mossy glens, past hamlets and villages and small towns, where the lasses would now sing of nothing but of Charlie and his men. The price of £30,000 was on Charles' head by this time. In spite of his *incognito*, the Prince's departure had soon been made known in London ; and the Government reward was promised in a Proclamation of August 1st. Before he reached Edinburgh, Charles replied by a counter proclamation denouncing " a practice so unusual among Christian Princes," and " while abhorring and detesting it," setting a similar price on the head of King George II. It says much for the loyalty of the Highlanders, that no one even attempted to earn the money placed on their leader's head. It could easily have been earned, yet " there was nane wha would betray." Traitors were only to be found among chiefs of high degree, for the heart of the people, even the poorest, was always true. Nothing, not even

Culloden, could shake their faith in the Stuart Prince. Come weal, come woe, they would "live or dee wi' Charlie."

Southward they marched, then, these dauntless Highland laddies, tossing their bonnets in the air in bursts of wild enthusiasm. By the 26th August they had reached Invergarry, where Charles was received by the young laird, a lad of nineteen, whose father (such were the contradictions of the situation) had been fraternising with Sir John Cope, the Government General, in Crieff. Before this, Charles had been obliged, for want of transport, to bury a good half of his twenty swivel guns. Cope was on his way north with his 1,500 men, probably thinking it a child's business to check the progress of the rebels.

For, much later than this, the even tenor of English life was hardly disturbed by the "rising." Gray, the poet, writing from Cambridge to Horace Walpole, in February, 1746, remarked that "we talk of war, famine, and pestilence with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh. I heard three people, sensible, middle-aged men (when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby), talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the high road) to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed." Even when the Hanoverian troops were defeated at Falkirk, Gray thought it was "a rueful affair for the honour of the troops," but

otherwise he had "no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the Battle of Cannæ was."

But to return. Cope had told the War Office that his plan of campaign was to "march into the Highlands, to seek out the rebels, and try to check their progress." But Cope's plans went "sair agley." He was, as a contemporary described him, "of the pipe-clay school, and with little adaptability to strange and unexpected conditions." Horace Walpole wrote: "I pity poor Cope, who, with no shining abilities, and no experience, was sent to fight for a crown. He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon. Churchill, whose led captain he was, and my Lord Hartington, have posted him up to this misfortune."

The misfortune is yet a little way off. The Highlanders would have been only too glad to meet Cope at once, and have it over with him, one way or another. But he had gone the other way, thus leaving the rebels to proceed southward unchecked.

> "Cope rode a race to Inverness,
> And fand the prince gane south already,
> Like lion bold, all uncontrolled,
> Wi' belt and brand, and tartan plaidie."

Recruits poured in as they marched, and Charles "swept leisurely along to his goal" at the head of a spirited following over two thoustand strong. How all these men were brought

together to fight for Charlie is an interesting consideration. We know something of the method from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—

> "When a mountain chief his bugle blew,
> Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
> And solitary heath the signal knew;
> And fast the faithful clan around him drew."

When a clan had to be summoned on any sudden emergency, a blazing cross of wood was sent round as a signal by light-footed messengers. The power of the chiefs and landed proprietors was paramount in getting men together, whether willingly or unwillingly. The value of an estate in those days was never estimated according to its rental, but according to the number of men it could raise. Macdonald of Keppoch, when entertaining some Lowland gentry at his Highland seat, was asked by one of the guests what was the rental of his estate. "I can raise 500 men," was his only reply.

The peasantry were poor, and they must obey their chief from necessity. They had to live, and when he who gave them the means of living in time of peace asked a warlike service from them, it was at their peril if they refused. Each chief was a king within his own domain, and exercised patriarchal authority, if not absolute power over the members of his clan. This is not to say that Charles Edward did not have a large body of willing followers. But some who were compelled to follow would be unwilling for various reasons.

We know that a certain proportion tried to escape service; and many were the subterfuges adopted by the women to keep the brother, the "gudeman," or the lover at home.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, used to tell an amusing anecdote of a shrewd Highland dame whose husband was Stuart mad, and determined to join the insurgents. He informed his wife one night that he would start on horseback early in the morning. "Very well," said she; "but you will allow me to prepare your breakfast before you go?" "Oh, yes, of course." She accordingly got the breakfast ready, and, bringing in a kettle of boiling water, poured it by "intentional accident" over his legs. There could be no "mounting for Charlie" that day, nor for days after, and the ruse probably saved both the laird's head and lands. Doubtless, then, many who served in that army answered the call of their chiefs with reluctance. But, on the whole, the bulk of these rude, technically-unskilled fighters would be "for Charlie." Sentiment for the ancient House of Stuart was strong—the doctrine of hereditary monarchy an essential part of the Highlander's religion. So it came to be a question of

> "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
> Wha wadna draw the sword?
> Wha wadna up and rally
> At the royal Prince's word?"

And what was this Highland army like? "The

poorest, naked creatures," said one. Vere, an English officer, who saw them on the way to the south, wrote: "There are great numbers of them, perfect boys, without arms, stockings, or shoes, of about fourteen or sixteen years of age. They have brass-hilted swords tied about them with straw ropes." Ray, the historian of the Rebellion, writing after Derby, confirms this when he says that among the rebels "were many old men, and boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age, mostly without shoes and stockings." One, speaking of them as they appeared in Edinburgh, describes them as "presenting a strange sight. The chiefs, dressed in their picturesque costumes, were all well armed, and not one who wore the eagle's plume but possessed firelock and broadsword, dirk and target, pistols, and the short knife so terrible at close quarters. But with the chiefs, equipment and uniformity ended. Their vassals had to be content with whatever weapons they could lay hands on."

Those were to be envied who possessed either sword, dirk, or pistol; many had nothing but scythe blades set straight on the handle—an unwieldy but murderous implement; while not a few were only armed with heavy clubs and cudgels. As the more civilised Lowland crowds watched these ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-fed troops marching past their Prince, some wanting coats, some hose and shoes, some having their hair tied back with a leather strap, without bonnet or

covering of any kind, how many may have observed with Jonathan Oldbuck that they were "a proper set of ragamuffins to propose to overturn an established government." Carlyle, of Inveresk, who estimates the force at 800, says only the half of them were armed. We may reasonably assume, however, that all had a weapon of some sort. Major-General Tulloch writes—

"The Highlanders, trained to the use of arms from boyhood, were all proficient in the use of the claymore broadsword, which all except the lowest class of clansmen habitually wore. A small round shield and dirk were also part of their personal equipment, and when on active service a firelock was slung over the shoulder, while a haversack containing oatmeal and an ample plaid supplied all that was necessary in the matter of food and shelter. Brought up as they were, the Highlanders thought nothing of lying out in the heather in any weather when herding cattle or marching to an attack on a neighbouring clan. To the Lowlanders they were at times a perfect terror, raiding the country whenever this became a necessity. To the English they were unknown except as wild mountaineers and fierce swordsmen who despised all occupations but that of arms."

At any rate, armed or not, the Highlander was a terror to the southern regular who had now to confront him—the regular, well-groomed and fed, the Highlander with his plaid, his only covering in storm and stress, his imperfect weapons, and his little bag of oatmeal slung from his girdle. How much the Highlanders dared, how much they accomplished in the face of terrible odds, we can hardly realise now.

All this time they are making steady progress southwards, with Edinburgh, the old home of the Stuarts, for objective.

" The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch's sounding up the glen,
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men.
And there I saw the king o' them a'
Was marching bonnily in the van ;
And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
Was, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can ! "

Full of youthful energy and activity, Charles won the admiration of the mountaineers, showing that in feats of agility and strength he was almost their equal ; marching on foot at the head of the different clans in turn, with his target slung over his shoulder ; sharing all the fatigues and the discomforts of the rapid advance.

Thus led, the Highlanders marched on—down by the " thundering Spey " ; down through the wild, romantic passes of Badenoch, the country of Cluny Macpherson, breaking the solitudes in the heart of the Grampians. When, under the shadow of steep Corriearack, he heard of the flight of Cope and his troops to Inverness, Charles called for a glass of brandy and drank " to the health of good Mr. Cope, and may every general in the usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done." Bumpers of usquebaugh were served out to the men by the express wish of the Prince, and merriment became the order of the day.

By the end of August, Charles was within six miles of Blair Athole, and on the last day of the month he occupied the grand old ducal seat, a building of great strength (originally the work of the historic family of Comyn) and of many notable memories. Montrose had occupied it in 1644; in 1653 Cromwell's soldiers were there; in 1689 "bonnie Dundee" slept in it before the battle of Killiecrankie. Anxious as he was to press forward, Charles was loath to leave Blair. The "rightful lord," the Duke William, had been, as we have seen, an exile since 1715, and was now among the Prince's attendants. He sent to bespeak dinner in advance, but his younger brother, the Duke in possession, had fled when he heard that the insurgents were approaching.

The tenantry hailed the exiled Duke with joy. Murray, the Jacobite secretary, tells how "men, women, and children came running from their houses, kissing and caressing their master whom they had not seen for thirty years; an instance of the strongest affection, which could not fail to move every generous mind with a mixture of grief and joy." Here, at Blair Athole, Charles saw for the first time pineapples and a bowling green. Somebody had sent him bowls to Rome, but Rome had no bowling greens. Perhaps bowls were then a purely Protestant institution! We know at least that Calvin was once discovered at the game on a Sunday.

Early in September, Charles was at Lude, the

seat of the Robertsons, an old family devoted to the Stuarts. Bissatt, the Whig Duke of Athole's commissary, described the Lady Lude of the time as a "giglet." She was "so elevate," adds another observer, "that she looked like a person whose head had gone wrong." Lude certainly saw light hearts, if not light heads, at this time. Charles was in the highest spirits: danced (it is said) till he was exhausted; called for reels and "This is no my ain house," an excellent specimen of the contemporary Jacobite lyric. It was, indeed, a merry company that tripped to the music of Lude that September night: too merry, perhaps, if we may credit the report that Sir John Macdonald, one of the seven men of Moidart, was "drunk, or mad, or both," and made the company uneasy by insulting Keppoch.

From Lude, Charles proceeded to Perth, dining at the "Auld House" of Gask by the way—that same house which produced Caroline Oliphant (Lady Nairne), the chief modern singer of the Jacobite cause. There was a Charles Oliphant in the family, and George II. is said to have been tickled on hearing how, every day, after dinner, the "auld laird" would turn to his son with, "Charles, the King's health." It was the auld laird who now, in feudal wrath at his tenants for holding back from joining their "rightful Prince," issued orders that their grain, then ripe for the scythe, should not be cut. Riding through the pleasant lands of Gask, Charles saw the golden

harvest dropping, and heard the story. Exclaiming, "This will never do!" he leaped from the saddle, and, going into the field, gathered a handful of corn and gave some to his horse, and then made the bystanders understand that, with his royal authority, the farmers were now at liberty to gather in the harvest. Charles did many graceful acts of this kind, and there is no reason to doubt the story.

The Highlanders reached Perth, the "St. Johnstone" of early history and Scottish song, in the soft evening light of September 4th—Perth, which once lorded it over broad Scotland, whose capital she was until Edinburgh rose to pride of place. Even the Romans had said handsome things of Perth and her noble river. Did not a Roman army, upon coming within sight of the Tay and the city on its banks, burst into tears as they gazed fondly down upon the river, crying "Ecce Tiberim!"

> "'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot who would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

Perth is as old as Scottish history. It has been the seat of Parliaments and the home and burial-place of kings, and its name is interwoven with great and stirring events. Wallace and Bruce battled around and within it; tore down the banners of tyranny from its walls, and raised the flag of freedom in their place.

At Perth, Charles was still in excellent spirits, playing practical jokes on Sullivan, his quarter-master-general, by pulling him out of bed. Balls were given in his honour, and he "soon obtained the verdict of the fair sex in his favour," though he offended more than one lady by neglecting her charms for a military inspection. He visited Scone, two miles away, where so many of his ancestors had been crowned; where the "Stone of Destiny" rested for long years until "Langshankit Neddy cam' doon wi' his cuddy" and carried it off to Westminster.

> "Kings unnumbered were crooned on its tap,
> The bareleggit lads, oor auld-farrant dads,
> An' mony a helmed and mail-clad chap."

Kings and queens have been crowned upon it since (King George V.—the latest), and kings and queens will be crowned upon it in days to come. No doubt Charles Edward confidently expected to be crowned on it, too.

It was from Perth, on the 10th September, that he wrote to his father—

"I have occasion to reflect every day on your Majesty's last words to me, that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself, and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people that I have got their hearts to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. One who observes the discipline I have established would take my little army to be a body of picked veterans; and to see the love and harmony that reign amongst us, you would be apt to look on it as a large, well-ordered family, in which every one loves another better than

himself. I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the ground than I used to do in the palaces of Rome."

From Perth, the march was continued on September 11th. Cope had reached Aberdeen that same day, and was coming on to Edinburgh by sea. Charles must be in the capital before him. And that was easily managed. His forces held on by Dunblane; by Sherrifmuir (the Culloden of the '15); by Stirling with its proud monuments of Wallace and Bruce, its houses of great nobles like Argyll and Mar, its ancient castle (closely associated with the fortunes of the Stuarts) topping the town, whose ramparts look down on Scotland's dearest battlefields. On by Bannockburn, Scotland's Marathon, where Charles' ancestor, the Bruce, had led the victorious Scots against the English; on by Torwood and by Falkirk, on whose plains Wallace had been taught the bitter lesson of defeat and desertion. The Prince slept for a night at the old house of Touch, now Seton Stuart, and the sheets are still preserved. At Sir Hugh Paterson's place, near Bannockburn, he dined one evening, and fell in love with Sir Hugh's niece, the dark-eyed Clementina Walkinshaw, of whom more anon.

Presently he was at Linlithgow, where Angus and Lennox had waged mortal combat, the birthplace and occasional home of Mary Stuart. These were scenes which he, the heir of the ancient line, can hardly have beheld without

emotion. Linlithgow especially should have appealed to him. To its "sumptuous and noble palace" James V. had brought his bride, Mary of Lorraine, the mother of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. In the first days of her wedded joy she had said of the already historic structure that it was "the most princely" place her eyes had ever beheld; and Sir Walter Scott, after the lapse of three centuries, echoed her words—

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the Royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake;
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay."

Edward II. spent a whole winter of tranquillity here, and fled to the Palace after the defeat of Bannockburn. It was a favourite residence of David II. The Stuarts were all more or less intimately connected with it. During the period of their dynasty the Scots Parliament often met in the Great Hall. The rude hand of time has left it but a mere fragment of its ancient glory; but its ruins, kissed by the waters of a beautiful lake, still show something of the fine taste and architectural beauty which characterise all the Scottish palaces erected by the Stuarts. Charles

spent a day at the Palace, though he did not sleep in it, but in a house to the east of the town.

On his arrival, he immediately gave orders that the Sunday services should be proceeded with, as usual. His orders were unheeded : the parish minister declined to preach. The excitement, he said, was too great. There was, indeed, excitement enough. Thus, the Glencoe Macdonalds insisted that they must withdraw from the army if they were not allowed to act as guards of Newliston. Newliston was the residence of Lord Stair, whose grandfather was the " author " of the massacre of Glencoe. The Macdonalds carried their point. Their chief was of a chivalrous temper ; but " what an army was that," exclaims Mr. Lang, " in which clans could always carry a point by threatening to desert ! " Charles subsequently, in pardonable temper, told his officers that of all the force, he alone could not use this argument.

Before September was out, Charles was within a dozen miles of Edinburgh. He could see the capital, where soon he hoped to reign as king. So far, his had been a triumphal march : nowhere had his progress been opposed. Such good fortune he had not really expected. Gardiner's men had been at Kirkliston ; now they retreated to Colt's Bridge, and the road was open to Charles as far as Corstorphine, to-day practically amalgamated with Edinburgh. At two o'clock one afternoon, Charles himself was in Corstorphine, within three

miles of Edinburgh town. That same evening his forces encamped at Slateford, about two miles from the capital, from whence he sent a summons to the authorities demanding the immediate surrender of the city.

What, meantime, had Edinburgh been thinking of this Jacobite "rising"? Edinburgh was in a quandary. Her walls were unsubstantial—as incapable of defence as the men who might be called to defend them. Parts of the walls were strengthened with bastions and provided with embrazures, but no cannon were mounted. Volunteers were asked for. They assembled and were laughed at. Carlyle, of Inveresk, one of them, says: "The ladies in the windows treated us very variously; many with lamentation and even with tears, and some with scorn and derision. In one house on the south side of the street there was a row of windows full of ladies, who appeared to enjoy our march to danger with much mirth and levity."

As a matter of fact, when they scented danger near at hand a good many of these volunteers decamped. The dragoons were "worse than useless—a terror to their friends rather than to the enemy." General Guest, who commanded 600 men in the Castle, was old and in feeble health. In short, Edinburgh was wholly unprepared, with her own resources, to resist the invaders. In these circumstances, the authorities deemed it best to temporise. Cope, they knew, was on the

way from Aberdeen, with forces for their relief. They would send out a deputation to Charles, merely to put off time. The deputation was sent, followed by other deputations. Messages passed to and fro, Charles demanding instant surrender; Edinburgh, by "confused shufflings," playing with the question, against Cope's arrival. Charles grew impatient. He was tired of dilly-dallying: instead of receiving messages, Edinburgh must receive himself, and that without further delay.

The story of the Highlanders' entry is amusing enough. It was in the nature of a *coup de main*. After one of the city's deputations left the Prince's camp, the Prince directed that a body of Camerons, led by the "gentle Lochiel," should move forward and stealthily reconnoitre the town wall. Befriended by the darkness, they safely reached the Nether Bow Port, which then closed the head of the Canongate. There they halted and lay in ambush, ready for such opportunity as might offer. They had not long to wait. The Port opened to let out a coach going to the Canongate, and in rushed Lochiel and his men with drawn swords and targets. Up the street they marched, colours flying, the pipes playing

> "We'll awa' to Shirramuir,
> And haud the Whigs in order."

Not an armed enemy was to be seen—only the townspeople in their night garb at the windows, drawn from their beds by the excited yells of

Charlie's men. The Highlanders surged forward in triumph to the guard-house, disarmed the guard, captured the cannon and arsenal, placed their pickets at the eight principal gates, and, drawing up their main body in the Parliament Close, awaited, in gleeful anticipation, the arrival of their leader. It had been a "walk over" and no mistake! A citizen, taking his usual morning airing round the walls, found a Highlander bestriding a cannon, waiving his bare legs about in the breeze. "You do not belong to yesterday's guard?" said the astonished citizen. "Oh, no; she be relieved," replied the unconcerned Celt.

Edinburgh had not taken the Highlanders seriously. "They are only a pitiful crew," said the *Courant*, which was hostile to the Jacobites, and was promptly suppressed when Charlie entered the capital—"only a pitiful crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but talking only of tobacco, King James, the Regent, plunder, and new brogues." "The dregs and scum of two or three petty Highland gentlemen," said one high authority. They had achieved their purpose so far, at any rate!

CHAPTER XI

THE EDINBURGH OF THE '45

THE exulting procession which brought Charles Edward to Holyrood, the home of his ancestors, mingled the dramatic with the romantic in a striking manner. Edinburgh itself had yielded to the summons of "Charles P.-R.," but the Castle still held out for "Geordie"; and Charles, to avoid its fire, made a detour by the Boroughmuir (where Marmion surveyed the Scottish forces before Flodden), entered the King's Park by a breach in the wall, and passed to Holyrood by the Duke's Walk, so called after his grandfather, the Duke of York, who was fond of promenading there.

"He started," says one, "upon this march of foot, but so closely did the people crowd round him, eager to kiss his hand or only to touch his tartan doublet or plaid, that he could make no progress. He called for his horse, and, mounting it, rode forward with the Duke of Perth on his right and Lord Elcho on his left. By the time he reached the Palace, his very boots were dim with the kisses of the rabble, for his noble appearance won the hearts of all who beheld him."

"As he cam' marching down the street,
The pipes played loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' oot
To meet the Chevalier."

The scene was more like a dream than a reality, so quick and amazing had been the change. At the Market Cross, on Tuesday, the 17th, the Heralds had proclaimed him King James VIII., the beautiful wife of Murray of Broughton sitting beside them on horseback, with drawn sword in hand, giving away cockades to the eager, excited crowd, the people huzzaing, and the ladies flaunting their handkerchiefs from the windows. Not even in his most sanguine moments could Charles have imagined that within a month of the raising of his standard, and without the shedding of one drop of blood, he would be in possession of Scotland's capital, welcomed by the loud and long jubilations of a crowd that filled the Park.

Hearts were everywhere won by the grace and beauty of the Prince who had thus, as Scott says, thrown himself on the mercy of his countrymen rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. Tall and handsome, fair and noble in aspect, he excited the admiration of all the fearless Jacobites, the ladies especially. John Home, an eye-witness of this scene, who wrote a *History of the Rebellion*, says everybody was charmed with the Prince, whom he describes as of a fair complexion, and as wearing a light-coloured periwig with his own hair combed over the front. Many compared him with Bruce, whom he resembled, they declared, in his figure as well as in his fortune. The Whigs naturally looked upon him with other eyes. They admitted

that he was a goodly person, but observed—or pretended to observe—that even in that exultant hour, "the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy"; that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror.

Home says that he wore at this time "the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the Order of St. Andrew." By "Highland dress," we understand nowadays the kilt, and it has been contended by some that Charles never wore the kilt. But what means, then, that record of 1741, which tells us of Charles' presence at a carnival ball, rigged out in a kilt which an admirer had sent him from Scotland. And if the contention as to his never having worn the kilt is meant to apply to the time he was in Scotland, it still seems unfounded.

Ewald says he donned it soon after his landing, and quotes—

> "Oh, better loved he canna be,
> Yet when we see him wearing
> Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
> 'Tis aye the mair endearing."

Then there is the statement of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who says that "the Prince got himself equipt in the Highland clothes, with the claymore in his hand," prior to parting with Flora Macdonald in Skye. Of course, the "Highland clothes" might mean in this case either the

kilt, the belted plaid, or the tartan trews and plaid. But there is less ambiguous evidence. Thus in Captain Malcolm Macleod's journal, the Prince himself is quoted as remarking when in Skye: "I have had this philabeg on now for some days, and I find I do as well with it as any the best breeches I ever put on. I hope in God, Macleod, to walk the streets of London with it yet!" Then, in a document by Hugh Macdonald of Balshor, the writer, referring to the Prince's stay in South Uist, says that "his dress was then a tartan short coat and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald . . . , a short kilt, tartan hose and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloath." Patrick Grant, too, one of the devoted Glenmoriston men, in his account of the Prince when in that part of the country, speaks of him as having "no breeches, but a philabeg." Other instances might be cited from the same authorities, all showing that Charles constantly wore a plaid, sometimes with a philabeg and sometimes without it; the Highland plaid being readily folded up and belted round the waist so as to form what a perfervid Celt calls a "temporary kilt." At the same time, it would be interesting to know what authority there may be for the Prince wearing the kilt—he often wore the tartan coat, vest, plaid and trews—during the period dating from his arrival in the Highlands till his defeat at Culloden.

But we are in Edinburgh in 1745 just now—

Edinburgh filled with loyal Highlanders, the streets echoing to the skirl of the pipes; the white cockade glistening in the eyes of strangers; the air charged with excitement; hope, enthusiasm in every breast. A very different Edinburgh was "Scotia's darling seat" then. It was not a big town, though there was a population of some 40,000 huddled together within a very small area. The High Street, Canongate and Cowgate, with the wide, open space of the Grassmarket, formed the principal streets. The New Town had not yet come into being, the ground on which it stands to-day being then fields and meadows. Cattle browsed where the visitor now gazes on the Castle heights from the pavement of Princes Street, and the Gardens of that famous promenade were yet undreamt of, for the muddy waters of the Nov' Loch lay there undrained.

In Prince Charlie's time you might shoot snipe and course hare where George Street now runs. Not, indeed, until 1752 did the idea originate of extending the city northward, so as to include the open fields across the Nor' Loch and the road then known as "Lang Dykes," now Princes Street. There was no Princes Street till 1767, when the first house built was that now standing at the corner of West Register Street. The High Street was then the centre of business. The town was still practically confined within the limits of its old Flodden walls, to live outside which was held to be highly unfashionable. Hence rose,

towering into the air, those tenements of the High Street and the Lawnmarket, ten and a dozen storeys high, the grim, grey backs of some of which may be seen from the Princes Street of to-day, their evening lights twinkling romantically away up, as it seems, in "high heaven," very suggestive of the disabilities and inconveniences of the Edinburgh of 1745.

In those days, Edinburgh could hardly have been called "mine own romantic town." Indeed, another adjective was freely used, and the adjective was "dirty." Every traveller remarked on the loftiness of the houses and the prospect of the Castle; but every traveller remarked also on Edinburgh's unsavouriness. It is significant to find Defoe describing the rival Glasgow as "one of the cleanest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain." When Charles Wesley visited Edinburgh in 1751, six years after the other Charles, he declared that the High Street smelt "worse than a common sewer"; that even the stately rooms at Holyrood were "as dirty as stables." "How long," he demanded, "can it be suffered that all manner of filth should be flung into the streets?"

This was eighteenth-century Edinburgh's unique characteristic. There was no water in the houses then but what was carried in; none of our boasted modern "conveniences" of sanitation. All refuse and slops had to be carried down the long, narrow turnpike stairs, or—thrown out of

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Old High Street, Edinburgh

the windows! The easier method naturally commended itself to maids and housewives. After nine at night, one dare not walk abroad, having any regard for the comfort of his person. True, the warning cry of "Gardy loo" (French influence again, for was it not a corruption of "Gardez à l'eau"?) might ring out, but how could one guard his head against an avalanche? Taylor, the Water Poet, had some repulsive experiences when he came to Edinburgh in the footsteps of Ben Jonson, and wrote about them in terms too shuddering to be fully quoted here. "In a morning," he says, "the scent was so offensive that we were forced to hold our noses as we passed the streets, to take care where we trod for fear of disobliging our shoes, and to walk in the middle at night, for fear of an accident to our heads." Smollett knew, too, as his *Humphry Clinker* shows. "They say it is wholesome," urges one of the characters in that now forgotten book. Most people did not feel it to be wholesome. "Dealers in brown paper are said to have made no little profit by selling that article for deodorising purposes." Imagine Charles Edward stepping gingerly down the High Street and the Canongate to Holyrood o' nights, holding his nose and guarding his head!

The Edinburgh of that day was sadly overcrowded. Her people lived, as one puts it, literally packed together like herrings in a barrel. Well-born gentlemen and their households

contrived to be happy and healthy in rooms which to-day would hardly serve for a charwoman or a chimney-sweep. Bruce of Kennet, a prominent lawyer, afterwards raised to the Bench, lived in a house of three rooms and a kitchen, a parlour, a consulting room, and a bedroom. The children, with their maid, had beds laid down for them every night in the consulting room; the house-maid slept under the kitchen dresser, and the one man-servant was turned, at night, out of the house. Gentle and simple were massed together in the most delightfully Bohemian fashion in those residences in and off the High Street, up whose dark stairs fine ladies and men of note would guardedly pick their way.

Yet, crowded and "clarty" as it was, this eighteenth-century Edinburgh was a sociable, hospitable, gay, easy-going town. There were few "amusements," no doubt, as moderns understand the term. The Kirk, which Burns was to satirise later, made sure of that! As late as 1811, when Shelley was in Edinburgh, after his elopement with Harriet Westbrook, he solemnly declared that a stranger rebuked him for laughing in Princes Street on the "Sawbath." Think, then, of the greater restraint of 1745! Sunday was an awful day. You must not even "gaze idly" out of your windows, for you ought to be at church or reading your Bible. If any one were found on the streets "during sermons," he was at the mercy of the Kirk's "seizers," who had power

to arrest him and bring him before the Session for fine or discipline. At night, when the Kirks were closed, Edinburgh was like a city of the dead, for the patrols watched the streets—"followed any belated passenger's echoing footsteps, peered down wynds, looked up stairs for lurking transgressors of the law of Mount Sinai." Even the barbers who on Sunday furtively carried home their customers' wigs and shaved the owners into tidiness for worship, even against them the Kirk uttered its anathemas.

Nor were the week-day pleasures less jealously guarded by the Popes of Presbytery. Edinburgh had no regular theatre, though travelling companies occasionally came to "fill up our cup of sin," as the parsons said. The pit of a playhouse, they declared, led straight to the pit that is bottomless. Some of the clergy even threatened to withhold the Communion from such of their members as patronised this "nursery of Satan." In 1736, Allan Ramsay, the ex-wigmaker poet of "The Gentle Shepherd," built a theatre which the magistrates, acting under the influence of the clergy, refused to licence.

"Shall London have its houses twa
And we be doom'd to nane ava?
Is our metropolis, ance the place
Where lang syne dwelt the royal race
Of Fergus, this gate dwindled doun
To th' level o' a clachan toun,
While thus she suffers the desertion
Of a maist rational diversion?"

Thus wrote honest Allan, who was almost ruined by the bigoted action of the magistrates. He sought legal redress, but had to console himself with the subtle verdict that, though he had been damaged, he had not been injured! It is a point of interest to us that he sent in a petition to the famous Forbes of Culloden, then Lord President of the Court of Session. There is, too, another point of interest in the fact that John Home, already mentioned as the author of a *History of the Rebellion*, had to resign his living as a minister of the Church because he had written a stage-play, the tragedy of "Douglas." It was not until 1756 that "Douglas" was performed in Edinburgh, but the Kirk had lost none of its horror of the stage; and while the town was delighted, the ministers denounced "the illegal and dangerous entertainments" of the playhouse, and moved heaven and earth to restrain their flocks from frequenting "such seminaries of vice and folly." One parsimonious parson deprecated especially the "prodigiouse summ of money" that Edinburgh threw away on the strolling players, more particularly the money spent in "cloathes" for attending. The tyranny of the Kirk in this direction was terrible. But bigotry was dying at last, though dying hard; and in 1746 a theatre was licensed—set up on a piece of ground which had been the scene of Whitefield's fervid religious meetings!

Of course, the Kirk denounced other things

besides theatres. There were the clubs, for instance, the members of which were understood to ridicule the Kirk, and indulge in the most appalling bacchanalian orgies. The names of some of these clubs with which Edinburgh swarmed about the time of the '45 certainly do not look nice—the "Sulphur Club," the "Hell-Fire Club," the "Ten-Tumbler Club," the "Demi-reps," and so on. There is a dare-devil and dare-dirk sound about them which fully bears out the character they obtained for their goings-on: their free talk, their ribald verses, and their blaspheming songs. There was the "Cape Club," the name of which some bibulous burgess hit upon after doubling the "Cape" of Leith Wynd when "half-seas over." There was the "Pious Club," where members met at fixed periods to indulge Gargantuan appetites in the consumption of pies. There was the "Spendthrift," where nobody was allowed to spend more than four-pence halfpenny. And there were others. "No custom, no usage, no jest, seemed too trivial to be seized upon as the pretext to give a colour of excuse for founding a Club."

And then there were the dances. It would have been bad enough to have this "invention of the devil" going on in private houses. But there was no room in private houses for the country dance or the minuet; "no room for guests to sit, or refreshments to be eaten, or be-hooped ladies to move." A fat female squeezing

through a narrow turnstile is nothing to the crinolined ladies of 1745 trying to squeeze through the narrow passages leading off the turnpike stairs of Edinburgh's towering tenements. These articles of raiment were "enormous and capacious," as young Robert Strange, the Jacobite engraver, found, when, beneath the hoop of his betrothed, the vigorous-minded Isabella Lumsden, he sought concealment from his pursuers, while she sat quietly spinning in seeming innocence before the baffled searchers.

Even late in the century, when ladies had learnt to restrict the circumference of their dress, Mrs. Cockburn, who sang so sweetly "The Flowers of the Forest," reported of a dance which she dared to give in her flat in Blair Close, that the fiddlers "sat where the cupboard is, and the table was stuffed into the window." Thus, it was at public halls that Edinburgh society met and danced—in the "assembly rooms" against which the ministers hurled their objurgations as nurseries of vice. Their own phrase was "promiscuous dancing," which they condemned as a seductive allurement, an incentive to sensuality.

Still, Edinburgh society went on dancing, receiving its rebukes solemnly in public and laughing heartily at them in private. "We have an assembly at Edinburgh," writes one, "where every Thursday they meet and dance from 4 till 11 at night. It is half-a-crown; and whatever tea, coffee, chocolate, biscuit, etc., they call for,

they must pay as the managers direct ; and they are the Countess of Panmure, Lady Newhall, the President's Lady, and the Lady Drumpellier. The ministers are preaching against it, and say it will be another horning order." One assembly was held in the now unfashionable West Bow, in a poor, incommodious room, just opposite "the grim and haunted lodging of the wizard, Major Weir."

There, outside, one would find, from 4 o'clock, "a crowd of sedan-chairs with their gaily attired occupants, the noisy mob pressing to witness the fine sight ; the invectives, in safe Gaelic, of competing chairmen ; the clanking of the swords of gentlemen in bright, silken coats." Off the High Street, again, in the Assembly Close, the dancing revels went on under the patronage of such high-born dames as Lady Panmure and the beautiful Susanna, Countess of Eglinton. When the revels were over (stopped by the St. Giles' bells) at eleven, "the stream of fashion poured down the dark stair, and then, as the Countess of Eglinton, lovely herself, and her seven lovely daughters, were borne off in their sedan-chairs, the gentlemen, with drawn swords, escorted them to their lodgings in Jack's Land."

Oliver Goldsmith did not think much of these fashionable gatherings when, as a poor Irish medical student at Edinburgh University, he spent one of his scanty half-crowns in the dancing room. "Deplorably dull," was his verdict. But

Nolly, alas! was ugly—"with no attractions to speak of"—and no lady to dance with. These entertainments, socially crude, shabby, attended by discomforts at which twentieth-century nerves would shiver, were, nevertheless, the charm of Edinburgh fashion in these olden times, and lived long in the memories of those who took part in them. The ladies of that day carried their dainty snuff-boxes, from which they "primed" their noses at dance or social gathering. You would see them with their green and red plaids, held with one arm round the waist to keep them tight to the body, the gloved hand holding them close to the face, from which the eyes sparkled brightly.

Gentlemen moved about in silk and satin, in gold-laced coat and waistcoat, clinking sword and waiving periwig. At night they would be encountered in the dark streets, making their way home,

> "With tattered wigs, fine shoes, and uncocked hats,
> And all-bedaubed with snuff their fine cravats."

Gilt sedan-chairs borne by Highland porters claimed the causeway with pedestrians. Caddies, in their rags and impudence, ran their errands from wynd to wynd. Archers marched along in blue St. Andrew's bonnets, trimmed with green ribbons on their wigs, to shoot at butts on Leith or Musselburgh Links.

But really it was in the "tumultuous taverns" that Edinburgh's fun and jollity had freest play. There the drink was copious, the songs were

merry, the jokes as broad as the nights were long, the air thick with the steam from a score of punch-bowls. You might hear "the tread of hasty citizens" leaving their shops to drink at the taverns. It has been suggested that the harshness of the northern winter explains the old-time universal devotion to tavern-life. It does, partly, no doubt. "It is one of the vilest climates under heaven," wrote Louis Stevenson of his native city, shivering in his South Sea home at the mere remembrance of it.

Small wonder if the eighteenth-century man's idea of enjoyment should have been a warm, cosy corner by the fireside in one of the innumerable "howfs" which studded the High Street closes; or that every poet from Allan Ramsay to Fergusson and Burns should have sung of the delights of joyous evenings at Johnnie Dowie's or the Crochallan Club, with the high jinks, the uproarious mirth, the hilarious songs.

But there was another reason for the popularity of the taverns. There could be no real comfort and social enjoyment in the cramped, narrow, tall "lands"; and so the tavern became the mutual rendezvous alike for business and pleasure. The lawyer and his clients went there, and the doctor and his patients. Professional people had no offices then, as they have now. It was the time when the Lord Provost of the city would invite his guests to supper at Clerihugh's or Fortunes'. Even men of the highest social position preferred

the ease and freedom of restraint at the "howf" to the decorous dulness of their own firesides; and Lord Cockburn in his youth saw some dozen of the aristocracy of Mid-Lothian—including the Duke of Buccleuch and the Lord Advocate—crowded in the low-roofed room of a village ale-house, drinking huge potations of claret and whisky punch, and making the rafters echo with songs and toasts and uproarious festivity. These taverns varied in degree and quality, from the larger and more fashionable "howfs" frequented by the Lords of Session, the great advocates, and men of letters, to the humble "laigh shops," where clerks and shop-assistants repaired after the day's work, and where the fun and merriment were as unrestrained as at "Poosie Nancy's," which sheltered the "Jolly Beggars." The prices—for eatables at all events—ruled low, and at many of the clubs a man might sup frugally off collops or a haddock, or a roasted skate and onions, for a few pence.

Almost every tradesman had his favourite tavern where, business over by 8 o'clock and his booth closed, he had his frugal supper and cracked his joke with his friends over a bottle before going home for the night. And what royal drinkers they were! One thinks with envy of these high old rioting days, when the winter fires roared in the landlords' capacious chimneys, when nobody dreamt of going home till morning, and many were unable to go home at all.

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The City Cross, Edinburgh

Sometimes they would drink the whole night through, and work off the debauch by an early morning tramp to Roslin or Queensferry.

Convivial knights-errant used to "save the ladies" by toasting their idols in a bumper from glasses of "vast length." The deepest drinker "saved" his Dulcinea, and the bold champion had often considerable difficulty in "saving" himself from the floor in his efforts to regain his seat. How they managed to put away so much liquor and yet retain a clear head must ever remain a mystery. Three-bottle-men were as common as cock-fights in Prince Charlie's day. Nay, topers used to be met with who could tuck six bottles under their belts without turning a hair. There is further amazement in the fact that these persistent drinkers lived to such a ripe age. Kames and Monboddo were far on in their eighties when death claimed them. So were John Home and Adam Ferguson, Carlyle of Inveresk, and Dr. Blair; Tytler, and Reid, and Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling"). Seventy was a commonplace term of existence in those leisurely days. Lord Hermand, one of the Court of Session men, in spite of his "stupendous drinking," was vigorous till he was eighty-four.

These names remind one of another point. It was about this time that such men as Hume, and Smollett, and Robertson, and Adam Smith, and Robert Blair, and Lord Kames—all born after the Union, and most of them between the

two Rebellions—began that literary activity of the Scottish mind which, kept up by such of their immediate successors as Burns, Henry Mackenzie, and Dugald Stewart, was continued for long years, with ever-increasing effect, by writers whose names will never be absent from any history of Scottish letters.

It was Edinburgh's Augustan age of literature. Now were living most of the writers whose characters, wit, and genius warmed the capital throughout the century. They commingled together, a familiar fraternity, in the narrow wynds, knowing each other intimately, meeting every day (or night) in the wine cellars and the roaring taverns, where Scots drink thawed them into conviviality and softened their native dourness. Some of them recall the earlier, even harder-drinking days when Allan Ramsay made wigs and sold songs. Charles Edward Stuart, had he been so minded, might have looked up David Hume in James' Court—the agnostic who died confessing, not his sins, but his Scotticisms. He might have rubbed shoulders with the dapper Dr. Hugh Blair of "Rhetoric" fame; Lord Kames might have passed him in wig and gown on his way to Court. He might have talked with Adam Ferguson, who had tutored Lord Chesterfield's disappointing son round Europe, and taught optics, astronomy, and Newton's *Principia* by keeping himself only a few days ahead of his pupils. William Robertson, the future historian,

was there, too, a young man of twenty-four ; and Jemmy Thomson, the corpulent poet of *The Seasons ;* and Thomas Blacklock, the blind bard, whose ideas of colour interested Dr. Johnson ; and Lord Monboddo, the eccentric anticipator of Darwin, who never could be induced to ride in a coach, and practically killed his consumptive daughter, the lovely Miss Burnett, besung by Burns, by making her do the yearly journey to London on horseback. Tobias Smollett, missing good fortune at every turn, was there ; and Henry Mackenzie, bending over his fighting cocks ; and "Ossian" Macpherson, whose impotent wrath Dr. Johnson defied, prepared with a stout cudgel. To these names were added scores of others—judges, clergymen, lawyers, and schoolmasters, each with his talents and whims, each cutting his own figure in streets and social circles.

Ah ! that *was*, indeed, the golden age. When Amyat, the King's chemist, was in town, he declared : "Here I can stand at the Cross of Edinburgh, and can in a few minutes take fifty men of genius by the hand." Prince Charlie could not, perhaps, have taken so many. Perhaps, indeed, he was not interested in that side of Edinburgh at all. Yet it has seemed not amiss to try here to re-create the capital as he saw it. And so, now, let us pass with him to Holyrood, and, similarly, try to re-create the Holyrood of the past.

CHAPTER XII

AT HOLYROOD

THE curtain had risen again on the ancient Palace of Holyrood. Once more these walls sheltered, and for the last time, a Stuart Prince.

> "The moon passed out of Holyrood, white lipped to open sky;
> The night whimpered on the crags to see the ghosts go by.'

So sings a modern poet. And what ghosts *do* go by as one stands in the moonlight by that old home of the kings, with the green slopes of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags looking over the Forth to Fife and the Ochils dominating the scene! Long before the Palace of Holyrood rose into being, there was an Abbey of the name, whose conventual buildings served for the lodgment of the royal family and their *suite* when they made Edinburgh their headquarters.

But the romance of the Palace really begins with the Stuart dynasty—say, with James I., the poet King, who sang of "The Kinge's Quair" and "Peebles to the Play." Since the days of Malcolm Canmore, Dunfermline had been the royal city, and most of the kings had been laid to rest in Dunfermline Abbey. But the assassination of James I. at Perth proved Dunfermline to be too near the turbulent line, and then Edinburgh was made the capital. James I. came to Scotland

in 1424. Five years later, a very dramatic scene occurred at Holyrood. James had been trying to reduce the Highlands to some sort of order, "setting chief and thieves to catch each other." Alastair, Lord of the Isles, prudently decided to save his life by anticipating arrest. The King and Queen were at their devotions in the Abbey. A noise was heard without, and, like an apparition, Alastair suddenly appeared, clad, as Bower tells, only in shirt and drawers. The Queen would naturally be shocked; but, perhaps, Mr. Lang is right in suggesting that the Lowland Bower mistook the national costume for the more prosaic garments. At any rate, Alastair, pushing aside the courtiers, and holding a naked sword by the point, knelt before his sovereign, imploring pardon. His life was spared, but a few days later the gates of Tantallon, the grim fortress whose ruins still look out on the Bass Rock, closed on the Lord of the Isles, and he troubled the King no more.

And then it was at Holyrood that the twin sons of James I. were born: here that the little James II., the surviving twin, riding down from the Castle, was hastily crowned (in March, 1437), after the murder of the King at Perth. Here, too, that same James II. (he whom they called "James with the fiery face," from the red birth-mark on his cheek), was wedded to Mary of Gueldres, when the "wine and other beverages" flowed for four or five hours like "so much sea water." It is

recorded that the first dish at the bridal feast was in the form of a boar's head, painted, and stuck full of coarse flax which was afterwards set aflame "amid the acclamations of the numerous assembly." What a week that must have been! Alas! ten years later, they laid the King to rest here, "unhappily slain with ane gun" at the siege of Roxburgh Castle. Born, christened, crowned, wedded, buried at Holyrood—no King of Scots was ever more closely associated with the Edinburgh home of his house than was James of the fiery face.

Next, there was James III., married here, in July, 1469, to that Princess Margaret of Denmark, who sailed into Leith with her Danish fleet—a maiden of thirteen, mated with inexperienced eighteen. For dowry, her father had assigned the bride a sum of 60,000 florins. But money was scarce at that time in the Danish treasury, and the ultimate marriage portion was the Orkney and Shetland Islands, which ever since have formed part of the realm of Scotland. One sees in imagination the thoughtful, dreamy King, who "loved solitariness, and desired never to hear of wars nor the fame thereof," moving about here among his fiddlers and bricklayers; disgusting his barons because he "delytit mair in musik and building than he did in the Government of his realme." His was a melancholy reign—one of the most melancholy, indeed, in the annals of Scotland. Yet, somehow, one

sympathises with the King who was pleased with music rather than with military.

From Holyrood it was that James IV. made his way out to Dalkeith, accompanied by a long train of knights and nobles, to meet the little Margaret of Tudor, then a girl of thirteen, who had come north to be his bride. James was, as one says, "only a boy when his father's estranged nobles had used him as a figurehead for their rebellion, yet he always wore to the day of his death a hidden chain round his body, in penance for his father's death." To-day, in the August of 1503, as he rides away to Dalkeith, we see him "gallantly dressed in a jacket of crimson velvet, bordered with cloth of gold," his beard "somethynge longe." Margaret came "mounted on a faire palfrey," the lords and gentry having turned out everywhere as she passed to bid her God-speed. Following the tender salutes of the first meeting, the King sought to seat the Princess on his own horse, but the animal became restive, and the bridegroom mounted in front of the bride on *her* palfrey.

Thus they "progressed" into Edinburgh, where the ladies had gathered on the forestairs, "gay as beds of flowers," to see their sovereign come in with his Queen. Here was a bridegroom of thirty and a bride of thirteen. It was a long time before they could be alone at Holyrood, for Scottish hospitality was proverbial even thus early. But when at last they were able to breathe by

themselves, *he* played to her on the virginal, and *she* played and sang to him. What a pretty picture one can conjure up! Here, four years later, were presented to James that sword and belt, the gift of Pope Julius II., which, after certain romantic adventures, now lie with the Honours of Scotland, the Regalia, in Edinburgh Castle. And, finally, it was from Holyrood that James rode off to meet his end at Flodden, where the flowers o' the Forest were "a' mede awa'."

And James V., the gay "gudeman of Ballengeich"—what things the ghosts of Holyrood could tell of *him*, the "Red Tod" of so many adventures! There he was born. There, when a boy of twelve, he took up house, and, in the quaint language of Lindsay of Pitscottie, "changed all the old officeris, both treasurer, comptroller, secretair, Mr. Maissar, Mr. Household, Mr. Stableris, copperis, carveris, and all the rest." A masterful youth, evidently! There he was, in 1536, invested with the Order of the Garter, the first Scottish monarch to receive that distinction. Thither, again, in the following year, when he was twenty-two, he brought his French bride Madeleine, whom he had already married in Notre-Dame, at Paris. The poet Ronsard—he whose name is as closely associated with Meudon as that of Rabelais, whose presence still haunts the woods he described in glowing verse—was a twelve-year-old page in the Queen's train when she came.

Poor little soul! She was already far gone in

consumption when she landed at Leith. She stooped and kissed the "Scottish earth" when she set foot on it, like the long-exiled "Black Watch," home at last; and in less than two months that same kindly Scottish earth was serving for her shroud in the grounds of Holyrood. A year had not passed when, in June, 1538, Mary of Guise was made the King's second wife. She bore her husband a son in 1540, another in 1541; both were buried at Holyrood in the latter year. Then King James undertook that invasion of England which miscarried so tragically in the rout of Solway.

Matters went from bad to worse in Scotland. It was a doleful time for the country in general, and for Edinburgh in particular, when, in 1543, Hartford barbarously burned and plundered the Abbey in its temporal parts; and after Pinkie, in 1547, the invaders returned to complete the destruction of the repaired royal building.

But Holyrood soon recovered from these cruel disasters; and when Mary Stuart, coming to her capital in August, 1561, took up her residence in the royal apartments, Brantôme, who was in her *suite*, could describe the palace as "undoubtedly a fine building, little in keeping with the country." One reads again, in the contemporary accounts, of that serenade with which the loyal citizens greeted her first arrival while the bonfires on Arthur's Seat still burned. "Fyres of joy," says the buirdly John Knox, "war sett furth all

nyght, and a cumpany of the most honest, with instrumentis of musick and musitians gave thair salutationis at her chalmer wynds. The melody (as she alledged) lyked her weill ; and she willed the same to be continued some nightis after." It was prudent to put in that reservation, " as she alleged." Brantôme knew better than Knox —knew how intolerable to the young Queen was the " musick " of these " vile fiddles and rebecks " ; how fatal to repose the persistent psalm-singing, droned out by five or six hundred untrained throats. But Holyrood did not long witness this mood. To Holyrood, in a day or two, came Knox, denouncing his Queen because she declined to forswear the religion of her ancestors ; standing stolidly proof against that charm of person and speech which had already mitigated the bitterness of some of the " lords of the congregation."

Mary kept gay Court at Holyrood, nevertheless —as gay as the circumstances of her poor, war-wasted country would permit. She hunted and hawked ; played golf and billiards, dice and back-gammon. She dressed in a splendour wherein the godly, represented chiefly by the long-bearded Reformer, could see only " the styncken pryde of wemen." Yet the people in the streets would say : " God save your sweet face ! " Through these same streets, the black midnight streets of her capital, she would sometimes wander disguised— masked in male apparel, or flitting in homely

attire, which "caused men's tongues to chatter faste." And inside—what was the mode of life in that old Palace where Mary moved and smiled, and spoke, and wept, trying with her beauty, and her wit, and her courtesy, and her wonderful power of forbearance, to soften her brutish nobles and turn their harsh disapproval into loyalty?

Randolph, the English ambassador, saw it at first hand: saw the Queen reading "somewhat of Livy" every day after dinner, "instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Buchanan"; saw the Queen attended by Molle de Pinguillon and her four maids of honour, each of her own age, and each bearing the name of Mary—the "Four Maries" of the old song. "There they sat and worked at embroidery, while one made music or read aloud. In sunny weather they would shift the scene to that garden which now lies so bare and cheerless, but which then, one may assume, was tastefully laid out in pleached alley and secluded 'pleuse.'"

Ay, Holyrood must ever be—what it must surely have been to Charles Edward—the Holyrood of Mary Stuart. There we must always see *her*, trying to keep at bay the bigots and the intriguers of her dreary kingdom, into which she had come a mere girl full of the confidence of youth. Bitterness and treachery confronted her here almost at the landing. From the beginning, sour, jaundiced faces condemned the radiant vitality of her girlhood, her gaiety, her wit, her

spirit. Knox denounced her to her face from the pulpit, thundering against the Queen's dancing and "little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness"; while the whole Court—harsh, austere, suspicious—chilled to the bone her irresponsible young life. She had come from a Court where love-making, flattery, and a joyous lightness had enveloped her like a perfume; and surely, here at Holyrood, she had sufficient excuse, not only for plucking sweetness from whatever roots she could, considering how rare it was, but in taking also a certain natural zest in defying those narrow-minded souls who had lowered their eyebrows at her with not one whit less derision when she first came, a blameless juvenile, into their depressing society.

Here, dressed in a robe of black velvet (mourning for her former husband, the young King of France), between five and six on a July morning, she was married to her cousin, the dissipated, detestable Darnley, a boy of nineteen. It was surely significant that after the ceremony, Darnley left her in the chapel to hear Mass alone. Mary, indeed, afterwards laid aside her weeds for the royal banquet, and the evening—it was Sunday—was closed with dances and joyous revelry, while the halls of Holyrood rang with music and the merry laughter of the guests. From that hour a shadow lay on the life of the fair young Queen. Two years had not passed before the storm had gathered and broken. Rizzio, her Italian secretary,

had been done to death on the secret stair of Holyrood, a few months before the birth of her child, the future King. "Sauve ma vie, Madame! sauve ma vie!" exclaimed the terrified Italian, as he clung to his mistress' skirts for protection. He appealed to deaf ears—

> "Stern swords are drawn and daggers gleam—her words her prayers, are vain,
> The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain."

And Darnley, too; thither, to Holyrood, was his body brought, after he had been blown into the air at Kirk-o-Field, when Mary lay in a darkened room draped with crêpe, her voice sounding "very doleful." Here, within a few short weeks, she surrendered herself to the relentless power, the horrible fascination of the brutal Bothwell. At *that* marriage, as the contemporary chroniclers tell us, there was "neither pleasure nor pastime used." Here her foes came, surrounding her with the universal lying and baseness of that rough period. Yet she never cowed before them. Fighting single-handed against a very sea of hate, intrigue, and treachery, driven by Fate into fearful and inextricable situations, Mary Stuart never flinched for a moment. Her courage in life was as splendid as her courage in death—a death exquisite, so tranquil and undisturbed, that its courage was, indeed, more prominent than its ghastliness.

We look at her portraits and see lurking about the mouth an enigmatic smile which, rather than

the sidelong of the eyes, seems to utter "a thousand histories." We remember the unsolved problem of the Darnley murder, the impenetrable mystery of the Bothwell marriage, the character of the woman herself, the many intricate dilemmas in her disturbed career; her charm, like her beauty, a thing felt rather than seen: curiously indefinable, insidious, like a fever in the blood. And for all that has been said against her, rightly or wrongly, we love Mary Stuart; and Holyrood is, above all, *her* Holyrood.

"There beats no heart on either border
Wherethrough the north blasts blow
But keeps your memory as a warder
His beacon-fire aglow.

"Long since it fired with love and wonder
Mine, for whose April age
Blithe midsummer made banquet under
The shade of hermitage.

"Soft sang the burn's blithe notes, that gather
Strength to ring true:
And air and trees and sun and heather
Remembered you.

"Old border ghosts of fight or fairy,
Or love or teen,
These they forgot, remembering Mary,
The Queen."

Soon after Queen Mary's day, the glory of Holyrood was eclipsed by the glory of St. James'. To Holyrood came James VI., a boy just entered on his teens, in 1579—the first visit to his capital,

where he proved "ane great delyt to the beholders." Three years later he was seized in the famous Raid of Ruthven, and kept a prisoner for ten months. Not till 1586 did Holyrood see him again, when he gave that "love-feast" in the Palace by which he hoped to put an end to the private feuds of his nobles which made good government impossible. We see him pledging his guests three times, then causing them to drink to each other and to shake hands.

He went abroad for his bride, the Princess Anne of Denmark, who was crowned and anointed here in the May of 1590. "For God's sake, see that all things are richt at our hame-coming," he had written anxiously to the Lord Provost. His wishes were respected, and the festivities at the Palace were so "richt" that they were continued for a month! They spared no expense then, any more than they did on the occasion of the christening of Queen Anne's first-born, Henry, when the magistrates sent ten tuns of wine to replenish the cellars of Holyrood. Two years later, James had to be hurried off to a remote turret in the Palace to escape the furious Earl of Bothwell and his abettors. "The bells they were rung backwards, the drums they were beat." The King was saved, but Bothwell was not to be done. The notorious Gowrie Conspiracy was only a little way ahead—a romantic story, too, but not to be told here.

Holyrood's end as a royal residence may be

said to have come that night in the spring of 1603 when, as the Palace lights were going out one by one, James was summoned to receive the announcement that he was King of England. Elizabeth was dead, and Sir Robert Carey had galloped north with the news, clattering into Holyrood after riding 400 miles in sixty-two hours. It was at Holyrood that the first token of James' new sovereignty came to him, for there he received the keys of Berwick town. When he set out for London, a great following of gentlemen in his train, he promised to visit Holyrood every third year, but it was fourteen years before he returned, and, that brief visit over, he returned no more.

Small stir did Holyrood witness for at least sixteen years after James left for his seat of wider government; nor did the place feel the royal touch again until Charles I. came to be crowned in 1633. Alas! poor Charles, he made a sad breach of etiquette, noted eagerly as ominous of ill by the superstitious in such matters. It was at the Chapel Royal. A carpet-covered platform, six feet high, had been set up in the centre of the nave, and upon this a dais, two feet higher, whereon was the throne. When Charles ascended the platform, he made straight for the throne and seated himself, "in direct violation of the fundamental rule of coronation ritual that the sovereign must not occupy the throne until he is solemnly inducted into it." Censorious eyes marked the misadventure, and it was not forgotten, we may

be sure, when that same "blessed martyr's" head was laid on the executioner's block.

Charles was back at Holyrood in 1641, when "the nobility and barrons kist his hand in the long gallery." For nine years after this, the story of Holyrood is all but silent. Then, in 1650, the Palace was burnt by Cromwell's troops, who had come to Scotland to establish the authority of the Commonwealth. The burning was probably an accident. At any rate, Cromwell caused the Palace to be restored, and by 1659 it was "completely biggit up."

The last great ceremony of which it was the scene took place in October, 1662, when the "riding of Parliament" was gone through in much state. Charles II. never was in Scotland after the Restoration. But architecture was one of his hobbies, and in 1671 he ordered plans for a radical reconstruction of Holyrood. Says Sir Herbert Maxwell—

> "It appears from his contracts with Robert Mylne, his Majesty's Master Mason, that the west front, as rebuilt by Cromwell, was pulled down and rebuilt, and a new south-west tower was erected, corresponding with the north-west tower of James V. Behind this west front was built the Palace as it now stands, a creditable example of late Scottish renaissance architecture."

When the new Palace was at length finished in 1679, the Duke of York—afterwards James VII. and II.—took up his residence there. A black year it was for Scotland—the year of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig; the year of Archbishop

Sharpe's murder on Magus Moor, the first of the five years known as "the killing time." When he became king, James of York effectually put an end to Holyrood's active history by his religious bigotry and intolerance, flaunting a detested faith in the faces of his Protestant subjects. William of Orange was already on the way to the relief of Protestant Britain; and the Presbyterian mob, with the students, assailed the Palace and Chapel of Holyrood, burst open the Chapel doors, wrecked the interior, throne, stalls, and organ, rushed to the Royal vault, and tore open the leaden coffins of the Kings and Queens of Scotland.

Something of the old stirring life came about Holyrood in 1706, during the last stage of the Parliamentary contest about the Union. But that same Union tore nearly all the old glory and importance from Holyrood. Silent and solitary it stood, memorial of a checkered past; wakened to life and movement only by the annual visit of the Lord High Commissioner—Commissioner no longer to Parliament, but to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Then came the sudden revival of 1745; brilliant, certainly, but also brief. As Lord Rosebery once said, we all take our impressions of Charles Edward and Holyrood from *Waverley*. Scott wrote some seventy or eighty years after the event he recorded, and he treated it with knowledge, with experience of writing narratives of the contemporaries of those times, and, above all,

with the exquisite touch of genius which enabled him to enter into the very details of those times, and represent them to us in a manner which we cannot forget. After all, fiction is not, perhaps, the worst place in which to look for history. There is a story of Disraeli at the time of his extremely bumptious youth, that when he had just returned from his travels in the East, and as a young man much under thirty, he met Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime Minister, at dinner. He proceeded to discourse on the Eastern Question, and Lord Melbourne proceeded to discourse on the Eastern Question; but instead of listening to the Prime Minister with that respect which he ought, the young Disraeli said, "It seems to me your Lordship has taken your knowledge of the East from the *Arabian Nights*." Some Prime Ministers would have snubbed the young man severely, but Lord Melbourne was not of that kind. He rubbed his hands with great cheerfulness, and said: "And a devilish good place to take them from." So *Waverley* is an uncommonly good source from which to derive one's impressions of Charles Edward at Holyrood. The sober historian takes the gilt off the gingerbread. We know from *Waverley* that Charles led Flora M'Iver out to the dance. The historian assures us that there is nothing so authentic as the fact that Charles did not dance at Holyrood. Nevertheless, Charles will lead Flora out to the dance for centuries to come!

Sober fact, at any rate, shows us officers in Highland and in Lowland garb passing and repassing in haste through the Palace, or loitering in the hall, waiting for orders. Secretaries are engaged making out passes, musters, and returns. All seem busy and earnestly intent upon matters of import. A thousand lights glittered in the Palace that night when Charles Edward "came home." In the great, long, low picture gallery, with its mythical portraits of a long line of Scottish kings, the flower of Scotland's nobility, her beauty, and her chivalry, gathered for that ball in the Prince's honour.

> "The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men;
> A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Hearts in hundreds were won for the Stuart cause by the grace and demeanour of the Prince, as he moved in the halls of his ancestors, "wearing his own fair hair": dignified, yet polished and easy in his manner; the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features generally remarked; the star on his breast and the embroidered garter on his knee pointing him out to any who were in doubt. "A Prince to live and die under!" as Waverley exclaimed in his enthusiasm.

Yet they could not help remarking on his melancholy. Why should he look so sad? It was not so many days since he had been playing those

practical jokes on Sullivan at Perth. Alas! the jealousies and intrigues of his more immediate followers were already disturbing him. "No marvel is it," says Mr. Lang, "that his confidence in men broke down, as his own character collapsed under distress and disappointment." After all, the Prince's melancholy is not so difficult to explain. Sanguine as he was, he must at times have been seized with the conviction that his was a forlorn hope.

But the dance is now over at Holyrood. The Prince led the way to another *suite* of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables, with an air of dignity mingled with courtesy which well became his birth and lofty pretensions. An hour had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting.

"Good-night, then," said the Chevalier, rising; "good-night, and joy be with you! Good-night, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince. Good-night, my brave friends: may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the Palace of Holyrood!"

CHAPTER XIII

EDINBURGH TO DERBY AND CULLODEN

All this time the Prince's forces were resting at Duddingston, to-day a mere toy village, breathing soft smoke pillars and fruit-tree fragrance ; silent almost as Pompeii itself. There the sturdy Highlanders might lie on their backs and look out to the south at Queen Mary's favourite castle of Craigmillar, now an ivy-clad ruin. They could look up to the low hills of Braid, over which Marmion rode, on which Fitz-Eustace, at sight of the old Edinburgh of the Jameses,

> " Raised his bridle hand,
> And made a demivolte in air."

Beyond them lay the lovely undulating line of the Pentlands. Arthur Seat looked down on the little village, where the " jougs " still dangle, beside the " loupin'-on stane," at the gate of the picturesque parish church.

Here, in short, the Highlanders found themselves face to face with scenery which would recall to many of them the mountain fastnesses they had left behind. On the right they had the bold outline of Samson's Ribs ; in front, the high precipices of the Salisbury Crags, and the rugged sides of Arthur Seat, under whose shadow they were encamped. It has been suggested that Charles settled his army at Duddingston with a

view to preserve discipline and prevent the Highlanders getting into dissipation and creating disturbance in the capital itself. But the capital was, after all, within a stone's throw to a Highlander. And Charlie's men were not really the drunken savages they have sometimes been pictured.

Mr. W. B. Blaikie, who has made a special study of this branch of the subject, says that, in his investigations into the history of the '45, he has read a number of letters and narrations both of Highlanders and Lowlanders, high and low, and has found that in writing, spelling, and composition, the Highlander was at least as good as the Lowlander. The discipline of the Highland clansmen, too, was, he declares, wonderful. Throughout the occupation of the capital there was little excess and no oppression by the Highland soldiers, the utmost being an occasional demand for a few coppers to buy snuff. It is on record that there were no riots in the streets, and not so much as a drunk man to be seen. That is Mr. Blaikie's finding. It is, perhaps, a trifle on the side of partiality for the Highlanders, who may well have found it impossible to get drunk upon Edinburgh small ale! But that is an aside.

The Highlanders had come South, not to drink, but to do business with the Saxon usurper. And now the time for action was at hand. Charles Edward had been but two days at Holyrood when

the news came that Cope was marching from Dunbar to the capital. The famous contemporary ballad indicates the situation—

" Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar :
' Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
An' I'll learn ye the airt o' war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.'

" When Charles look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from :
Come, follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."

What Charles actually said (and he said it with " a very determined countenance ") was : "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard ; with God's assistance, I don't doubt of making you a free and happy people. Mr. Cope shall not escape us as he did in the Highlands." And so, with the cavalry scouts in front, the army set off to " meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."

We get a vivid picture of the forces as they appeared to a lady while they passed out of Duddingston : " They strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking round them with an air of fierce resolution. The Prince rode amidst his officers at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry stubble fields beside the road, his graceful carriage and comely looks, his long light hair straggling below his neck, and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the jewelled St.

Andrew dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon, making him the centre of attraction to all spectators."

The army pressed forward—through Portobello ; through Musselburgh and the rising ground made memorable by the battle of Pinkie, fought nearly two centuries before ; past Fawside Castle, and on to Tranent, between which and Prestonpans they came in sight of Johnnie Cope and his men. They were encamped below, in marshy ground ; and the Highlanders, high up, noted the situation with gleeful anticipation. "Even a haggis (God bless her !) could charge downhill," they said.

And how the Highlanders *did* charge, emerging upon Cope's men that memorable morning from the mists that the sun was just beginning to disperse ! Not many hours before, Cope, so it is reported, had addressed his army in these terms—

"Gentlemen, you are about to fight with a parcel of rabble, a small number of Highlanders, a parcel of brutes. You can expect no booty from such a poor, despicable pack. But I have authority to declare that you shall have eight full hours' plunder and pillage of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs (the places which harboured and succoured them), at your discretion, with impunity."

But Johnnie Cope's men never saw Edinburgh. Within a few minutes of the onset of that "parcel of brutes," the Royalist forces were in full flight, leaving 1,500 prisoners behind them, their cannon,

baggage, treasure chest, and all the rest. "Cope would not cope," as an incorrigible punster wrote.

> "Some rade on horse, some ran on foot;
> Their heels were light, their heads were giddy:
> But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair
> To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie."

The poor "pudding-headed General," as Cope has been called, was alarmed almost out of his wits. He was quite incapable of withstanding the impetuous military tactics of the Highlanders, the mere sight of whose peculiar costume and weapons terrified him into an ignominious retreat. Or, as another version of the old song runs—

> "But when he saw the Highland lads,
> Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
> Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
> O, Johnnie he took wing in the morning."

> "In faith I got sic flegs,
> Wi' their claymore and philabegs;
> If I face them, ye may break my legs,
> So I wish ye a' guid morning."

It was at Prestonpans that the Highlanders' peculiar mode of fighting was, perhaps, best exhibited. When the pipes gave the signal to advance, every man took off his bonnet and murmured a short prayer. Then, replacing their bonnets, and pressing them well down over the forehead, the men went forward to the attack in characteristic fashion. They made for the foe at a sharp trot; discharged their pieces; threw them away, and dashed among their enemies.

A military expert says that when on a hostile expedition, a Highland column marched three deep. On halting and fronting, the line was thus at once in three ranks, which was the formation of attack.

" Each sept, of which there might be several in a clan, then massed itself together, the chief leading, the *doaine wailse* —his blood relations—next to him, and in the rear of these the ordinary men, who might not be so well equipped. The line was thus formed of small irregular columns, each under its own chief, who at the final rush led them on, claymore and dirk in hand. Comparatively little use was made of the musket, which was often thrown aside after a round or two, the great object being to close with the sword as rapidly as possible. From the size of some of the clan regiments, it is evident that they must have been divided into bodies corresponding to the modern company, and that they were able to form open or quarter column and deploy."

But the Highlanders' mode of fighting is really best described by the Chevalier Johnstone, *aide-de-camp* to the Prince. He says—

" They advance with rapidity, discharge their pieces when within musket length of the enemy, and then, throwing them down, draw their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand with their target, they dart with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemies' bayonets, bending their left knee, they, by their attitude, cover their bodies with their targets that receive the thrusts of the bayonets, which they contrive to parry, while at the same time they raise their sword-arm and strike their adversary. Having once got within the bayonets and into the ranks of the enemy, the soldiers have no longer any means of defending themselves, the fate of the battle is decided in an instant, and the carnage follows ; the Highlanders bringing down two men at a time, one with the dirk in the left hand, and another with the sword . . . the attack is so terrible that the

best troops in Europe would with difficulty sustain the first shock of it ; and, if the swords of the Highlanders once came in contact with them, their defeat is inevitable."

The Highlanders had a violent dislike to musket-fire. That much we learn from the Jacobite minstrelsy, if from no other source. To them, the ordinary bullet seemed as unfair as lyddite shells seemed to the Boers. The complaint is found in an old song, which explains the failure of the attack on Dunkeld after Killiecrankie, by denouncing the "cowherds" who fired from cover, and would not come forward to have the matter out with the claymore. Dundee's men had suffered from the same cause at Raon-mairi ; and the deadly effect of the volleys poured in by Mackay's troops is realised all the more vividly in the light of Iain Louis' lines: "the ground was so bare that a hare could not hide her ears on it." But enough of that : we must hurry on.

The defeat of the English at Prestonpans gave extraordinary *éclat* to the Jacobite movement. Lord President Forbes did not exaggerate when he said that after this victory, all Jacobites, how prudent soever, "became mad ; all doubtful people became Jacobites ; all bankrupts became heroes, and talked of nothing but hereditary rights and victory. And, what was more grievous to men of gallantry, all the fine ladies became passionately fond of the Young Pretender, and used all their arts for him in the most intemperate manner." Everybody joined the Old Jacobites

in drinking deep potations to a prince who, as the *Caledonian Mercury* said, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on pease straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

The Prince's army returned to Edinburgh (or, rather, to Duddingston) after the great victory, and the Camerons were actually sounding their pipes in hearing of Holyrood within three hours of the taking of the colours from Cope's dragoons. Next day was Sunday, but, "for a' that," the main body of the army paraded through the streets of the capital, with flags flying, prisoners in keeping, cannon at heels, the pipes triumphantly enouncing the Cavaliers' air of "The King shall enjoy his own again." Charles himself arrived at Holyrood in the tail of the procession, having been resting at Pinkie House with his officers the previous evening.

The people welcomed him with "the loudest acclamations." He was now practically in possession of the country. The Castles of Stirling and Edinburgh alone held out, unsubdued. He encamped his troops at Duddingston again, and settled down at Holyrood, where he enjoyed for a brief period the privileges of undisputed sovereignty, holding Court for distinguished sympathisers, giving balls to the Jacobite ladies of the capital, visiting his camp daily, reviewing his troops, stimulating their zeal, improving their discipline and organisation. Everybody liked him, equally for his personal appearance

and for his evident desire to satisfy national prejudices.

In the camp at Duddingston the scene must have been animated enough. The equipment, as a local historian says, was certainly none of the best, but the sturdy North-men, accustomed to rough it in the open, thought nothing of discomforts. All were enthusiastic and hopeful, and, with not a little military skill, measures were immediately taken by the Prince and his officers to organise their forces to the best advantage for the next important movement. All through this September, the Highlanders at Duddingston were favoured with such splendid weather that most of them slept on the open ground, ignoring their tents. Charlie himself often went out in the evening (from Holyrood) to the camp, and slept there in his Highland plaid.

From the diary of one of the officers we have the following interesting memorandum of the Prince's movements after Prestonpans—

"In the morning before the Council met, the Prince Regent had a levee of his officers and other people who favoured his cause. Upon the rising of the Council, which often sat very long—for his councillors frequently differed in opinion with one another, and sometimes with him—he dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner he rode out to Duddingston to the camp. In the evening he returned to Holyrood and received the ladies in his drawing-room. He then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper, and a ball afterwards."

It was the eve of a campaign romantic, wildly adventurous, disastrous. Prince Charlie never

saw Edinburgh again. The home of his House was dead to him for ever.

Master of Scotland, as he felt hmself, he now determined on an invasion of England. The prudent of his Council deprecated the rash procedure ; the wilder spirits sang—

" Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border and gi'e them a brush ;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver."

Ultimately, an agreement was made ; and Charles, with an army of between five and six thousand men, commenced the march southward. On the 17th November, they entered Carlisle, " wi' its zetts an' castles an' a'," as conquerors. Lady Nairne's song (her father was with the army, so she would get the facts at first hand) tells how

" The Esk it was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound."

We may well apply to these wild Highlanders the words of Shakespeare's Belisarius : " 'Tis wonderful that an invisible instinct should frame them to loyalty unlearned ; honour untaught ; civility not seen from other ; valour, that wildly grows in them, but yields a crop as if it had been sown."

The capitulation of Carlisle spurred Charles to further advance ; nor was his progress stayed till he reached Derby, within 90 miles of England's capital—farther into the country of the " auld

enemy" than any Scottish invading force had yet penetrated. Should he go on, and dispute, under the walls of the metropolis, the pretensions of the reigning monarch to the throne? The question was much debated. Charles was all for advance. But his advisers took in the situation with a cool calculation to which he was a stranger. The resources, they saw, were wholly inadequate. Provincial England was unsympathetic; recruits were not forthcoming. Two persons only had joined from Northumberland; except a few of the common people of Manchester, not a soul had appeared in the Prince's behalf. The confidence of the Highlanders was weakening the farther they became removed from their native hills and glens. Conflicting opinions were voiced in the Jacobite council; but the prudence of timely retreat was urged on the over-ambitious leader, by whom the disheartening measure was finally accepted. The army, it was decided, must return to Scotland without delay.

It was on Black Friday, the 6th December, 1745, that the retreat from Derby began. A fortnight earlier, when the Highlanders were still pressing southward, and when there were all sorts of rumours as to their actual whereabouts, we learn from Shenstone, the poet, writing from The Leasowes, near Birmingham, that—

"Every individual nailer here takes in a newspaper, a more pregnant one by far than any of the London ones, and talks familiarly of kings and princes as ever Master Shallow did of

John of Gaunt. Indeed, it is no bad thing that they do so; for I cannot conceive that the people want so much to be convinced by sermons of the absurdities of Popery, as they do by newspapers, that it may possibly prevail. The reasons and arguments, too, in favour of the present Government are so strong and obvious, that even I and every country squire, and every country clerk, and Sam Shaw, the taylor, seem to be as much masters of them, as the Bishops themselves."

Thus it would seem that there were working men in and around Birmingham even then who had minds of their own!

The return to Scotland was accomplished in a masterly manner, notwithstanding that two armies were now closing in upon the rebels—one at Newcastle, the other at Stafford. The Highlanders were at Carlisle again on the 19th December. On the 20th they crossed the Esk, and arrived in Glasgow on Christmas Day, having during the fifty-six days since they left Edinburgh marched a total of 580 miles, and literally walked round two armies, each double their strength and well supplied with cavalry.

At Glasgow they had a short rest, of which they were obviously in sore need. Here is an interesting illustration of their circumstances at the time. It is dated 31st December, 1745—

"James Fairly, one of the Linlithgow volunteers, went to Glasgow Saturday last and left it yesterday morning. While there he was inform'd by some persons of character who had compted the Rebels as they entered the Town,—that their whole number was 3,500 and some odd men. That of this number there are, as nearly as he could learn and observe,

about 1,000 that are good fighting men and in top spirits and condition. But that the residue of them are sadly distress'd with colds, and so fatigu'd and weak that at present they seem quite unfitt for any action or service. They are mostly very badly cloth'd; many of them are all in Raggs and barefooted. But make no ceremony in taking stockings and Shoes off any persons that they meet. They have about 300 Horse only in all, which is included in the above number, and many of them are sadly reduced and have sore backs and other ailments. Their arms are terribly spoilt with the Rains and Waters when crossing them, and have now the whole smiths in Glasgow at work in repairing them. Their number of Cannon consist only of 3 feild peices [*sic*]. They have of Carriages in all, 9 cover'd Waggons, and two open Carts with some Ammunition, and have little or no more Baggage than what is on these Carriages. . . .

" They scour the Country about the Town and seize all the Horses they can get, and rob many in the villages about the place. The pretender has Issued ane order to discourage and discharge this. But little or no regard is had to it."

The Highland army left Glasgow on the 3rd of January, 1746, and were soon at Stirling, by way of Bannockburn. Stirling itself surrendered, but the Castle held out; and Charles was designing schemes for its investment when he heard of the arrival of General Hawley's forces, about 9,000 men, at Falkirk. Hawley had seen much service on the Continent, and, like Cope, had a supreme contempt for the Highlanders. On the morning after he marched into Falkirk, he went off to breakfast with Lady Kilmarnock at Callender House, never dreaming that the enemy would open hostilities against a force like his. But Charles, depressed and broken by the forced retreat from England, remembering, too, the

triumph of Prestonpans, decided to attack Hawley at once. The result was another rout like Prestonpans.

The Royalist men escaped to Linlithgow, ten miles off, abandoning artillery, camps, stores, and everything ; leaving behind them some 500 killed and 700 prisoners, while the killed and wounded among the Highlanders did not exceed 130 men. " Celtic melancholy " is much insisted on in these later days. But the habit of being depressed in adversity is not at all peculiar to the Celtic race. The Celtic muse can laugh heartily as well as weep. Duncan Ban, who found himself in the Royalist ranks at Falkirk, while his sympathies were with the Prince, is quietly humorous over the discomfiture of King George's troops, and well pleased with his own good luck in getting off scot free. These are the lines with which one of his songs closes—

" All Argyle's militia daring,
Out went faring with their gentry,
Toward the Prince's camp repairing,
Thinking there to force an entry.
Many a man who then was present
Had less pleasant fate than I did,
Left with Death above them stalking
After Falkirk was decided."

After Falkirk was decided, Charles returned to the siege of Stirling, but that was reluctantly abandoned ; and on the 1st February the Highlanders, breaking up into two portions for different routes, set off for the North, with Inverness as

the point of re-union. On the 16th, Charles was at Moy Hall, about ten miles from the Highland capital, the guest of Lady Mackintosh. Lord Louden, with 1,700 men, was holding Inverness for the Government. He resolved on attempting the capture of the Jacobite leader.

A force numbering, it is stated, 900 men was sent off at night for this purpose, but the head of the column was itself attacked when *en route*, and defeated in the dark by four skilfully-handled men under a daring blacksmith named Fraser, who happened to be at the Hall, "having a desire to see the Prince." When night fell, Fraser and his men bestowed themselves on the moor skirting the Inverness road. By-and-bye the tramp of Louden's men broke the silence. Five shots rang out their echoes over the heather. Death fell among the Louden men. "Advance! my lads! I think we have the dogs now," shouted the blacksmith in a stentorian voice. The astonished Royalists hesitated not a moment. "Pell-mell they rushed for Inverness and safety, leaving the strange battlefield to the stalwart five." This affair was long known as the Rout of Moy.

On the 18th February, Charles took possession of Inverness, with Culloden immediately in front.

CHAPTER XIV

CULLODEN'S DARK DAY

"They came to Culloden, the dark field of danger,
Oh, why will not memory the record efface?
Alas! for their leader, the gallant young stranger!
And woe to the traitors who wrought the disgrace!
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen.

. . . . .

"Alas! for 'my country'—her 'glory departed'—
No more shall the thistle its purple bloom wave!
But shame to the coward, the traitor false-hearted!
And barren the black sod be aye on his grave!
Weep, Caledonia—Weep for the fallen."

CHARLES was not prepared for Culloden. The forces against him were now too great. On the North and West were the scattered clans hostile to the Prince, which President Forbes had got together. On the South were the Argylls and the Hessians; the Duke of Cumberland was already at Aberdeen, prepared, when the country was sufficiently clear of snow, to advance direct on Inverness. Assistance from France was hopeless, for all the North Highland ports were effectually blockaded by English men-of-war.

Moreover, the Prince's army suffered from lack of discipline and proper military arrangements. They were tired; they were hungry. Great numbers of them had dispersed in search of provisions; many, overcome with fatigue and sleep, had thrown themselves down on the heath.

Nobody describes their condition better than the Chevalier Johnstone—

"Exhausted with hunger, and worn out with the excessive fatigues of the last three nights, as soon as we reached Culloden I turned off as fast as I could to Inverness, where, eager to recruit my strength by a little sleep, I tore off my clothes, half asleep all the while; but when I had already one leg in bed, and was on the point of stretching myself between the sheets, what was my surprise to hear the drum beat to arms, and the trumpets of the piquet of Fitzjames sounding the call to boot-and-saddle, which struck me like a clap of thunder. I hurried on my clothes, my eyes half shut, and mounting a horse, I instantly repaired to our army, on the eminence on which we had remained for three days, and from which we saw the English at the distance of about two miles from us. They appeared at first disposed to encamp in the position where they then were, many of their tents being already erected; but all at once their tents disappeared, and we immediately perceived them in movement towards us. The view of our army making preparations for battle probably induced the Duke of Cumberland to change his plan; and, indeed, he must have been blind in the extreme to have delayed attacking us instantly, in the deplorable situation in which we were, worn out with hunger and fatigue; especially when he perceived from our manœuvre that we were impatient to give battle, under every possible disadvantage, and well disposed to facilitate our own destruction. The Duke, we were told, remained ignorant till it was day, of the danger to which he had been exposed during the night; and as soon as he knew it, he broke up his camp, and followed us closely."

Followed us closely! Ay, too closely! The fateful day had come when that weird, tumultuous battle prophecy of "Lochiel's Warning" was to be fulfilled: "Culloden is lost, and my country deplores." How shall we describe that last engagement fought on British soil? There before us, in

The Battle of Culloden

By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

imagination, are the tired and hungry Highlanders. Situation and circumstances are only too clearly against them. But they have never yet known defeat, and might not the Fates who presided at Prestonpans and Falkirk again give victory? Cumberland, at Nairn, is celebrating his birthday, and under cover of night the Highlanders expect to surprise a half-drunk soldiery. But the night march fails, for at dawn they are still four miles from the enemy's camp, and the distant roll of drums announces that the English are awake. Overcome with fatigue, many of the brave mountaineers have lain down in the woods, and the rest beat a hurried retreat to the moor, which they reach about five in the morning. Now yonder scout has sighted a body of the Duke's cavalry two miles away, and has learned that the whole army is but four miles distant.

The drums are beat, the pipes play the respective "gatherings," and for the last time call the clans to arms. Face to face stand the armies, and with loud huzzas each greets the other. May not those hill-men, from whom all sense of weariness has gone, yet win the day? But Cumberland's artillery has opened fire, and many a brave man is stretched on the heather. See! Was the ball meant for Charles Edward? It has killed one of his attendants, and the Prince's face is bespattered with mud.

For more than half an hour the Highlanders endure the galling fire; but, unable longer to

restrain themselves, the clans on the centre and the right rush forward on the English lines, and, although they break through the first, they are repelled by the second. Bravely those men fight; but what of their comrades on the left? The Macdonalds, deprived of the position of honour on the right, which they have held since Bannockburn, remain sullen and inactive. They have, indeed, discharged their muskets, but they refuse to advance, and without flinching endure the fire of the English regiments. Half mad with rage, they hew up the heather with their swords, and flee when the other clans give way. But not every Macdonald. For look at Keppoch, who is charging with a few of his kin. "My God!" he cries, "have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Forward he rushes, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, till a musket ball brings him to the ground. Again he advances, but, on receiving a second shot, he falls to rise no more.

And what of Macgillivray, the giant leader of the Mackintoshes? Yonder he is, "a gunshot past the enemy's cannon." How *he* fights! Another, and another. A dozen men have fallen before his broadsword. But see—ah!—a halberd has been run through his body. He has fallen beside the well. Dead? Yes, but not until he has carried to the spring a wounded boy who has asked for water. See Gillie Macbean, too! His companions have fled; but with his back against

a wall, and with targe and claymore, he keeps at bay a party of dragoons who contend for the honour of killing him. Macbean is cut to pieces, but thirteen of his enemies lie dead around him.

The day is lost, the Prince has left the field, and the Highlanders have fled.

> "All was done that could be done
> And all was done in vain."

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered, hopeless and fearless, fiercely had the men of the mountains fought. But fate and the trained forces of George II. were against them. The Duke of Cumberland, a young man of but twenty-five, had triumphed gloriously: had shown himself possessed of a military genius worthy of the house from which he sprung. Would that he had been content with his simple victory! Unfortunately, he forgot mercy in the hour of his glory, and stained his laurels with a needless effusion of blood. Well was he named "the royal butcher."

Twelve hundred Highlanders were slain in the heat of battle and in the pursuit. But not content with this profuse carnage, the English, at Cumberland's orders, traversed the field after the action, and massacred the miserable wretches who lay maimed and slowly dying. Even some of the officers took part in this scene of deliberate assassination. The Duke ordered a barn which

contained many of the wounded Highlanders to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers around it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back into the flames the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves. It is said that Cumberland ordered Major Wolfe to shoot Charles Fraser, younger, of Inverallochy, who was wounded and unable to defend himself. To the everlasting honour of Wolfe, he replied: "My commission is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner." Women were stripped and made to run races on horseback for the amusement of the brutal commander and his garrison. The spirit bred by "Butcher Cumberland" at Culloden and after was not likely to tend to loyalty to the Hanoverian; and the Highland mother still sings over her dying peat fire—

> "I ainee had sons, I now hae nane,
> I bred them toiling sairly;
> And I would bear them a' again,
> And lose them a' for Charlie."

Culloden Moor is not forgotten to-day. For a good many years past, each January and April, it has been the custom of a little group of ardent Jacobites to evince in public their interest in and regard for a regal house and a fallen dynasty. There is a long stretch of country between Charing Cross and Culloden, and well-nigh a hundred years separate the historic events which each suggests. Yet both the statue of Charles I., "hard

by his own Whitehall," and the fated field of Culloden, have become, to certain Legitimist and Jacobite coteries, the symbol and shrine of monarchial faith and worship. The magnificent floral wreaths, with accompanying fervid expressions of devotion, that on each recurring anniversary of the death of Charles I. are placed around the equestrian statue at Charing Cross, as well as similar tributes affixed on Culloden Day to the memorial cairn on the bleak Inverness-shire moor, testify to the ardour with which, in certain quarters, the Stuart sentiment is cherished.

Culloden is Scotland's second Bannockburn in point of battlefield interest. That it is not so well known as Bannockburn is due largely to the accident of its position. It has a lonely station on the Highland Railway, about six miles from Inverness; but as the field is four miles from the station which bears its name, visitors usually prefer to drive from the Highland capital. Every summer, hundreds stoop to the moorland and pluck the heather that blooms where the hopes of the Stuarts were quenched for ever—

> "Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
> Where Macgillivray died by the Well of the Dead."

Cumberland's Stone is, perhaps, the object that first attracts attention—an immense grey boulder, some 53 feet in circumference and about 5 feet in height, marking the spot from which the "Butcher" is supposed to have directed his

forces on that memorable day. If there be any who are eager to sing Culloden as a victory (one has never met the bard) here is the place for the ode! Near by is another rough stone with the quaint inscription: "Field of the English. They were buried here."

In another part of the field there is another stone with this inscription—

CLANS.
MACINTOSH.
MACLEAN.
MACLAUCHLAN.
MACGILLIVRAY.
HIGHLANDERS.

Other stones are inscribed severally: "Cameron," "Stewart of Appin," "Fraser." The stones are all of the roughest description. They look as if they had been hewn out with the head of a battle-axe, and lettered as rudely. But, as some one has put it, they are so in keeping with the place and with the strong, rough natures of the fiercely loyal clansmen who fell at Culloden, that they are far more impressive than the most imposing of monuments.

On one side of the highway—the road, it may be noted, traverses the field longitudinally—a huge cairn stands as a kind of general memorial of the events of that far-away April day. It is entirely devoid of ornament, this immense, sombre cairn, built of the common stones that had lain broadcast on the moor. On one side is an

Photo by *Capt. Stuart C. Houston*

One of the stones marking where the dead lie on the field of Culloden

inscription guarded by an iron grating. It runs—

"Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor, 16th April, 1746.
The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and
Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans."

By the names of their clans! No separate glory, no distinctive honour, for these heroic, if sadly deluded men who fell at Culloden!

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell;
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your mem'ry swell!
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

Feelings cannot fail to be touched by the sight of these "frail memorials." One short but bitter half-hour's work, and the battle was lost and won, and here we have all that tangibly marks the woeful day when the clans of Culloden were scattered in flight!

It must be changed somewhat since 1746, this moor of Culloden; but the fields which in autumn wave with the golden grain, and the fir plantations which clothe the old-time wild, bleak nakedness of the tableland, do not prevent one from realising pretty clearly the actual scene of the disastrous conflict. It is as grim and shelterless a

waste as vengeance could desire for an enemy's grave. The ground stands considerably above the sea-level, but it is practically flat for miles, sloping gently on the south side downwards as far as the river Nairn—beyond which rises abruptly a dark mountain ridge—and on the north side to the Moray Firth. The level nature of the ground must have rendered it peculiarly unfit for the movements of the Highlanders against cavalry and artillery. There could be no surprise. There was no bog in which the horses might sink up to their girths; no precipice from which the mountain men could roll down huge boulders upon the soldiers as they clambered up the narrow defile.

But we forget much of all that to-day. Seen in the summer sunshine, with the heather blooming profusely around, the glowing cornfields on the gentle slopes and uplands, and the purple beauty of the far-off hills, one can hardly imagine that the plain before him was the scene of a sanguinary conflict.

Perhaps to get the true "atmosphere" it is better to see Culloden under gloomy skies, when the sun is "sick with eclipse." So Mr. Lang must have seen it, judging from his singularly impressive lines—

> "Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden,
> And chill was the mist-drop that wept from the tree;
> The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden—
> No light on the land, and no wind on the sea.

"There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places
Where they sleep through the change of the snow and the suns."

CHAPTER XV

HAUNTED, HOMELESS, AND HOPELESS

" Dark though the day be, its clouds will blaw past,
An' a morrow will come wi' the sun shining fairly ;
Up the red steep we will struggle at last,
An' place the auld crown on your head, Royal Charlie ! "

ALAS ! no ; there was no crown for that royal head. Charles Edward was now a veritable outcast, a wanderer, and a fugitive in the wilds of the land he had looked to govern. His friends bewailed the lost cause, and sadly crooned over the old song—

" Oh, fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting,
Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ? "

With the dispersal of his forces, Charles emerges as the central figure of an afterpiece so strange and thrilling, that there is nothing else in history, nothing even in legend, that can really be compared with it. When love had departed and hope was no more, this, the late Prince Charming, was

" Haunted by foemen, and soul-clouding sadness,
Homeless, and hopeless, by traitors oppressed—
And stung by the storm of misfortune to madness."

Some writers insist that his conduct when he rode headlong from his defeat at Culloden is open to censure. But what was he to do ? That day every single soul had to see to his own safety in

the best way he could. These Highlanders, one must always remember, were of no regular, trained army, bound by military law and military tradition to retire in a body. They fled precipitately before the pursuing forces of Cumberland, each dreading capture. Who among them all had more reason to dread capture than their leader ?

Charles' personal courage has been questioned in connection with this hurried flight from the field. But there is no ground for any such charge. Charles Edward was no coward, as we have more than once seen already. He fled, as others fled ; but not, we may be sure, solely out of regard for his own safety. The game was obviously " up," for the time at least. What more could be done ? It is absurd to talk of the " defection " of the leader. Who wanted to be led now ? There was, it has been proved, some idea of a rally at Fort Augustus. But the Highlanders had had their fill of fighting. They were no more minded to face Cumberland and his men. Charlie was as ready as ever to lead them, if they cared to be led—to die sword in hand, as he swore to Cluny and Lochiel when, after months of weary wandering he consulted with these ardent Jacobites in the wild recesses of Benalder. But Culloden had been enough for Charles' rank and file : they would have no more of such adventures.

Meanwhile, Charles was a fugitive, with that £30,000 still upon his head. And what a strange recital he provides in this character ! To quote

the words with which Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, closes his dramatic narrative of the '45 : " The story of Charles Edward's wanderings made, perhaps, the most perfect romance of real life ever told ; and wherever it went it was accompanied by the honourable national characteristic that, passing through the hands of friends and of foes, of respectable gentlemen and of robbers, not one of the thousands who knew where to find him claimed the thirty thousand pounds to be earned by a revelation of that knowledge."

To this may be added the verdict of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. There is not, says he, speaking of Charles' experiences in the Highlands after Culloden, " there is not an incident recorded in the various narratives that does not reflect rays of honour on the character of the Highlanders, and rays of no ordinary splendour. No mercenary consideration could induce the meanest peasant to swerve from the high principles of honour for which that people have so often been lauded. The trust confided in them was held sacred, though imprisonment and death threatened on the one side, and riches and power beckoned on the other. Their fate fulfilled the threat ! "

The common people loved their Prince even in defeat. They sheltered and protected him, running risks even to death itself for him. " The flame of personal loyalty and honour, that greed,

ambition, and foreign vices had begun to weaken in the hearts of the travelled aristocracy, still burned clear and bright in the bosoms of the poor, primitive inhabitants of the Inverness-shire straths and the Western Isles. Charles' dependence now was not upon Highland Jacobitism, but upon the Highland people. The darling of the Jacobite muse, they sang of him—

"Though my fireside it be but sma',
And bare and comfortless witha',
I'll keep a seat and maybe twa,
To welcome bonnie Charlie.
Although my aumrie and my shiel'
Are toom as the glen of Earnanhyle,
I'll keep my hindmost handfu' meal
To gie to bonnie Charlie.

'Although my lands are fair and wide,
It's there nae langer I maun bide;
Yet my last hoof, and horn and hide
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.
Although my heart is unco sair
And lies fu' lonely in its lair,
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie."

During the five months of his Highland flittings and roamings—hunted by the eager sleuth-hounds of the Government—Charles time and again owed his life to "men and women in whose political record there was nothing to deter them from earning the thirty thousand pounds placed upon his head." But what good would the princely reward have done to any one who earned it?

He would probably have been dirked at once for his "disloyalty." Charles Edward was a Scottish Prince, the guest of the Highlanders, and honour demanded that he should leave the country in safety. Truly, as one writer puts it, "there is no prouder page in the annals of any people than the story of those five months," to which we now give our attention.

What a time it was! Turning his back on Culloden, Charles and his little company presently arrived at Gortuleg, the mountain stronghold of that shuffling old fox, Lord Lovat. Lovat was found to be in a state of senile distraction, running about the house crying, "Chop off my head! Chop off my head!" as if in prophetic augury of the not distant future. Clearly, Lovat could provide no safety or comfort for the Prince and his companions; so they pushed on to Invergarry. There, too, the Castle "frowned empty and inhospitable." But the party breakfasted on two salmon found in a net at the river mouth by Edward Burke, the Edinburgh chairman whom Charles had chosen from among his routed forces as his guide in these northern wilds. The meal was "reckoned very savoury and acceptable" by the worn and anxious fugitives, as we may well believe.

It was hazardous to rest, however; and that afternoon saw them on the move again, Charles, throwing away his French finery, disguised in a coat which Burke had proudly lent for the

purpose. For four days they skulked about in Arisaig. Then, on they went again, over almost inaccessible mountains, sleeping in shielings, cowering in huts darkened by peat reek, always with the dread fear of the pursuers behind them. Foot-sore and weary, despondent and despairing, at length they reached the coast, only to find disappointment there, too. No ministering ship breasted these waters, ready to bear the Prince away to safety and succour. Only a fortnight before, French vessels had brought that Loch Arkaig treasure to Borrodale; but they were gone, and Charles sighed and looked in vain for a friendly sail.

One whole week was passed in Borrodale, the Prince moving about uneasily in "a suit of new Highland cloathes," the gift of Macdonald of Borrodale's wife. Friends rose up everywhere. It was here that Charles met that gallant crofter, Donald Macleod, who had come from Skye at the instigation of banker Æneas Macdonald to guide him to the Long Island, if necessity arose.

To the Long Island, then, it was decided they would go, "where I may look for more safety than I can do here," as Charles said. A stout eight-oared boat was got ready; Donald saw to the commissariat (meal and "a pot for boiling pottage"), and in the twilight of April 26th the company, numbering fourteen—passengers and crew—pushed away from Lochnanuagh. A great storm arose, and Charles, who sat in the bottom

of the boat between Donald's feet, pleaded to be put ashore. He would rather, he said, face cannons and muskets than these angry waves.

But Donald and his boatmen pulled on, refusing to alter their course ; and next morning, from the grey mist emerged the bleak hills of Benbecula. The boat was run into a bay at Rossinish ; and there, in a convenient hut, a fire was kindled for drying the dripping clothes of the tempest-tossed fugitives. Poor Charles ! He lay down to sleep soundly with "an old sail-cloth for blanket." Next day, they seized and killed a vagrant cow, and it was only when the flesh of the unlucky animal gave out that they moved again.

They put to sea and steered northward, landing at the island of Scalpa, at the mouth of Loch Tarbet, in Harris. There Charles, passing himself off as a Mr. Sinclair, a shipwrecked merchant, found a kindly host in one Donald Campbell, a farmer friend of Donald Macleod. Meanwhile, Donald was on his way to Stornoway, with instructions to hire there a sailing boat for the Orkneys. The boat was found, and Charles, advised to that effect, now set out for Stornoway, accompanied by O'Neil and O'Sullivan. After footing it for nearly forty miles over hills and bogs, the trio reached a moor in the neighbourhood, "wet to the skin," and hungry as hawks.

Macleod came with bread and cheese and—brandy. When they had refreshed themselves, the little party were led to the house of a Mrs.

Mackenzie. There Charles cast his shirt, "which one of the company did wring upon the hearth-stone, and did spread it upon a chair before the fire to have it dried." How did Charles survive all these hardships, for which his previous life had given him little preparation?

Macleod having seen his Prince made steamingly comfortable before the blazing hearth, trudged away back to Stornoway to get things ready for the trip to the Orkneys. But Stornoway, as Donald discovered, was now in possession of the secret: "Mr. Sinclair," it was known, was no other than Charles Edward Stuart. The information had been obtained from a Presbyterian parson, the Rev. John Macaulay, of South Uist, grandfather (one regrets to say, in this connection) of the great Lord Macaulay. Donald Macleod had, however, not been daunted. He had appealed to Highland honour by telling the Stornoway people the truth about his "charge," and had added that "if Seaforth himself" (the Hanoverian chief of the Mackenzies) "were here, by God! he durst not put a hand on the Prince's breast."

All the same, it was obviously unsafe for the Prince to remain where he was, so the company moved once more. Their next resting-place was the desert islet of Eurin, off the east coast of Lewis, about 12 miles from Stornoway. There, in a "low, pitiful hut," sleeping on the bare ground, they remained for four days, living on

"good dry fish," comforting themselves with hot punch, companioned by cheerful fires of heather and twig.

Again that most serviceable boat put to sea. Charles had decided to re-visit his old host, Donald Campbell, at Scalpa. Unluckily, Donald had "gone a-skulking for fear of being laid up," the fact of his having entertained the Prince having somehow leaked out. Southward still further the fugitives coasted, all toiling mightily at the oars, straining every muscle at sight of every strange ship. Provisions began to give out; breakfast had to be made of "dramach," a mixture of meal and salt water. This could hardly be called princely fare. But Charles Edward was not particular in those days. "Never any meat or drink came wrong to him," says the faithful Donald, and he "was always cheerful and contented in every condition." Charles Edward had a good constitution, as yet, otherwise he could never have come through what he did in the course of these migrations.

It is unnecessary to follow him and his friends in any detail. The story is always the same. In Benbecula the shelter is a poor grasskeeper's bothy or hut, the door of which is so low that the Prince has to get in and out on all fours. Meals were often scanty enough, but Charles was a good sportsman, and game and fish occasionally replenished the larder. One would imagine it to be very dreary for Charles, but he is reported as

relieving the *ennui* by cooking and card-playing, and the perusal of fantastic accounts of his own adventures in the Edinburgh and Glasgow journals sent to him by sympathising friends. When things were specially dull, he would, as one of his companions tells, "step into a by-chamber which served as a pantry, and put the bottle of brandy or whiskie to his head, and take his dram without any ceremony." His private practice in this respect, observes one commentator, enabled him to shine conspicuously on one occasion, when a party of young Macdonalds came to pay him their respects. "Their drink was only cold brandy out of a clean shell, without any mixture at all, and the Prince stood it out better than any of them in drinking the health of the day." Indeed, when Boisdale called next morning, he found all the Macdonalds lying sick in bed, and the Prince going round covering them up with plaids.

Coradale formed a resting-place for some time, but, remote as it was, Coradale, too, proved unsafe. Early in June, Charles learned that the Hanoverians were close on his scent; and, penniless and despairing, he had to shift his quarters again. Once more the old boat was manned, this time steering northward. Wiay and Rossinish gave shelter in turn, but the pursuers were narrowing upon the Prince, and, like Noah's dove, he found no place for the sole of his foot. Here and there, in and out among the islands, he and

his faithful followers crept, dodging suspicious sails. Loch Boisdale was made just in time to escape the attentions of two hostile craft. Charles hid himself in the heather; but the heather, too, was being scoured by the redcoats, and they were now within a couple of miles of the "lad." The "lad" was getting heartily sick of it. On June 21st he sorrowfully dismissed the devoted Donald and his boatmen; and that same day introduced him to the equally devoted Flora Macdonald, his most famous preserver.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BONNIE YOUNG FLORA

" Kind Providence to thee a friend,
A lovely maid, did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
Thou royal Charlie Stuart."

DR. JOHNSON uttered a very commonplace sentiment when he declared that the name of Flora Macdonald " is one that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." Flora Macdonald's name must live as long as the name of bonnie Prince Charlie. No Scottish woman holds a warmer place in the hearts of the Scottish people. She is the " bonnie young Flora " of Hogg's well-known lyric, and of many other songs besides. To tell again, in full, the story of her self-sacrificing devotion would surely be superfluous. Who that has ever heard it is likely to forget it. But for the cool presence of mind displayed by this Highland girl during the time the Prince was hiding in Skye, and the clever stratagem by which she transformed a king's son into an Irish serving-maid, there can be little doubt that the Jacobite leader's capture would have been effected, and one more victim would have been sent to the shambles of Tower Hill or Kennington Common.

Something, at least, of the romantic story must be told. We left Charles in South Uist, after he

had parted with the trusty Donald Macleod. The redcoats were at his heels; his saviour was at hand. Flora Macdonald had just arrived from her home in Skye on a visit to her brother, Macdonald of Milton. What was her previous history? She was the only daughter of a small tacksman, a cadet of the Clanranald family, who died when she was two years old. Her mother re-married, and Flora was practically adopted by Lady Clanranald.

"As a child, and throughout life," says one, "she was a strange blend of dutifulness and dreaminess, of common sense and romance." She would stand for hours watching the Atlantic rollers on the west coast of Uist; but she "plied her book," and won local fame as a player on the spinet and a reciter of long Gaelic poems. She was a great favourite with the small farmers, and acted as a sympathetic link between them and the gentry. When seventeen, she was taken up by Lady Margaret Macdonald of Sleat, who sent her to a fashionable ladies' school in Edinburgh. She was, in fact, in Edinburgh with Lady Macdonald when the '45 broke out, and returned with her to Skye before Culloden decided the fate of Prince Charlie.

And thus it came about that "in the pale northern glimmer of a June midnight, on a lonely plain between the silent Hebridean hills and the whispering ocean, Charles met the modest Highland girl whose name is brightest in Jacobite

From the painting by *Allan Ramsay, in the Bodleian Library*

Flora Macdonald

romance." Flora had already met O'Neil, the Prince's only remaining attendant, and she knew that the Prince was in Uist. Probably she had not yet thought of being of service to him, especially as her step-father was among the Skye Militia then scouring the island in search of the fugitive. It seems clear, however, that once on the spot she interested herself very practically on the Prince's behalf.

O'Neil's story is authoritative. He tells how he met Flora at midnight, while Charles remained some distance off. Flora, it is suggested, had come out in search of O'Neil to warn him of the movements of the Militia. They were to pass, not that day, but the day after, she said. "Then I told her," writes O'Neil, "I brought a friend to see her, and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him."

There is a romantic account of the first meeting, which represents Flora as falling on her knees before the Prince. Charles, according to this account, was overcome to tears by her devotion; raised her to her feet; kissed her on the forehead, and said: "Do not kneel to me, my dear. I'm but a poor hunted man, with neither name nor home, and never more will Charles Stuart come near the throne of his fathers! Help me to escape from my enemies, and you will help not only your Prince, but a poor, unfortunate mortal who stands sore in need of sympathy."

However this may have been, it was no time for sentimental dallying. Charles Edward was being hunted from mountain to glen, from rock to cave. Soldiers were scattered everywhere, guarding and watching every point. Sloops of war patrolled the seas, for it was correctly assumed that Charles would run for France.

> "On hills that are by right his ain
> He roams a lonely stranger;
> On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
> On ilka side by danger."

This was the critical position of the Prince at the moment, as it had been for many weeks. Could Flora

> "Carry the lad that was born to be King,
> Over the sea to Skye"?

That was the question now addressed to her by the anxious O'Neil. Flora hesitated, not because she feared the personal danger of the enterprise, but because of the suspicion that might fall upon her chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, then under the orders of Cumberland. O'Neil pressed the point, enlarging on the distinction that posterity would accord to her as the saviour of the Prince. Charles himself assured her of his undying gratitude. At length, the brave girl assented; and, after the question of a disguise had been discussed, they parted—Flora on her way to Clanranald's house, O'Neil and the Prince to their old retreat in Coradale.

Soldiers intercepted her way and that of her

attendant, Neil McEachan, a tutor in the Clanranald family. Who were they? Where were their passports? No passports were forthcoming, and the pair were detained in custody. Luckily, Flora's stepfather, Hugh Macdonald, was captain of this particular company. Though in the Hanoverian service—he was at heart a Jacobite, and when Flora told him of her plans for the Prince—how the Prince was to go to Skye disguised as her Irish maid, "Betty Burke,"—he wrote the necessary passports and ordered the release of the "suspects." Further, he dispatched a letter to his wife, Flora's mother, in which he said—

"I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be anyway frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinner. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint, or if you have any wool to spin you may employ her."

So, then, the way was so far clear. Flora set about procuring the necessary garments for "Betty"—a print cotton gown, a white apron, a large coarse cloak, and a linen cap; and, in the company of Lady Clanranald (a Jacobite to the heart's core) and Neil McEachan, made off for the appointed rendezvous at Rossinish. Charles had been spending some anxious days here, and under the fear that the arrangement was to break down, had (so it is said) made up his mind to surrender.

But his friends were now at his side. They

found him in a miserable hut, cooking a dinner of bullock's heart, liver, and kidneys on a wooden spit. Much fun was made of the Prince when presently he began to move about in his petticoats. He made a suspiciously tall and lanky woman; and being unable properly to manage his novel dress, he often found himself in difficulties. His face was "womanish," and his yellow hair helped him to play the part of Betty Burke. But the petticoats—they threatened to prove his undoing.

In wading the rivulets on their route, for instance, when in company with strangers, the Prince would often lift his petticoats so high as to alarm the fears of Neil McEachan beyond all measure. Neil would then beseech his Royal Highness to be more circumspect, and, if possible, to "keep down te petticoats, or tay would all pe ruined." The Prince, though sensible of the justice of Neil's complaints, used to laugh heartily on such occasions, and would tell him, jokingly, that "it was surely not the first time he had been brought into jeopardy by a petticoat." Flora undertook to be his instructor, and schooled him to take short, mincing steps, making him walk to and fro until she was satisfied that he walked like a woman.

A jolly supper party they made at this their re-union in Rossinish. But danger lay not far off. The Militia, it was announced, were already at Clanranald House. The company separated, the Prince and Flora proceeding to Loch Uskavagh.

There, dog-tired, wet, and weary, they raised a fire, and the blaze, acting as a signal, brought four wherries through the water in its direction. The fire was stamped out, and Charles made for hiding in the heather.

"Dark night came on, the tempest roared,
Cold o'er the hills and valleys;
An' whaur was that your Prince lay doon,
Whose hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!"

By-and-bye, the coast was clear; and on that beautiful summer evening of June 28th, 1746, Charles and his Flora set sail "over the sea to Skye." Charles was in high spirits, and sang songs as the Clanranald boatmen pulled at the oars.

Unfortunately the fair promise of the summer evening was soon belied. A gale sprang up in the Little Minch. Flora slept in the bottom of the boat; Charles wrapped her in such comfortable garments as were at hand, and watched her as she slept. In the morning the black mountains of Skye loomed up, dismal and uninviting, against the heavens. As they neared the coast, danger again presented itself. Three boats filled with armed men lay near the shore. Shots suddenly whistled over the fugitive's boat—a summons to stop. Yard by yard the fugitives drew away till they passed out of range. They landed at

Kilbride, but what to do next was the question. Assumed friends might turn out to be foes.

At length they decided to risk making themselves known to Lady Margaret Macdonald, of Monkstadt, whom they knew to be an admirer of the Prince, though she was the wife of an officer in Cumberland's army. The party remained at Monkstadt till Macdonald of Kingsburgh, factor for Lady Margaret's husband, came to their aid, and personally conducted them to his own house on the north shore of Loch Snizort. Charles strode along as if on the warpath, and one of the Macdonald retinue, who was not in the secret, declared that the strange woman walking at Kingsburgh's side must be a man! The masquerade dress does not appear to have sat well on the Prince. When the party at length arrived at Kingsburgh, Macdonald's little daughter and Mrs. Macdonald's maid were quite alarmed at the ungainly figure and huge strides of the "muckle woman," as they called the Prince.

When the lady of Kingsburgh House learned the identity of the petticoated "carlin" who had come into her kitchen, she exclaimed: "O Lord, we will a' be hanged noo!" To which her brave old husband replied: "Hout! tout! guidwife; if we are hanged for this, I'm sure we'll die in a good cause." So they sat down to supper and made a night of it, Charles alternating ale with brandy, and pulling mightily at a new clay pipe which Kingsburgh provided for him. It was two

in the morning before Charles and his host went to their bedrooms, and then only after breaking the punch-bowl in a pretended dispute. Next morning (or rather that same morning) Flora, at the request of Mrs. Macdonald, went blushing into Charles' bedroom, and "while he laid his head in her lap and put his arms round her waist, cut a lock of his hair." This, as one recorder of the incident observes, was "a dangerous approach to sentiment where a Stuart was concerned," but the episode lasted only a few minutes, and Mrs. Macdonald was at the door. In another hour or so, Charles was on his way to Portree.

Immediately after the departure of the Prince, the bed-sheets in which he had lain were carefully folded up and laid away, never again to be used or washed, and a pair of these were at last employed as a winding-sheet for the lady of Kingsburgh House. The remaining pair, which were valued as a priceless memorial of her distinguished guest, became the property, for a similar purpose, of Flora Macdonald; and in both instances, long years afterwards, these ladies were actually buried in the shrouds which had been so strangely selected, and which in the course of Flora's strangely adventurous life, though often reduced to the greatest straits abroad, were never parted with till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in their folds and consigned to the grave.

It was at Portree, some 14 miles distant from Kingsburgh, that the final parting took place

between Charles Edward and "our lady," as he used to call her. After having partaken of a hearty meal—the last on his native soil—he saluted her with the remark: "Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet meet in St. James', and, perhaps, be in a good coach-and-six, though we be now afoot." As daylight approached on the 1st July, the boat containing the Prince and his faithful little band of staunch adherents put out from Portree, some of them taking leave of Scottish soil, never to set foot upon it again. Amongst the few to witness his final departure was the friend of his latest misfortunes, Flora Macdonald. Her feeling of anxiety for his future safety, and respect for one who was the last and sole representative of the fallen House of Stuart, can be easily imagined. James Hogg has put it all into beautiful verse, though he certainly takes a liberty in representing Flora as bewailing a lost lover. Flora Macdonald's attachment to Charles Edward was founded on duty and humanity, not on love. Neither did Charles view her in any other light than that of a devoted and zealous friend. This is Hogg's "Lament of Flora Macdonald"—

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat which the breezes had swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,

'Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!'

"The moorcock that crows on the top of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eiry can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea:
But, oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore;
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

"The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trode o'er the plumes in the bonnet of blue,
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

Flora's mission was accomplished, and—she had to pay for it. Eight or ten days after she returned to her mother's home at Armandale, she was taken prisoner by an officer and party of soldiers, and hurried on board one of His Majesty's ships, under the command of Captain Ferguson. She received kind treatment at the hands of General Campbell, who was on board; and after a hurried parting with her mother, she, accompanied in the vessel by a maid named Kate M'Dowall (who could not speak a word of English),

eventually put in at Leith Roads in the month of September.

Here the ship in which she was confined lay in the roads till the 7th November following. During that time she was visited by most of the best Society in Edinburgh, many of whom vied with each other in showing their friendship by making valuable presents to her. Of Lady Mary Cochrane, a daughter of the sixth Earl of Dundonald, it is told that, on one occasion when a brisk gale sprung up, making the sea rough and unsafe for a small boat to be rowed to Leith, her ladyship whispered to our heroine that she would, with pleasure, stay on board all night that she might be enabled to say that she had the honour of lying in bed with that adherent who had had conferred upon her the high honour of being guardian to the Prince. Another illustrious lady visitor informed Flora during one of her visits: "I could wipe your shoes with pleasure, and think it my honour to so do, when I reflect that you had the honour to have the Prince for your handmaid. We all envy you greatly." While a prisoner in Leith Roads, she was never allowed ashore, and those who were privileged with her acquaintance found her always easy and cheerful, with a certain mixture of gravity in her behaviour which became her situation, and of her it was said that no lady, Edinburgh-bred, could acquit herself better at the tea-table or talk English more fluently and easily than she did in Leith Roads.

From Leith she was conveyed to London, where she was kept in an honourable and dignified captivity, in the house of a private family, till the month of July, 1747, when the Act of Indemnity was passed, when she was released. After her liberation, she remained for some time the guest of Lady Primrose, of Dunipace, whose house being visited by the crowds of the London fashionable world, the fame of Flora Macdonald soon became one of the leading topics of conversation amongst the worshippers of notoriety and fashion. It is said, with no certain proof, however, that a sum of £1,500 was raised on her behalf in London; but probably being satiated with the frivolous gaiety of London society, she followed out her heart's desire in returning home to her native country.

From the giddy elevation which she had attained, she retired unobtrusively to the secluded life she had temporarily left at the cottage by the mill on the lone loch of Kildonan. There she spent two years, keeping her brother's house and living quietly among her friends—"at once the greatest heroine of the age and the simplest of women." Though she might have wedded rank and riches, she remained faithful to the Highland lad of low degree who had won her heart at Monkstadt—poor but handsome Allan Macdonald, Kingsburgh's son. In November, 1750, they married and settled down to the old plain life of a farm at Floddigarry, in the north of Skye. Then came

straitened circumstances, emigration to North Carolina, family sorrows, separation from her husband and six gallant sons, all fighting in the War of Independence for the House of Hanover.

Ultimately, in 1769, after five years' absence, Flora left the States and sailed homewards for Skye, where she settled down for the rest of her life. On the voyage across the Atlantic her old courage was once more exhibited. The ship was attacked by a French privateer, and in spite of entreaty, Flora remained on deck during the fight to have her arm broken by a shot. Strangely, but appropriately, she made her home for a time at the old cottage by Kildonan. There her brother Angus built her a house, opposite the ancient graveyard; and to this peaceful abode came brave Allan, her husband, after his release in America.

On the death of the old factor, the pair removed to Kingsburgh, where, in 1773, Flora charmed Dr. Johnson, then on his tour through the Hebrides with Boswell. She lived to a good old age, dying in 1790, survived by five sons and two daughters. Of her eldest son Charles, a captain in the Queen's Rangers, Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said: "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." In 1907 a contributor to *Notes and Queries* pointed out that a great-great-granddaughter of Flora was then living in London. He gave the lady's name and address—Mrs. Duff Baker,

4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair. Her maiden name is Flora Zela Macdonald, and she is the elder daughter of the late Reginald Macdonald of the Colonial Office, whose grandfather was the fourth son of the heroine. Flora's three elder sons died without issue, so that Mrs. Baker is the representative of the resourceful Highland lassie who was chiefly instrumental in effecting Prince Charlie's escape.

On a stormy day in March this heroine of the '45 was laid to rest in the lonesome churchyard of Kilmuir, near the spot where she had brought the Prince to Skye. The procession at the funeral marched sixteen miles, and was over a mile in length. Three hundred gallons of whisky were served out to the "mourners," and the coronach was played by the dozen best pipers in the world, Macrimmons and Macarthurs from the Skye Colleges. The grave is now marked by an obelisk erected by admirers of the heroine, although for many years it was in a state of disgraceful disrepair. When Alexander Smith, the Scottish poet and essayist (who married a descendant of Flora), was in Skye some sixty years ago, he wrote of the churchyard that "the gate was open, the tombstones were broken and defaced, and above the grave of the heroine nettles were growing more luxuriantly than any crop I had the good fortune to behold on the island." Skye had only one historical grave to dress, and she left it so!

In 1899 Flora's heroic act was commemorated

by a stately bronze statue on the Castle-hill of Inverness—a handsome granite figure 9 feet high, standing on a pedestal 15 feet high. The daughter of the Western Isles, with right hand shading her eyes, is looking across the waters for the boat containing Charlie. At her right side, a rough collie, with head thrown back, watches her face. The statue is one of the sights of the Highland capital. It was raised from a bequest of £1,000 left for the purpose by a descendant of the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh.

Was Flora Macdonald really "bonnie"? The question is sometimes asked. It is difficult to answer with certainty.

> "There is Flora, my honey,
> So dear and so bonnie,"

says one of the songs. She has been described as "the beautiful Flora," and she had some claim to the appellation, says one, "for in all the grace of womanhood, with lustrous, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a Macdonald mouth, she was one of the fairest daughters of the north." There are, at least, two portraits of her—one by Allan Ramsay (the son of the poet who wrote *The Gentle Shepherd*), belonging to the University of Oxford; the other by Tom Robertson, now the property of the Glasgow Corporation. The latter is familiar through many engravings. It shows a somewhat simpering person, after the fashion of the old "books of beauty." But Ramsay has

painted an unmistakable Highland lassie. Neither of these portraits seems to be dated, but we may fairly assume that they were painted after the episode of the '45 had made Flora famous. Flora was born in 1720, so that she was twenty-five when Charles Edward made her acquaintance.

Which of these faces—Ramsay's or Robertson's —is the real Flora ? There is practically no likeness between them. Boswell describes the heroine as a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. Johnson says her features were soft and her presence elegant, and corroborates Boswell by a tribute to her good manners. The features in Ramsay's portrait can hardly be called "soft," nor is the impression that of an elegant woman. These epithets suggest that Robertson's eye or hand was the surer. Yet the other is the face that one would expect to see, though sentiment might wish to have it otherwise.

Perhaps both Boswell's and Johnson's ideas were obscured by their entertainment. The great man—the bear from Fleet Street—was highly delighted at being told by his hostess how she had heard that an English buck (meaning a dandy) was coming to see her ; and the little man, the said buck's satellite, found the punch more than usually excellent. Then Johnson was put to sleep in Prince Charlie's bed ("a neat bed with tartan curtains") : a spectacle which struck Bozzy "with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe" ; and even the Doctor, though he

remarked that his couch had furnished him with no ambitious thoughts, owned afterwards that he would have given a good deal rather than not to have lain in it.

After parting with Flora, Charles was conveyed from shelter to shelter by loyal friends, running the gauntlet of the Government troops all the time. Presently he landed safely among the mainland Macdonalds and Camerons, but here, again, he was barred by warships and a cordon of Militia outposts. For more than a fortnight he and his companions "dodged and doubled along the mountain tops, sleeping out in all weathers, sometimes in drenching rain at 3,000 feet above the sea, or in woods within hearing of the troops round the outpost fires."

They got to Poolewe, thanks to the disinterested services of certain outlaws known as the Seven Men of Glenmoriston. Charles' brother Henry had been busying himself in inducing the French to send a couple of privateers to search for the Prince among the isles and lochs of the Western Hebrides. Here, at Poolewe, they expected to find the friendly craft. But they were too late: the French ships had once more come and gone. Doubling south again, they reached Lochiel's shieling in Benalder on August 27th, and two days later began a fortnight of great cheer in Cluny Macpherson's famous cave in the same neighbourhood. The Government, admitting themselves baffled, were now withdrawing their

posts, and Charles began to breathe more freely.

A means of escape was, in fact, at hand. News of French vessels was reported; and after a journey more lively and less hazardous than he had experienced since Culloden, Charles embarked with Lochiel on the privateer *L'Heureux*, almost at the spot where he had landed. On September 20 he bade farewell to the home of his ancestors, the land he would "ne'er see again."

CHAPTER XVII

THE '45 IN SONG

WHAT would have become of the Jacobite cause without "bonnie Prince Charlie" it is impossible to say. Had there been no audacious landing at Moidart, no victory at Prestonpans, and no balls at Holyrood, no piteous rout at Culloden, and no flight through the heather and across the Minch with the faithful Flora—what, in that case would be the state of the Jacobite legend and tradition to-day? The question is really well worth asking, and there is something not a little instructive in the view of our history and literature which such a supposition involves. To begin with, our shelves would be emptied of a whole voluminous library of memoirs and histories, from John Home's narrative and the *Young Ascanius* down to Robert Chambers's book and some of the best chapters of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and, later still, to a good half-dozen volumes of the Scottish History Society's publications. That, however, would be, perhaps, the least of the loss, for we should be robbed also of the first of the Waverley Novels; and Fergus and Flora, the old Baron Bradwardine, and Evan Dhu Maccombich would be names and figures unknown. But the saddest gap of all would be in our poetry, where we should look in vain for practically the whole fragrant white-rose garden of Scottish song.

Only those who know the minstrelsy of the North can truly estimate the loss that would be involved if the songs of the '45 should suddenly vanish out of the knowledge and memory of men. We should have to make what shift we might for a Jacobite legend and literature with the songs and stories of 1715 and 1689, with Mar and Claverhouse, Brigadier Macintosh, and young Kenmure, with the venerable doggerel about Sheriffmuir, and with Aytoun's lay of Killie crankie and Scott's rousing ballad of "Bonnie Dundee." For the gallant Young Chevalier there would be no better substitute than the dreary bigot who turned tail at the Boyne, and the lifeless etender, about whom the Highlanders at Perth in 1716 asked contemptuously if "it could speak." No guardian Flora would aid the ignominious flight of the old Chevalier through the back lanes of Dundee, and for a military hope and hero of the Jacobite cause one would have to accept the ruthless soldier who cut down Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge and hunted John Brown, of Priesthill, across the Lanark moors.

As a matter of sober fact, no Prince has ever been the subject of such a wealth of song as Charles Edward Stuart. A hundred bards, known and nameless, have given expression to the Jacobite sentiment, which still lives on amid the stoutest allegiance to the House of Hanover. Queen Victoria, following as she did the Puritan, the Roundhead ideal, was proud of her drop of

Stuart blood, and listened with delight to the songs that breathe of hatred to her much closer kindred, the Georges. Jacobite poetry and Jacobite music exert over one the same fascination that inspired the loyalty and the devotion to which they give such vivid expression; and even now, for one who reads the historical accounts of the '45 and the romantic, tragic story of its hero, hundreds listen to the plaint of "Flora Macdonald's Lament," and "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," and "Will ye no come back again?"

With Charles Edward's landing and his progress southward, the whole country became filled with sympathising song; when all was over, the melody became only the richer for the lost cause and the fallen race. Scarcely a single song can be found in favour of the victors. As Burns said, the Scottish muse was "entirely and only Jacobite." These songs mingle scorn for the usurper, with an unquenchable sorrow for the misfortunes of the "bonnie" Prince. Feelings strong, ardent, fierce, tender, breathe through their lines. Reading them, one seems to touch the pulse of those throbbing times, and to have vividly brought before him the sudden changes from hope, hesitation, success, failure, fierce anger, sarcasm, love, hate, pathos, and other kindred feelings and passions which, for all time, though most strongly, perhaps, in times of civil war, sway the minds of men.

The songs would, indeed, be a useful corrective to the dry-as-dust method which at times tends to creep into historical works, for they not only give the facts, but mingle with them pathos or humour, dejection or defiance, affection or hatred, according to the subject or the mood of the poet. In the Highlands, as we have seen, the Prince and his enterprise drew around them from the first the sympathies of the people ; and the emotions of the Gael, stirred to their depths, found immediate and natural expression in verse. Highland conservatism burns brightly in every one of these effusions. The old ways, the old insular line of kings—it is in favour of these that the Celtic note is constantly being sounded.

The House of Hanover these sons of the mountain and the flood will not away with. " Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king, but a wee, wee German lairdie ! " they sing in derision. Many an anonymous minstrel mingled in his threnody for the fallen a fine scorn for the usurper and an inextinguishable sorrow for the misfortunes of him whose gallantry, youth, and attractive personality, to say nothing of the glamour of his name, had cast a spell over the susceptible hearts of Jacobites, old and young.

" O this is no' my ain house,
I ken by the biggin' o' 't,"

says one, picturing with princely satire the carle with the " unco face," the " foreign lóon " who

had come "a hunder mile and mair" to displace the "rightful owner" of the crown. Another, with touching pathos and loyalty, proclaims that "There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame"; a third exclaims—

> "Down wi' Geordie, Kirn-milk Geordie!
> He maun hame without stocking or shoe,
> To mump his neeps, his sybows and leeks
> And a wee bit bacon to help the broo."

Poor Geordie! He was the butt of every bardling who could string a verse in those days. In "The Sow's Tail to Geordie," a poetaster, somewhat coarsely, jibed him about that Mme. Kilmansegg (afterwards created Countess of Darlington), one of his mistresses, of whom Lord Orford wrote that she had "two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of the body, and no part restrained by stays." It was because of her "too, too solid flesh" that they nicknamed Madame the "Sow." The London mob were highly diverted by the importation of such an ogress; but one day, when she was driving with the King, they insulted her. "Coot peoples," said she, putting her head out of the coach, "vy you wrong us? We come for all your coots." "Yes, damn ye," retorted one of the crowd, "and for our chattels too." Rough and revengeful are these earlier contemporary ditties, for the most part. They sing less of the Stuarts themselves than of their enemies,

especially of Hanoverian George, whose appearance, nationality, and language are all held up to ridicule. Though they are not often heard now, these particular songs, they are documents of a valuable kind, and can never be ignored by historians of the Jacobite epoch.

I have said they are not much heard now; and it is certainly significant to note that nearly all the best—or at least the best known—of the Jacobite ditties, "rants" and "laments," the things that actually live in our own day, were produced when the cause was forlorn by persons who had no real concern as to whether it triumphed or not; who took, in fact, a purely sentimental interest in it. A critic has remarked that it is very seldom that a Tyrtæus is born, a man whose verse is moving at the moment, and keeps its charm when the hour of action is past. Perhaps this holds true of all poetry. Not when a man's passions are engaged, not when he is in wrath, or in love, or in poignant grief, can he express himself in verse, but later, when the passion has become a thing for contemplation and conscious study. In the history of a people it is much the same. Not the cavaliers who were exiled with James, not the clansmen who fought for Charles Edward, but their sons and grandsons wrote the songs of loyalty, of regret, of despair. The bulk of these later songs were the product of the Lowlands, while the earlier contemporary songs had their origin mostly in the North.

That circumstance is easily explained. In the Highlands many causes combined to make the Stuart risings a matter for joyous enthusiasm and high hopes. The old love of fighting for fighting's sake had not yet gone ; the memory of Lowland forays made an armed descent into the low country seem an exploit worthy of gallant men ; loyalty to the chief and to the rightful king filled many a true heart with a burning desire to fight for both, and to die if need be. In such surroundings the poetic genius of the Gael had full scope for its natural expression in stirring verse ; and when the high hopes had come to nought, when victories were annulled by defeats, when the brave men had fallen or had fled, the strain, though changed, was still one that came spontaneous to Gaelic lips, no less ready with the lament than with the battle-song.

On the other hand, so peculiar were the circumstances connected with the '15 and the '45, that the single-hearted enthusiasm necessary for the finest song-writing hardly existed in the Lowlands while the events themselves were taking place. The support of the Highlands, however gratifying to James and Charles, was not calculated to further their cause with hesitating and cautious Lowlanders. To many of these the bravest clans must have still been little else than wild, wicked Hielandmen, as they were to Wyntoun, nor could the average ploughman or shepherd have felt much desire to sing " Charlie

is my Darling," or "Cam ye by Athole." The faithful and unselfish adherents of the Stuarts in the Lowlands were mainly to be found among the nobility and gentry, and the songs of a people do not come from these. Nearly half a century had to pass before time had so far softened the outlines of the great struggle as to make it a fit subject for national song. Only when the romantic element had thrown its glimmering veil over the stern political facts could the poet be sure that his song would be received in a sympathetic spirit; what would earlier have been dangerous and seditious was now only a generous tribute to brave hearts that had risked all, and had failed.

Roughly speaking, the poetry of Jacobitism is the work of Lady Nairne, Allan Cunningham, Sir Walter Scott, William Glen, and James Hogg, who drank of the faery springs of Bonny Kilmeny. Strange about Hogg! And yet not strange, for the blood of the old Border reivers who fought against the "auld enemy" of England flowed strong in the veins of the Shepherd of Ettrick.

It was James Hogg, in fact, who, more than any other writer, created the tradition of the warlike poetry of the Young Chevalier. Who does not know his "Cam' ye by Athole?"—

"Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairlie;
Chairlie, Chairlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Chairlie!"

How ringing, how winning, how inspiring are the words! The Shepherd would probably have gone fishing in Meggat or Yarrow rather than follow any martial music anywhere. Poor, nevertheless, would the Jacobite minstrelsy be without his contributions to its stores; without (to name only a few) his "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and "Flora Macdonald's Lament," and "Come o'er the stream, Charlie." The latter has a "lilt" in it that carries one away even now, when heads are cool enough about Jacobitism—

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Mac Lean;
And though you be weary, we'll mak' your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten."

It was no Alan Breck in the regiment of Claverhouse that wrote "Bonnie Dundee," but a peaceful Edinburgh lawyer, whom nobody, however, could accuse of shirking duel or other danger. Perhaps "Bonnie Dundee" is the high watermark of Jacobite martial minstrelsy. Reading it, one actually seems to hear

"The kettle-drums clash, and the horsemen ride on,
Till on Ravelston crags and on Clermiston lee
Died away the wild war notes of Bonnie Dundee."

Again, it was no exile, but Allan Cunningham, the Dumfries mason-poet of Carlyle's day, who

wrote the beautiful song, "The sun rises bright in France," and the still more beautiful "It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be." And then there is the permanently popular "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," said to have been a great favourite with Queen Victoria—

> "A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door,
> He warbled sweet and clearly,
> And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
> Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie'!"

That was sung of the dark, direful days after Culloden. How much is expressed, how much that can never be expressed, there is in the lines—

> "I took my bonnet aff my head,
> For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie."

But the chief glory of later-day Jacobite song was the Baroness Nairne, who sung the lost cause at once from first-hand knowledge and from personal sympathy. No one has expressed in more haunting strains, with pathos so tender, with realism so vivid, the story of "the lad who was born to be King." Lady Nairne's father, Laurence Oliphant, was an *aide-de-camp* of the Prince in the '45, and carried to Edinburgh the news of the battle of Prestonpans. Lady Nairne herself lived until 1845, just a hundred years after the events of which she sings so sweetly. The "auld hoose" of Gask, where the Prince stayed, had many memories that endeared it to her. She does not forget its associations with Charles Edward Stuart;

and as she recalls the auld laird, she gives us a glimpse of

" The leddy, too, sae genty,
That sheltered Scotland's heir;
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang, yellow hair."

And her admirers the world over will never fail at times to recall her immortal tribute to the leal-hearted men of the Bens and the Isles—

" Ye trusted in your Hieland men;
They trusted you, dear Charlie!
They kept you hiding in the glen—
Your cleading was but barely.

. . . . .

" We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Though thirty thousand pounds they'd gi'e,
Oh, there was nane that would betray!"

Lady Nairne's Jacobite lyrics make, indeed, a splendid galaxy, each a bay leaf in the chaplet that adorns her brow. This singer of " The Land o' the Leal," " Caller Herrin'," and " The Laird o' Cockpen " was the laureate of later-day Jacobitism, and her refining hand removed the dross and gave us the pure poetic metal.

The enthusiasm of the ladies for Charlie and his cause has already been remarked. Lord President Forbes declared emphatically that men's swords did less for Charlie than the women's tongues—

" And ilka bonnie lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our King shall hae his ain again,
And Charlie is the man."

This enthusiasm is sharply mirrored in the Jacobite minstrelsy. It was the women who were supposed to sing—

> " We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
> We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
> Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
> And live or die, wi' Charlie."

Ray, the volunteer, states in his journal, that he uniformly found the ladies most violent. " They would listen," says he, " to no manner of reason." Sufficient evidence of this is afforded in another well-known song of the period. We may imagine it to be the expression of the quieter, more retiring, old men, who could only solace themselves by giving expression to their disgust at the excitement in such words as—

> " The women are a' gane wud ! [1]
> Oh ! that he had bidden awa' [2]
> He's turned their heids, the lad,
> And ruin will bring on us a'.
>
> I aye was a peaceable man ;
> My wife she did doucely behave,
> But now, do a' that I can,
> She's just as wild as the lave."

In these words we find a true indication of the rapid rise of the tide of popular sympathy, which carried onward the hero of the Stuart cause.

[1] Foolish. [2] Remained away.

Another excellent proof of the enthusiasm of the Jacobite ladies is afforded by the song—

"Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally
At the Royal Prince's word?"

Commenting on this song, a critic says: "Viewed in the light of reason, the conduct of these ladies seems to have been ridiculous. They do not allow their lords the smallest chance of escape from dangerous service; for we are told—

"'There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows, baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha disna fecht for Charlie.'"

Evidently they were in earnest, and, though unreasonable, were consistent; for they ask no more than they themselves are willing to give. One amazon says—

"I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
An' the sun that glances early,
It I had twenty thousand lives
I'd gie them a' to Charlie."

But who, in these prosaic days, when there are no adventures, when everybody would keenly count the cost if there were—who can quite explain, who can quite understand the veneration in which the Stuarts were held, as we read it in the Jacobite minstrelsy? Our knowledge of modern thought and action proves but a poor guide through the mazes of fervid eloquence, love,

and devotion which meet us here (in the poetry) at every turn. Our modern ideas have but little agreement with the warmth of this poetry, suggestive so much of the sword and so little of the pen. But it entrances us, and, under the spell, we realise the power of that fire which raged in the exciting times of the '45; which cast its broad gleams all over the land, surging and spreading, till subdued by treachery, and quenched by power.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOPE AND DESPAIR

CHARLES EDWARD STUART landed in France on September 29th, 1746. Jacobitism, the cause of the Stuarts, was practically dead—killed at Culloden. But Charles Edward declined to believe it. Culloden was but an unfortunate incident in the campaign, so to speak. The defeated there would yet return to be the victor in the land of his fathers. That was Charles' intention, Charles' hope. "Whatever his conduct after Culloden, he left Scotland with the intention to return," says Professor Terry. "He clamoured passionately to Louis and his Ministers to grant him the means, until the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle sent him forth a disappointed outcast."

That, as the same writer insists, was the death of him morally. Nature had framed him for another Rupert; fate made him a loafer, and he sank incontinent to the lower plane. Women and the bottle were his undoing. Given his real *métier*, these would have had but moderate worship from him. At Holyrood, and in action, he was cold and aloof from the "adorable sex"; and although in the Highlands he took his "dram" with the rest, he was never known to be the worse of it. But now, activity denied him, the wine cup became more and more his source of

comfort. Under that baneful influence, his judgment, tact, and graciousness left him. He peddled in the methods of opera *bouffe*, flitted hither and thither, the Don Mysterioso of a wondering Europe. "He became his own worst enemy, the man with a grievance. He quarrelled with his most faithful friends, and drove them from him, and so sank lonely to embittered old age, with no trace of his once sanguine self remaining." Truly, it is one of the saddest pictures in all history.

The natural thing for Charles to have done now was to rejoin his father in Rome. But he and his father had drifted further and further apart, and there had been little communication between them since they parted in 1744. Even with his brother, Prince Henry, Charles was not on the best of terms, though, as Mr. Lang remarks, it is not easy to see whence their differences arose.

In any case, France was to be Charles' home in the meantime, for it was to Louis that he looked for practical help in his next campaign. Prince Henry was already in Paris, and had been using his interest with Louis on Charles' behalf. To him Charles wrote soon after he reached Morlaix, intimating his "safe arrivall in this country," and enclosing "to lines" for his father, "just to shew him I am alive and safe." He made excuse for not writing to Louis by "being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have ye pleasure of seeing him." Towards that end Henry was

asked to arrange something without delay, for, said Charles, "it is an absolute necessity I must see ye F. K. as soon as possible, for to bring things to a write head."

Presently the brothers met in Paris, when Henry reported finding Charles not a bit altered, "except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible, after all the fatigues he has endured." The gay capital proved a pleasant change to Charles after his hardships in the Scottish Highlands. He went to the opera, feasted with his brother at Fontainebleau, and had altogether a royal time. He visited Louis at Versailles: first, privately; and, later, in state. There is an interesting description of him on the latter occasion. He was dressed, we read, with "uncommon elegance. His coat was rose-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver and lined with silver tissue; his waistcoat was a rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set on in scallops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles of his shoes were diamonds; the George which he wore at his bosom, and the Order of St. Andrew which he wore also, tied by a piece of green ribbon to one of the buttons of his waistcoat, were prodigiously illustrated with large brilliants; in short, he glittered all over."

The Jacobites were greatly cheered by this regal visit to Louis, and hoped much from it. But promise was easier for Louis than performance. Charles had sent Louis a memorandum of

what he wanted. He "represented that his Scottish partisans were in a bad way, victims of England's vengeance. He asked for French troops. Their destination he would not reveal; no doubt, London." Louis was not prepared to help in this way: all he would do for Charles was to give him a residence and a pension of 12,000 francs a month. This intimation came to him verbally through the Marquis d'Argenson. Charles was indignant, as we learn from a letter which he wrote to his father. "I find it, and am absolutely convinced of it," he said, "that ye only way of delying with this Government is to give as short and smart answers as one can, at ye same time paying them in their own coin by loding them with sivilities and compliments, setting apart business; for that kind of vermin, the more you give them, the more thel take." Such was Charles' tactless diplomacy with the "vermin" to whom he looked for all he wanted. And what a rascally royal "speller" he was!

Disgusted and disappointed in the quarter from which he had hoped all things, Charles, early in 1747, left Paris and made for Madrid, the object being an interview with His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. The result of *that* enterprise he laconically announced to his father in these terms: "I believe your Majesty will be as much surprised as I am to find that, no sooner arrived, I was hurried away without so much as allowing me time to rest." He confesses that he writes a

little out of humour, "for an angel would take the spleen on this occasion." But he was not hurried away quite so precipitately as he pretended. On reaching Madrid, he obtained an interview with Caravajal, the Minister, to whom he had sent a letter for King Ferdinand. Caravajal told him that his letter had not been delivered, explained that his sudden visit was embarrassing, and urged, with "several very nonsensical reasons," that he should get away as soon as possible. Thus Charles was defeated again. He had ridden all these miles to ask support for his "cause," and now he was dragging himself back to his *auberge* disappointed and disillusioned. Next day the polite request was repeated that he should take his departure. There was no help for it: by March 26th he was once more in Paris, resolved to keep himself "absolutely in private." Louis had failed him, Spain had failed him; where now was his hope?

Presently another crushing blow fell on this deluded, sanguine hero of the '45. His brother Henry had been getting more and more out of sympathy with him, being of entirely different character and temperament, with interests rather in the world to come than in the world in which he lived. Charles' ambitions Henry now regarded as both foolish and futile; and, as for himself, he had made up his mind to take the Cardinal's Hat. This meant parting with Charles and returning to Rome. But Henry had not the

courage to tell Charles of his resolve, and spirited himself away without saying farewell. He invited Charles to supper on April 29th. When Charles arrived, Henry's house "was brilliantly lighted, supper was spread, Henry's household was in attendance. But Henry was absent. Charles waited until midnight in growing anxiety, lest some evil had befallen him." Three days later, Henry, then far on his way to Rome, wrote and explained everything. Imagine the shock! If Charles had possessed the shadow of a chance after Culloden, this would have ruined it completely. Charles realised only too plainly that it must at least damage his cause. During his late campaign he had learned how deep and how widespread was the distrust of the Roman Church among all classes in Great Britain (especially in Scotland), and how valuable an asset to the Government in its hour of trial had been this universal feeling, which in the popular mind connected the Stuart cause with Papal designs against religious liberty.

Modern writers have called Henry's admission to the Sacred College a second Culloden to the Stuart cause; but it was in reality (as Charles only too clearly perceived) a far greater and more enduring disaster. Under more favourable conditions, the effects of Culloden might yet have been wiped out—and, indeed, the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland could hardly have endeared the Highlander to the Guelph dynasty—but a definite

and official connection of the Stuarts with the detested and dreaded Papacy was certain to alienate all Protestant waverers.

In short, Henry Stuart, Duke of York, by accepting the Cardinal's Hat, placed "a red seal on the tomb of the Stuarts." Charles cursed Henry for this action; he cursed Rome. The seven-hilled city, he swore, should never see him, and see him it did not until twenty years after this, when his father lay dead.

That same father, who had long given up his own worldly ambitions, now tried hard, but tried in vain, to reconcile Charles to the Cardinalate. "Naturally speaking," he wrote, "you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and we foresaw that you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would even be more agreeable to you that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation."

James went on to say that Henry had long felt a vocation for an ecclesiastical state, but had until recently concealed his desire, "with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case," he adds, "is now altered, and as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of

his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him." Thus, in effect, James and Henry renounced for ever the pretensions of their House ; and Charles was alone left to uphold them. The Cardinal's Hat had cheated him of his birthright, and his wrath was as abiding as it was impotent.

Meanwhile, matters were developing in another direction. Louis, who had offered Charles a home, was soon compelled to deny him even that. The war which had raged in Europe since 1740 was drawing to a close ; peace was already being discussed. Presently the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and one of its conditions was that Charles Edward Stuart should be expelled from France. The condition was intimated to Charles. He "affected nonchalance. The mob admired him, and at the opera and elsewhere he ostentatiously courted their applause." The Dauphin and many of the principal nobility sided with him. He talked of following the example of Charles XII. of Sweden at Bender, who armed his servants, barricaded his house, and repelled force by force. He drew up a protest and sent it to Louis. But Louis, bound by his treaty, and anxious to avoid a scandal, could only suggest to the headstrong youth the wisdom of withdrawing quietly.

Charles would not listen to counsel, however delicately conveyed. He "continued his course

of dare-devildom, appeared frequently at the opera, *fort gai et fort beau*, feasted his friends, and was generally unreasonable." Official dignitaries were sent to reason with him; his father, on instigation from Paris, pleaded with him—all to no effect. Charles declined to budge. Louis was in despair, and when at length England, in a strongly-worded protest, reminded him of his treaty, he had no help but sign an order for Charles' arrest.

Chateaubriand records the result in indignant terms: "Seized in the Opera House on the 11th December, 1748, shamefully bound, he was brought to Vincennes. He was carried to the frontiers. Charles Edward learnt the hard lesson which the great are wont to learn in adversity. He was abandoned. He had his good right on his side; but legitimacy is no protection. It was decreed that the time should come when the descendants of Louis XV. would be wandering about Europe like the Pretender—would read on the corners of streets in Germany: 'All beggars, vagabonds, and emigrants are forbidden to tarry longer than twenty-four hours here.'"

This is a grandiloquent exaggeration. The arrest was a farcical business in the matter of precautionary and other arrangements, but it was effective. After a week's confinement, Charles was liberated on undertaking to leave France; and on the 27th December (1748) he arrived in Papal Avignon, "the one spot in Europe still

open to him." But not long open to him. Within two months he had to move again, the Pope having been threatened by England with severe reprisals if he continued to shelter the exile.

This time Charles took his orders with perfect calmness. To cover his retreat, he adopted brother Henry's old ruse. "His house remained open, his servants on duty. His physician called daily, and to enquirers Charles was said to be ill in bed. Some suspicious or imaginative people at length exposed the stratagem. Climbing to the top of the opposite house, they saw Charles' room empty and fireless. But the plan had served its turn. Charles had effectually covered his trail." From that night of February, 1749, when he rode out of Avignon, he hid himself, as Voltaire said, "from the whole world." "He had left his virile, hopeful youth behind. Henceforward he lurks in his secret lairs, sinking lower and lower below the level of his once buoyant self."

It would be a tedious as well as a sorry task to follow him in all the details of his wanderings for the next sixteen years, until the death of his father called him to Rome and his "accession." Hunted from place to place, he adopted all sorts of disguises to conceal his identity. Once he appeared as an Irish officer in the Spanish service. Another time he was revealed in an abbé's dress, "with a black patch upon his eye, and his eyebrows black'd." In 1753 Albemarle thought he detected him in Paris, his face painted with red

and his eyebrows coloured the deepest black. Late that same year he was again in Paris, masquerading as a Capuchin monk. In April, 1755, Pickle, the spy, wrote of him that "sometimes he wears a long false nose, which they call *nez à la Saxe*, because Marshal Saxe used to give such to his spies whom he employed. At other times he blackens his eyebrows and beard, and wears a black wig, by which alteration his most intimate acquaintance could scarcely know him." Once he presented himself (and was recognised by the servants) at the door of his old flame Mme. d'Aiguillon as "an ill-dressed stranger." Such were the subterfuges to which this *Spes Britanniæ* was now reduced.

Want of money was another and an ever-pressing trouble. At first his finances were not greatly straitened, for he had substantial drafts from the French Royal Treasury. In 1748, too, he received about £6,000 of the French gold buried near Loch Arkaig, after Culloden. This mysterious treasure consisted originally of 35,000 louis d'or. Early in 1749, Major Kennedy, who had shared with Dr. Archibald Cameron the task of hiding the money, set about getting a further share, but the amount he secured for the Prince was not great.

In 1749, Henry Goring, "one of the Gentlemen of the bedchamber of the Young Chevalier," obtained some £15,000 from sympathisers in England; and yet, two years later, we find

Charles borrowing £1,000 from Lady Montagu. Dr. King, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, in his *Anecdotes*, declares that he borrowed money in Paris from a lady far from wealthy, when he had plenty of gold in his strong box. However this may be, the strong box became sadly in need of replenishing. In February, 1752, when Charles was without means and in debt, Waters, his Paris banker, refused to advance him money; and Dormer, his agent at Antwerp, had to protest against drafts upon an exhausted account. That same year his establishment at Avignon was broken up and his servants dismissed, largely because of his embarrassed finances. In 1753 he was in Paris, very low in funds. Indeed, someone reported having seen him selling his pistols.

Small stir the Jacobite "cause" was making in the meantime. In 1750, indeed, there was that wild enterprise when Charles braved all dangers and paid a visit to London. The party were then alleged to be desirous of some action, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, they still looked to Charles as Adam to Orlando in *As You Like It*—

> "Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
> To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

Charles, at any rate, believed them, and set about a scheme of unusual boldness. He was to sail for London from Antwerp, and James Dormer had instructions to "get me with all ye expedition possible Twenty Thousand Guns, Baionets,

Ammunition proportioned, with four thousand sords and Pistols for horces in one ship, which is to be ye first, and in ye second six thousand guns without Baionets, but sufficient ammunition, and six thousand Brode sords." A fairly large order for an impecunious Prince!

How he designed to employ such an armament we do not know. Mr. Lang thinks that all that was intended was a "*ballon d'essai* to test the current of public feeling; possibly no more than an interested effort to strengthen the Opposition." It was a foolish adventure, whatever was intended. When James heard of it, he told his son that he was "a continual heart-break," and warned him that he could not expect much from his friends while he did "all that is necessary to disgust them." But Charles was always impatient of advice. His resolution was to "go over to London, at any rate," and on September 16th he was in the Metropolis. Lady Primrose had undertaken the risk of housing him. Dr. King found him there, as he tells in his *Anecdotes:* "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to—[the Prince]. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was

impracticable; but although it had been as feasable as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came." Such was the result of Charles' nursing of the frail hopes held out by his friends. Horace Mann was astounded on hearing the news of the 1750 visit casually from Charles' own lips at a dinner party in Florence in 1783.

The visit was, however, charged with one incident of more than passing interest. "Nothing but his religion kept Charles from having all Scotland at his back," says Mr. Lang. If Charles had realised this in time, the whole course of events might have been different. But though he was far enough from being "religious," the family tradition had bound him so far to the Church of his fathers. It is a commonplace of historians to point out that among the virtues of the Stuarts a constant loyalty to Rome occupies a foremost place.

"Faithful, but unfortunate," as the Churchill motto puts it, is the ordinary verdict on that House, which, on the whole, displayed so strong an attachment, at least to the practices, of the Catholic Church. Students of Macaulay do not need to be reminded how Charles II. was at heart a Catholic for some years before he died; while

the religious policy of James, and all the circumstances which led to the arrival of "Dutch William," are matters of yet more popular knowledge. Then, in the history of the preceding century, the career of Mary Stuart has seemed so closely linked with the cause of Rome that some latter-day co-religionists of that unlucky Queen have claimed for her name a place in the martyrology of their communion. But with Prince Charles Edward the case was different. In popular estimation, indeed, he is regarded as a Romanist whose devotion to his Church was on a par with that of most members of his family. As a matter of fact, he was the only one of the late male Stuarts who forsook, or even thought of forsaking, the Roman Communion. And it was now, here in London, in 1750, that he did it.

Among the Stuart papers at Windsor are some "Remarks" written by Charles himself, one of which reads: "To mention my religion [which is] of the Church of England as by law established, as I have declared myself when in London in the year 1750." His admission into the Anglican Communion was said to have been made at "the New Church" in the Strand, presumably St. Mary-le-Strand, which had been built about thirty years before. The step was of no practical value to him now, though he must himself have considered it one of political opportunism. Perhaps there was also at the back of it something

of resentment against his brother in the matter of the Cardinalate.

To be quite fair to him, however, it will be best to quote his own explanation, as prepared nine years later, in 1759. It is as follows, in legitimate orthography—

"The Roman Catholic religion has been the ruin of the Royal Family, the subversion of the English Monarchy and Constitution in the last century, did like an earthquake raise up that fatal rock on which it split. In that religion was I brought up and educated as other Princes are, with a firm attachment to the See of Rome. Had motives of interest been able to make me disguise my sentiments upon the material point of religion, I should certainly in my first undertaking in the year 1745 have declared myself a Protestant, it was too evidently my interest so to do to leave a doubt with any person. As to the motive which dissuaded me from it, it was no other than a persuasion of the truth of my religion. The adversity I have suffered since that time, has made me reflect, has furnished me with opportunities of being informed, and God has been pleased so far to smile upon my honest endeavour as to lighten my understanding and point me out the hidden path by which the finger of man has been introduced to form the artful system of Roman Infallibility.

"If it was greatly my interest when last amongst you to appear to be a Protestant, it was surely as much against it after my misfortune and during my exile to become really one. That motive, however, had no weight with me in a matter of so great concern.

"In order to make my renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome the most authentic and the less liable afterwards to malicious interpretations, I went to London in the year 1750, and in that capital did then make a solemn abjuration of the Romish religion, and did embrace that of the Church of England, as by law established in the 39 Articles, in which I hope to live and die."

It appears from a letter of Cardinal Tencin to the Pope in 1752, that the authorities were acquainted with Charles' perversion; while the news gradually extended to the coffee-house politicians in both Rome and Florence, by whom it was eagerly debated. They need hardly have concerned themselves. Charles' Protestantism did not last very long. Dropping into poetry, he had written—

> "I hete all prists and the regions they reign in,
> From the Pope at Rome to the Papists of Britain."

But "in later years he reverted easily to the Church which had nurtured him; and, in spite of his desertion, sheltered him when he was old and friendless." The truth seems to be that, like his ancestor, Henry Quatre, he thought that the practical advantages of sovereignty outweighed the theological value of a Mass.

This dark period of Charles' *incognito* is hardly worth going into, so dim and uncertain are the details of his wanderings. Now he was here, now he was there. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and Charles had still occasional gleams of promise for his forlorn cause. He wooed the Earl Marischal, but failed to enlist his practical help and interest. In 1752 he was deep in what is known as the Elibank plot. Its author was Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank. Murray "had been imprisoned for his conduct at the famous Westminster election, and sought

revenge in as hare-brained a plot as ever was planned."

Murray was to proceed to London, raise a body of desperados, seize the Royal family, and proclaim a restoration! Charles, conveniently at hand, was to appear opportunely. Pickle, the spy (young Glengarry), knew all about this mad scheme, and by his means the Government were able to follow it step by step. Meeting Lochgarry and Dr. Archibald Cameron at Menin, some thirty miles from Ghent, Charles informed them of his plans, and sent them to Scotland "to prepare the clans, who were to await Field-Marshal Keith's arrival with Swedish troops before resorting to arms."

November 10th was the date agreed upon for the execution of the scheme; but, as Pickle wrote, "when matters came to the push some frivolous excuses retarded this great and glorious blow." Charles, so far as we know, never reached London, and the haphazard bubble burst. "We will see," Pickle wrote in April of next year (1753), "if the month of May or June will produce something more effective than November." The only effective thing produced was the arrest and execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron, the last Jacobite martyr. "Charles had reached the limit of his party's willingness actively to support him. The Elibank plot was the last fizzle of the Jacobite 'devil.'" Scheme after scheme had failed. For poor Charles Edward every field of

exertion was finally closed; all his ambition for ever blighted.

Under the stress of his position, perhaps we can hardly wonder that he sought in drink that *nepenthe* by which he would fain put all sorrow out of his mind. As early after Culloden as the Spring of 1749, some one in the know was telling how his credit for sobriety was "a little blemished." The passion for alcohol grew until it became morbid—until, as already said, all the good qualities of his nature disappeared, and there remained "only secretiveness and recklessness. His kindness and clemency were changed to cruelty and callousness; his generosity to avarice." Within ten years of Culloden, James Dawkins, his former *envoy* to Berlin, declared that he was "entirely abandoned to an irregular debauched life, even to excess, which brought his health and even his life daily in danger"; that in these excesses he "had no guard either on his conduct or on his expressions, and was in some degree devoid of reason."

Charles, in short, became a degraded dipsomaniac; given up to solitary and shameful excesses which broke the hearts of his friends, alienated the sympathies of thousands, and reduced him to a political figure of no importance whatever. His accession to the dignity of "Charles III.," on the death of his father in 1766, reclaimed him for a time. But it was not long before his scandalised brother, the Cardinal, was

writing: "I am persuaded we should gain some ground as to everything, were it not for the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him. Stafford is in desperation about it, but has no sway, as, in reality, no living body has with him." His marriage in 1772 pulled him up again, but only temporarily. Before the close of 1773, as Horace Mann too faithfully reported, he had once more fallen into the old vice. But this is anticipating too much. Let us return upon another chapter in the Prince's melancholy career.

CHAPTER XIX

CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW—AND OTHERS

MENTION has just been made of Charles' marriage, but there is much to tell before we reach that event. Charles Edward was not what in these days would be called "a ladies' man." The ladies were greatly interested in *him*, but he was not so greatly interested in *them*. As a youth, his father believed him to be "very innocent and extreme backward" in regard to the gentler sex. Lord Elcho declared that he was abnormally shy and awkward with women. He wrote himself that he understood men, but "despaired of understanding women, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable." He had assuredly very little of that "weakness for the sex" which Thackeray so erroneously attributed to his father. "These are my beauties," he exclaimed, pointing to a whiskered Highland sentinel, when somebody chaffed him about his neglect of the fair. The Marquis d'Eguilles says that he was not coquet or *galant*, which made the sex admire him all the more.

Soon after he landed on the Continent in 1746, the question of his marriage began to be discussed. It was of interest in various quarters; chiefly in Jacobite circles, of course, but in France also, where "the bogey of Jacobitism" was a

good political card for play. Cardinal Henry, too, would probably see in matrimony a frail hope for his brother's moral salvation. Suggestions as to the bride were many, and generally impossible. A daughter of the Duke of Modena was proposed, but Charles had more exalted notions. "My opinion is," he wrote to his father, "I cannot as yet marry unless I get the King's dauter." Later, he thought of the Czarina of Russia. In 1749 he made a formal proposal for the hand of the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. He even drafted a letter (whether he actually sent it is doubtful) to the King of Poland, announcing his coming marriage with that lady. Much later, in 1770, when Charles was fifty, he was negotiating with the Duc de Fitzjames for the hand of the daughter of the Duc de Deux-Ponts, a girl of seventeen.

Better for Charles Edward if he had married *now*, as we shall see presently. Burning with indignation against an unsympathetic world, the Prince, says Terry, "fell easily under petticoat influence not wisely directed." The two "petticoats" chiefly concerned at first were Mme. de Talmond and Mme. d'Aiguillon, who fought over the Prince "like fish-hags," as Mr. Lang expresses it. Both were beautiful, and neither was a wise counsellor to a flighty, headstrong youth in Charles' position. Mme. de Talmond is described by Mr. Lang as "the unworthy Flora Macdonald of Charles in his later wanderings, his protectress,

and, unlike Flora, his mistress." Married in 1730 to the Prince de Talmond, she was not exactly young when Charles first met her in 1749—probably about forty. Mme. d'Aiguillon, her rival for Charles' attentions, speaks of her as *vieille femme*. Mme. du Deffand described her in her characteristically caustic manner, and there is a rhymed portrait by Voltaire.

Mme. de Talmond apparently encouraged Charles in free-thinking and ostentatious indifference in religion. "He is a handsome Prince, and I should love him as much as my wife does," says M. de Talmond, in a curious MS. play by d'Argenson; "but why is he not ruled by the Congrégation de Saint Squace, like his father? It is Mme. de Talmond who preaches to him independence and incredulity. She is bringing the curse of God upon me. How old will she be before the conversion for which I pray daily to Saint François Xavier?" Such was the Prince's mistress, Mme. de Talmond. When he went to Avignon in 1748 it was reported that she went with him, but she was then more probably "doing penance in Lorraine, where Charles joined her later." She had estates in Lorraine, and her husband had now forbidden the Prince her house in Paris. Nevertheless, from Lorraine the pair came to Paris, and lived together under strange circumstances.

Certain ladies of rank had rooms in the Convent of St. Joseph, in the Rue St. Dominique;

among them Mme. de Talmond, Mme. de Vassé, Mme. du Deffand, and Mdlle. Ferrand. The latter, we read, was willing to extend to Charles "a friendship as innocent as Flora's," and presently he became a guest of hers in the Convent apartments! Of course, he continued his *liaison* with Mme. de Talmond. Between her rooms and his, there was a secret staircase, which he used at nights. She was exacting, we gather, and he was careless. Mme. de Vassé, it is said, had subsequently to withdraw her hospitality from Charles "because of the too lively scenes between him and Mme. de Talmond. They begin in tender effusions, and often end in a quarell, or even in blows." Surely not!

In January, 1750, Charles was still brawling with Mme. de Talmond, and pledging himself in mock-treaty form, "retirer aux heures qu'il lui conviendra a la ditte P[rincesse] soit de jour, soit de nuit, soi de ses états." That year he was in London, returning to Paris in September. He spent four days in the French capital, and then disappeared for three months. No doubt he would have a meeting, or meetings, with Mme. de Talmond. Many tiny *billets*, as Mr. Lang discovered, are among the Stuart papers of this year, "easily concealed, and doubtless passed to the lady furtively."

Things were certainly not going smoothly with the pair. Charles, it appears, had suspected the lady's movements before his visit to London, and

now there was imminent danger of an open rupture. The climax came in 1750, when there was a "tremendous quarrel"; and Charles is found in correspondence with Mdlle. Ferrand about "la tante," "la vieille femme." Long years after, in 1766, when settled in Rome, he wrote a graceful expression of his "tendre amitié" to Mme. de Talmond, now old and devout.

But here, again, we are anticipating. It has already been mentioned how, in 1752, Charles broke up his establishment at Avignon, mainly for want of funds. Mainly, but not entirely. In the spring of this year, deserting Lorraine and its associations with Mme. de Talmond, Charles proceeded to Flanders and took "a preti house" in Ghent, with "room in it to lodge a friend," as he wrote. Before the summer was far advanced, the "friend" was installed — the dark-eyed Clementina Walkinshaw, whom he had met six years before when besieging Stirling Castle.

He was then suffering from fever and cold, and, staying at her uncle's house, this twenty-year old girl became his nurse. "We must suppose," says Mr. Lang, "that the lady's charms do not receive justice in her portrait." But the artists of that time did not know how to paint charm. Miss Walkinshaw was probably not a pronounced beauty (readers will judge of the portrait for themselves), but everybody spoke of her "large, bright, black eyes," and eyes have been the

undoing of men of much stronger character than Charles Edward Stuart.

That Miss Walkinshaw became the Prince's mistress seems certain, though whether during the months before he reluctantly sanctioned the retreat from Stirling cannot be determined. There is a letter of her own, dated from Boulogne in 1760, which may be made to bear that interpretation. Writing apparently to James' secretary, she remarks: "I do not choose to say any more to you but that before 1745 I lived in London, in great plenty; was between that and 1747 undone, and am now in a strange, poor place, starving indeed. I was bred to business about Whitehall, and could be of use to Him, were there not unluckily an obstacle in the way, which has done Him no service and me great hurt." This is sufficiently and romantically obscure. What was the "business"? What the "obstacle"? What the nature of the "undoing"? We can only guess.

Charles, at any rate, never denied his partiality for Miss Walkinshaw. When he was hiding in the heather after Culloden, he would often give the toast of "The Black Eye" over the punch-bowl. Lord Rosebery has boldly asserted that Clementina was "not merely a scandal but a spy." There is absolutely no foundation for the statement so far as the spy is concerned; and as regards the scandal—well, Charles was surely more to be blamed for that than Clementina.

It is a romantic story this of Clementina Walkinshaw, not without its difficulties of detail. Miss Walkinshaw had—so we read—made a promise in 1746 to follow Charles "where Providence might lead him, if he failed in his attempt." We do not know when or where she first rejoined him; but before the date at which we have now arrived, she had borne him, at Liége, a son, who died in infancy. It is not improbable that he met her in 1750, when he made a sudden descent upon London.

Even then he had almost broken with Mme. de Talmond, and such a meeting would "revive pleasant memories and suggest a partnership less *exigeant*." Walton and others assert that Clementina went to him at Avignon in the January of 1749. "The Pretender," writes Walton, "has learned with much vexation that the same Dulcinea who has so greatly disturbed the mind of his son and was the cause of all his wildness at Paris, has joined him at Avignon, where she lives as his mistress with much publicity." But the Dulcinea of the Paris days was, as we have learned, Mme. de Talmond, and there is nothing to show that *she* followed the Prince to Avignon. On the other hand, the facts, as regards dates, fairly fit in with Charles' efforts to get his old flame beside him again in 1752. For instance, we gather from a memorial presented to the French Court by her daughter Charlotte, that in 1752 an *envoy* of Charles reached

Miss Walkinshaw in the Netherlands (where she held the rank of a canoness in a *chapitre noble*), charged with tender messages and a suggestive reminder of her promise of 1746.

There is no direct corroboration of this statement, but we may assume its authenticity from other circumstances. Thus, in May, 1752, Mme. de Vassé had declined to execute an unnamed commission of Charles' about a *demoiselle ;* while in the following month angry letters were passing between Charles and Goring in regard to what Goring called a commission for "the worst of men." Certain "honest men" (whom he names) would decline, says Goring, to do such "work" : why should *he* be asked to do it ? "I will not act a low part in your pleasures," he wrote. Again : "If any accident should happen to you by the young lady's [Miss Walkinshaw's] means, I shall be detested, and become the horror of mankind ; but, if you are determined to have her, let Mr. Sullivan bring her to you." The nature of the "accident" hinted at by Goring is easily explained.

Miss Walkinshaw knew the secrets of the Prince and his party. She had a sister, Catherine, at the Hanoverian Court ; and it was feared that through *her*, Clementina might give away the Prince or some of his followers who had compromised themselves. The suspicion seems, as already indicated, to have been entirely unjust. Probably Goring put it forward only as an excuse

for being relieved of a disagreeable duty. In any case, Charles contrived to get the "Canoness" beside him in his "preti house" at Ghent.

From the first moment of the reunion, according to Saint-Simon, Miss Walkinshaw "was regarded and treated as his wife, bore his name, and presided over his household." "The Pretender keeps her very well, and seems to be very fond of her," wrote one observer. Unhappily, the Pretender's fondness did not last. A child, the future "bonnie lass of Albany," was born to the pair in Paris in 1753. She was baptized at Liége in the end of October, and on the 12th November we find Charles writing to Goring: "My mistress has behaved so unworthily that she has put me out of patience, and, as she is a Papist, I discard her." This apparently was written in a temper and under some excitement. At any rate, Charles did not "discard" Miss Walkinshaw—not just yet; though he must have been thinking seriously of it when he wrote that singular note: "A marque to be put on ye Childe iff I part with it."

The main cause of the trouble, no doubt, lay in his being hunted about, as he put it, "from place to place all over Flanders." Mistress and child were inconvenient *impedimenta* which made him too easily tracked. Friends kept warning him of the folly of his procedure, insisting that Miss Walkinshaw should be cast adrift. A Mr. Macnamara was especially urgent on the point, and was answered by Charles that, though he

had no great regard for the lady, he declined to be dictated to. Goring protested again. In a letter of 13th January, 1754, addressed to an adherent of the "cause," he said—

"Sir, your friend's mistress [Clementina] is loudly and publickly talked off, and all friends look on it as a very dangerous and imprudent step, and conclude reasonably that no Correspondance is to be had in that quarter without risk of discovery, for we have no opinion in England of female politicians, or of such women's secrecy in general. You are yourself much blamed for not informing our friends at first, that they might take the alarum, and stop any present or future transactions with such a person."

Presently the Earl Marischal broke with Charles because he persisted in keeping up the Walkinshaw connection. Then, in August, 1755, a remonstrance, bearing the initials (as is conjectured) of Cluny Macpherson, reached him from Scotland. The Prince, said the remonstrants, was in grave danger of being undone by his movements "in a family way"; and if he persisted in his *liaison*, they would have to regard him as finally and utterly hopeless. He did persist. "I would not put away a cat to please such fellows," he said. *Il chassoit de race.* Mary of Modena said of Charles' grandfather, James II.: "The King was ready to sacrifice his throne to his belief, but he had not force of mind to give up a mistress."

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices,
> Are made the whips to scourge us."

What Charles would not do, Miss Walkinshaw ultimately did for herself. Charles was sinking

lower and lower. He had abandoned all hope, and was now completely given up to his "irregular, debauched life, even to excess"—suffering from "nerves," as he said himself. In the old days he might have made a pleasant companion for a woman, but he had lost his better self entirely with the shattering of all his fond illusions. The mistress could bear with him no longer. In the summer of 1760 she hired a coach and disappeared, taking the child with her.

Charles was furious, especially over the loss of his now seven-year-old daughter. "I shall be in ye greatest affliction until I guett back ye child, which was my only comfort in my misfortunes," he wrote to Gordon, the Jesuit physician. He made frantic efforts to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives, and an emissary at length tracked them to a lodging in Paris. The story is best told in the letter which the emissary sent to his master on July 31st, 1760—

"They (Gordon and Bodson) both came to my room and told me to go to the lady's lodgings and see to amuse her untill such time as they had an order to take up the chylde. I went to her lodgings but she was gon out; I waited untill she came back. She seemed much surprazed at seeing me. I reasoned the matter with her but all to no purpose. She told me that she would sooner make away with herself than go back, and as for the chylde she would be cut to pieces sooner than give her up. I stayed in the Lady's Room untill ten and a half. She sent for a coach to go out. I asked her if she would allow me to accompany her and the Chylde. She told me yes. Wee set out and at a little distance from the lodgings the coach stopt, there came a gentleman well-drest and two

others, and told the Lady to come out and to go with the other coach. I came out allong with them. I asked the Lady if there was place for me; the gentleman answered in Ruff manner, 'No, Sir, go about your business if you have any.' They set off in a coach and four horses, which, Sir, seemed to me to be hired horses. The Gentleman was a Frenchman as far as one could judge. I followed them as far as I was able, but lost sight of them."

The search was continued for a month without success, and then Charles learned, to his chagrin, that the runaways were safe in the Abbey of Notre-Dame at Meaux, protected by Louis, and pensioned by James, who subsequently explained that he had approved of Clementina's purpose of "withdrawing" and educating her child, provided she had Charles' permission. As for Clementina herself, she made excuse to Charles by saying (February, 1761): "You pushed me to the greatest extremity and even despair, as I was always in perpetual dread of my life from your violent passions. It is reported that you are not yourself—that your head is quite gone." Who should know better about that than Clementina Walkinshaw?

As the years went on, Charles' heart softened towards the friends against whom he had conjured up his imaginary grievances. But there was no softening towards the unhappy Clementina Walkinshaw. Writing to her in July, 1766 (she was still, with her daughter, in the Convent at Meaux), Andrew Lumisden, the Prince's secretary, says: "No one knows the King's [the King's!]

temper better than you do. He has never, so far as I can discover, mentioned your name. Nor do I believe that he either knows where you are, nor how you are maintained. His passion must greatly cool before any application can be made to him in your behalf." Clementina and her daughter, might in fact, have starved to death for all the attention Charles bestowed upon them now.

In the early part of 1767 a rumour somehow gained currency that Charles and Clementina had been legally married. If Scots law had been put to the test on the question, the decision would undoubtedly have been in the affirmative. But Charles' brother, the Cardinal, made no account of Scots law. He was distressed at the idea of a regular union between the "rightfu' heir" and the dark-eyed Clementina; and, putting pressure on Clementina, he obtained from her a written acknowledgment that she had never been Charles' wife. What a poor, miserable business it was!

Nothing more is heard of Miss Walkinshaw and the daughter until just after Charles' marriage in 1772. It was then that Charlotte sent her father that delightfully naïve, straightforward, girlish letter which has been reproduced by all the historians of the '45. It is usually given in the original French, but a translation will probably be more acceptable here. The letter is dated April 27th, 1772, and reads—

"Sire, it is with the most profound respect, my august Papa, that I take the liberty of complimenting you and wishing

you joy on your marriage; and I entreat your Majesty to believe that in spite of your forgetfulness, and the dreadful oblivion in which you have left me, nothing will ever prevent me from cherishing all the most sincere wishes for whatever may contribute to your happiness and prosperity. I have nothing further to add, having exhausted all my heartfelt sentiments in the infinite number of letters that I have had the honour of writing you, my august Papa, none of which seem to have had any effect on you—certainly a clear proof to me of your entire desertion, which I have never deserved. But I see I must take my own part, since no one dare even speak to you of me, nor even pronounce my name to you. So I have addressed myself to Principal Gordon, who has appeared to be touched by my abandoned condition. But he has told me he could not undertake to write you about it for fear of displeasing your Majesty, and many others have said the same to me, so that, my august Papa, while having the honour to be your daughter, I am plunged in despair, for I am without fortune, without rank, and condemned consequently to lead the most unhappy and most miserable life in the world. There is nothing left for me now but to pray earnestly to Heaven to shorten my sad existence, which is already too full of affliction. And I have the honour to remain, my august Papa, with the deepest respect, Sire, your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant and most unfortunate daughter,

"CHARLOTTE."

"Mon auguste Papa" did not see things quite in the same light as his "très infortunée Charlotte." He would take her into his household, he asked Gordon to inform her, but he would have nothing to do with her mother. Charlotte (and one likes her all the better for it) declined to abandon her mother. But something had to be done, and in 1773 the pair went to Rome to plead their cause in person. Charles had said, since his marriage, that it would never do to have Clementina and

Charlotte "anywhere about." In Rome they were obviously inconvenient to him, and they were ordered away. Then Charlotte, utterly despairing of help from her fractious, besotted, stupidly obstinate father, told him that she must marry, if only for a living. Why he should object to her marrying is not clear, but he did object: he said that if she married, he would cast her off for ever, which, practically, he had already done. He asked Gordon to tell her this, and Gordon obeyed, with evident distress to himself, as appears from the following letter of February, 1775—

"I communicated to the young lady the contents of your letter, it tucht her to such a degree that I was sorry I had spok to her so friely. She seems, since she can have no word of consolation from you, inclined to marry the first who will seek her and has anuff to make her live; since she is at present of a proper age, and if she were to wait much longer it is probable she would find none. The treatment she has at present is so precarious that in case no match offers she is resolved to go in to a begging order where she will trouble nobody afterwards, if she lives any time, which she does not believe will be the case, as her spirits are intirly brock, and the doctor says that her grief has given her an obstruction on the liver. All she desired was to be acknowledged as a Natural Daughter. . . . I am heartily sorry for her unfortunate situation and think she deserves better, being esteemed by all who know her as one of the most accomplished young women in this town. Her health at present is not in a good way, and I believe my conference with her will make it worse. I beg therefore you will give me no more such commissions, as it hurts me much to be any ways, tho' innocently, the occasion of the death of a person I esteem and respect much."

Charlotte lived to heap coals of fire on her father's head for his unaccountable and unfeeling behaviour, but that was not until nine years later.

Byron speculated on the probable effect of Cleopatra joining herself to the chariot of Julius Cæsar—

> "Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
> Rome had been free, the world had not been his."

Some of the Jacobites professed to believe that it was Charles' irregular connection with Miss Walkinshaw that gave the death blow to his "cause." In line with this, a recent writer on the '45 asks, "who can estimate the injury which the Prince's Delilah inflicted on the sacred cause of the right divine of Kings by attaching herself to its earthly embodiment in the base manner she did." The "sacred cause" was hopelessly lost long before Charles took Miss Walkinshaw into his household; and if there was any "baseness" in the matter, it was, to say the least, as much due to Charles as to Clementina. But there is no need to talk prudishly about virtue, as some commentators on the episode have done. Much history has been made by great men and women who were not virtuous. Circe, Theodora, Cleopatra, Guinevere, Catherine of Russia, Faustine, the Pompadour, Queen Elizabeth, and the ancestress of Charles II.'s dukes were responsible for much good reading. Emma Hamilton had a face and

form which made history, and, in a sense, unmade Nelson.

Of Miss Walkinshaw's life after her separation from the Prince not much is known. On the suppression of her convent, in common with all others in Paris, at the French Revolution, she removed to Friburg in Switzerland, where Lord Bute, visiting her at the close of the century, found her " a complete Frenchwoman " in manner and appearance. It was at Friburg that she died in 1805, apparently friendless, and also poverty-stricken, although to the last she was in receipt of an annuity from Cardinal Henry. The whole of her property consisted at the time of her death of a few books of piety, some silver spoons, and £12 in money, which, with her dying thoughts pathetically reverting to her long-forgotten family in Scotland, she begged might be divided as small remembrances amongst her relations, if any such remained to claim them. A sad story altogether, and far from creditable to Charles Edward Stuart!

CHAPTER XX

THE LAST STUART "KING" AND "QUEEN"

In 1765, James was slowly dying, and he had not seen his elder son since their parting in 1744. Cardinal Henry appealed to him to renounce his oath and come to Rome to be reconciled to his father. But Charles remained obdurate: he would have nothing to do with Rome. The Cardinal gave up hope. "After all I have said and done," he wrote in September, 1765, "I quite despair of everything. My only comfort is the consciousness of my having omitted nothing either to convince or persuade the Baron [Charles] to do what is for his true interest."

It was practically only when James' actual death occurred that Charles foreswore his old dogged resolution; for he left Paris for Rome on December 30th, 1765, just a few hours before his father passed away. Travelling was slow in those days. The coach overturned near Bologna, and on January 23rd Charles was still on the way when Lumisden met him and found him in perfect health, but with "legs and feet considerably swelled by the fatigue of the journey." Cardinal Henry received him with unusual magnanimity, considering how the Prince had treated him. The dead King's savings amounted (so it was said) to about £250,000. He left all this to

Henry, and Henry not only passed the fortune over to Charles, but added his own pension of 20,000 crowns from the Pope. On the whole, one feels a kindly regard for Cardinal Henry. He was anxious that the Holy See should now acknowledge Charles as King, and he interviewed the Pope with that object. But international interests intervened; and when the College of Cardinals met on January 13th to consider the matter, their resolution was that "the Pope could not *per ora* grant what was demanded."

Charles was forty-six when he succeeded to his titular dignity; and, although he had long indulged in bad habits, Professor Terry is probably right in thinking that an open recognition of his claim by the Holy See would have restored him to some glimmering sense of dignity and decency. But the Pope, whatever were his private and personal views, was bound by diplomacy. He had the Royal Arms of England which James had placed upon his palace removed; the cardinals were ordered not to attend Charles' *salon;* and certain dignitaries who had paid their respects to him were reprimanded or expelled from Rome.

Charles, as was his best policy, affected an airy indifference to all this official neglect and snubbing. At least, he would not now be hunted about as he had been for many years, and he enjoyed his new-found liberty in his own way:

attending the opera, practising music (he played the French horn and the bagpipe), shouldering his gun as a sportsman, driving about the city, and joining in what of its social life was not debarred him by the Papal ban.

It was all very pleasantly novel, and the novelty stayed him from the "nasty bottle" for a time. But the novelty wore off, and it was only a few months after his "accession" that Mann was reporting a drunken brawl, in which Charles, sword in hand, had pursued some of his household to the danger of their lives. Time hung heavily on his hands, as he confessed himself. Mine, he told his brother, "is a situation that cannot be amused with quails or any diversion whatsoever." No wonder he was found by a keen observer "absorbed in melancholy thoughts, a good deal of distraction in his conversation, and frequent brown studies." The same chronicler represents him as "rather handsome," but "his face ruddy and full of pimples." Another describes him about the same time as "naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking."

Not a very promising subject for matrimony, certainly; and yet marriage was once more on the carpet, so to speak. Charles, we have already learned, had often been urged by his father to marry. "You must," said James, in effect,

" take a wife, lest the Stuart line should become extinct." So great, indeed, had been James' solicitude for a union which might give " lawful heirs to the Crown," that he would " almost have assented to Charles' marriage with a lady of private rank." In the December of 1750, James wrote a specially importunate letter on the matter. " Had you," he said, " entered into the views which I formerly gave, you had been, probably at this time, the father of a family, with a wife whom it would not have been beneath you to have married had you been in England." The Walkinshaw connection was worrying James at this time, so that he wrote : " What gives me the greatest concern is, that you have put yourself into a situation and way of living which renders your marrying anybody absolutely impossible." And then he concludes with the hint : " I am so convinced of the necessity of your marrying, that I could almost say I would rather see you married to a private gentlewoman than not at all."

But Charles always hesitated. Sensibly enough, he told his father that he rather desired to prevent the continuation of any legitimate representatives to maintain an unequal struggle for impotent rights. " It is that," he said, " which will always hinder me to marry, as long as in misfortune, for that would only subject those who had the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel." In a letter of 1748 he wrote to James : " I think our

family has had misfortune enough. I will not marry so long as I am in misery. If a son chanced to resemble the father in character, he, too, would be bound hand and foot, if he refused to obey a vile minion of authority." There was sense as well as spirit in this view.

But the time came when Charles had to consider seriously the idea of taking a wife. Clementina had forsaken him, and he was in dire financial straits. In 1771 he was summoned to Paris, and informed on behalf of the French Court that if he would marry a lady of their choosing, a pension of 240,000 livres would be settled on him. This plan was conceived by the French Minister, the Duc d'Aiguillon, in one of those fits of preparing Charles as a weapon against England.

The lady of this proposal was Louise, Princess of Stolberg, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus—of such ancient lineage that the heralds traced her family back to Justinian, the famous Roman Emperor who gave the world the " Corpus Juris." Her mother was a daughter of the illustrious house of Horn, and maternally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the de Croys and de Ligues in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, the Gonzagas and Medinas in Spain.

Louise was but five years old at the death of her father, when she became the ward of the Empress, Queen Maria Teresa. She was not yet

twenty when she consented to be Charles' bride, and Charles was fifty-two. The disparity of years need not necessarily have mattered. Many marriages could be cited where equal or greater disparity proved no bar to happiness. But Charles was thoroughly "used up" by this time—a dissipated *roué*, a mental and physical wreck. That was mainly the cause of the resultant trouble. Some writers have censured Louise herself for rushing into a match with a man she had not seen. But Louise was young and innocent, and in her inexperienced eyes Charles may have appeared a hero of romance.

The marriage, too, might well have attractions for her. "It was a crown that was offered her—a crown without true significance, but wreathed by the splendour which is lent by centuries of legitimacy and great events—a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice." Louise is represented as being "very impatient to assume her distinguished position." We can readily imagine her saying romantically to herself: "I shall be a queen some day," and so drowning any scruples she may have had about this union with a Prince thirty-two years her senior. Youth has such illusions! But it was really her mother, influenced probably by more solid reasons than appealed to Louise, who hurried on the wedding. Indeed, it is suggested that the match was arranged by

the mother without consulting the daughter at all.

"Here is a mother
Will truck her daughter for a foreign venture."

After a proxy marriage in Paris, Louise set out to meet the real bridegroom. Before she goes further, let us see what she was like. A "beautiful little fairy Princess," says one, "with laughing dark eyes and shining golden hair, and brilliant fair skin, more brilliant for the mysterious patches of rouge on the cheeks and vermilion on the lips." In reporting of her to Charles, an emissary sent to interview her, said she had "a good figure, a pretty face and excellent teeth, with all the qualities which your Majesty can desire." Vernon Lee describes her as "a small, plump, well-proportioned, rather childish creature, with stiff, half-formed childish features, a trifle snub, a trifle soulless, very pretty, tender, light-hearted; a charming little creature, very well made to steal folks' hearts unconscious to themselves and to herself."

Another says she was "of the middle height, blonde, with deep blue eyes, a nose slightly turned up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman. Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery. She seemed made to turn everybody's head." Horace Mann wrote: "She is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but the features of her face resembled too much those of

her father to be handsome." Alfieri, the Italian poet, of whom more presently, describing her as he first saw her in 1776, wrote: "A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unwounded or unsubdued." Long after this, in 1810, Lamartine declared that nothing then in her manner or appearance recalled either the Queen of an Empire or "The Queen of Hearts," as Louise was long called in Florence. "She was," says Lamartine, "a little woman whose figure had lost all lightness and all elegance. The features of her face, too rounded and too obtuse, also preserved no pure lines of ideal beauty. But her eyes had a light, her fair hair a tint, her mouth an attraction, all her physiognomy an intelligence and a grace of expression which made you remember, if they no longer made you admire."

Such, then, was the Princess about to become Charles Edward's bride. At Loreto—where "the great sanctuary encloses with a silver and carved marble the little house of the Virgin"—she was met by a Jacobite dignitary and five servants in the crimson liveries of England. Charles was waiting for her at Macerata, one of the larger towns of the March of Ancona. What was he like now, this bridegroom of fifty-two? Not certainly the winsome and handsome hero of the '45, over whom the women had "a' gane wud." Vernon

From the portrait by *Hamilton*

Prince Charles Edward late in life

With the gracious permission of H.R.H. The Princess Royal

Lee has probably painted his portrait as well as any one. She says—

"The man who met Louise of Stolberg at Macerata as her husband and master, the man who had once been Bonnie Prince Charlie, was tall, big-boned, gaunt, and prematurely bowed for his age of fifty-two; dressed usually, and doubtless on this occasion, with the blue ribbon and star, in a suit of crimson watered silk, which threw up a red reflection into his red and bloated face. A red face, but of a livid, purplish red, suffused all over the heavy furrowed forehead to where it met the white wig, all over the flabby cheeks, hanging in big loose folds upon the short, loose-folded, red neck; massive features but coarsened and drawn; and dull, thick, silent-looking lips, of purplish red scarce redder than the red skin; pale-blue eyes tending to a watery greyness, leaden, vague, sad, but with angry streakings of red; something inexpressibly sad, gloomy, helpless, vacant and debased in the whole face."

Imagine the gay young Louise setting eyes for the first time on a bridegroom like this, just as she was to be married! The ceremony took place at Macerata, in the Palace Chapel, on the 17th April, the bridegroom signing the register as Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland! The year and the day were ominous. It was the year (1772) that witnessed the first partition of Poland, the restoration of the despotic Government in Sweden, the startling drama of Caroline Matilde and Struense in Denmark. And it took place on Good Friday.

One pictures the gloomy desolation of Louise's crossing through the Apennines to Rome in the early spring; travelling through the black, deserted valleys the last days of her happy,

innocent girlhood. Did it ever occur to her, as the horses were changed in the little post towns, that it was in honour of Holy Week that the savage-looking, bearded men, the big, brawny, Madonna-like women had got on their best clothes? Didn't it strike her that the unplastered church fronts were draped with black, the streets strewn with laurel and box, as for a funeral; that the bells were silent in their towers? Perhaps not. And yet when, a few years later, this Queen who was no Queen was already wont to say that her married life had been just such as befitted a woman who had gone to the altar on the lamentation day of Christendom, she must have remembered.

Poor Louise! One cannot help commiserating her. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constant cold-hearted, rough, unaccountable behaviour. It is one of Montaigne's most cutting remarks that "it is ever proper unto women to be readily bent to contradict and crosse their husbands." Louise was a reasonable person, and would not have contradicted her husband without good grounds. But, unfortunately, she early saw sufficient cause for taking a disgust at Charles; and matters were not improved between them when she failed to give him an heir. Disappointed in the hopes which had been his chief

reason for consenting to the match, Charles gradually revealed his true character, relaxing the slight restraint he had put upon his evil tendencies, and often in fits of drunken rage positively ill-treating his young wife.

Meanwhile, the first days of the honeymoon were being spent at Terni, in the palace of Count Spada, whose family had long been attached to the Stuarts. The ladies of the house were delighted with Louise, though they remarked that, despite her youth and freshness, she wore rouge. Reaching Rome, the pair made an entry in something like royal pomp. Charles officially notified the arrival of "the King and Queen of England"! His brother, the Cardinal, paid the Princess a long visit, and presented her with a rich snuff-box (ladies took snuff in those days) set in diamonds, containing a draft for 40,000 crowns. But the position at Rome proved equivocal and embarrassing, and the couple moved first to Leghorn, then to Sienna, and finally, in 1774, established themselves permanently at Florence.

It was not long before the domestic trouble began. Charles' health became worse: more and more he was indulging in the "nasty bottle"; his appetite failed; symptoms of dropsy appeared. "What can a young lassie dae wi' an auld man?" asks the old Scots song. What could the lively young Princess do with an elderly husband of this sort, especially as he treated her with such scant

consideration? There is an extant letter of hers addressed to him, in which she complains of his "sulking" because she had declined to go with him for a walk "in the month of June at the hottest time of the day." It would, she says, "be cruel to make a poor woman tramp the streets in horrible heat because your Majesty is bored in your room." It was a very spirited letter, this; sarcastic, too, in certain of its expressions. Here is a quotation, *verbatim et literatim*—

"You suggest also that I should rise at 7 o'clock in the morning, having gone to bed at 2; but that is certainly a joke of Your Majesty's, for otherwise one would think you were doting. You have not yet reached that age, Sire, and it would assuredly not do you credit in the world that it should be thought of you, who have always passed for a gallant, that you had degenerated to the extent of being willing to remain only a few hours with a young woman who is pretty and who loves you. But if Your Majesty continues to sulk as you have been doing, I shall be obliged to justify myself in the eyes of the public, as the innocent cause of the royal countenance not being so radiant with glory as it has always been, and of your beautiful eyes being dimmed. I shall put into the hands of all my friends the memorial I enclose in this letter, of which I have before sent a copy to Your Majesty, and in which I have set forth the facts as best I could, and believing that my cause is good, I hope that justice will be done to me."

The "radiant" royal countenance is rich! The whole letter is significant of much more than it says. Charles, in a word, had made himself impossible to his wife.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the

autumn of 1777, Vittoria Alfieri, the poet and dramatist, arrived in Florence. It was a saying of Goethe that each of Balzac's novels was dug out of a woman's heart. More than one of Alfieri's best tragedies and some of his poems had the same kind of origin. He had "adventures" long before he met Louise. In Holland he fell so desperately in love with a young married woman that when she left him at the call of conjugal duty he "became speechless," and when brought to his senses by the lancet, was with difficulty prevented from "tearing of the bandages, and wilfully bleeding to death." A graver affair of the kind happened in England—the heroine the wife of a peer, with a duel in the Green Park as one of the consequences.

The disillusioned Louise was the more ready to turn for consolation to such a determined enslaver of hearts that, besides being unhappy with her husband, she was always something of a coquette. In 1774, two years after her marriage, Walpole wrote: "The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels in love with the Pretender's Queen, who has permitted him to have her picture." Alfieri, on his side, was completely captivated by Louise. She became to him, he says, "a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work." Recognising and appreciating such a treasure, "I gave myself up to her beyond recall." At first when he saw her, "the spouse was always present." Later, he tells that "in

the nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other." Here was the dangerous feeling of sympathy with the woman! Alfieri says his "perfect calm" with Louise would have been unbroken if he had not been so frequently pained "to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated husband. Her sorrows were mine." Just so!

In the November of 1780 the course of Alfieri's life was rudely disturbed by a sudden outburst of brutality on the part of Charles, who, in a drunken fit, behaved so grossly to his wife as to justify her, not only in the opinion of the Florentine Court, but even of her brother-in-law, Cardinal Henry, in throwing him off for ever. Sir Horace Mann tells the miserable story in a dispatch to the British Government, and does not spare Charles. As for Alfieri, he declared that he merely rescued an innocent victim. "Suffice it to say that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master, without her honour being in any way whatever compromised, nor the proprieties in the least transgressed." Upon this, Abraham Hayward observes that "considering the total want of opportunity," it requires no great stretch of charity to believe

him. Unfortunately, as with Bothwell and Mary Stuart, the subsequent conduct of the pair has thrown a shade of doubt on the purity of their intercourse from the beginning. Mann says that in 1783, when Charles Edward supposed himself to be dying, he convinced his brother that Louise's conduct was not irreproachable. But Charles was naturally prejudiced.

To return. Earl Stanhope speaks of Louise's " elopement " with her lover, which is hardly the correct term. Louise took refuge in a nunnery, and, when she left it, the arrangements for her departure, her journey, and her reception at her next abode were made by her brother-in-law, the Cardinal, and the Papal Nuncio, who were specially directed by the Pope to facilitate them. On the 13th December, the Cardinal wrote to Louise : " I have long foreseen what has happened, and your proceedings, taken in concert with the Court, are a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives." The Pope also wrote her a letter of approval, with promises of protection. Before the year was out, Louise was on her way to Rome, accompanied by a couple of her Irish friends, and guarded by a mounted escort against Charles' possible interference. At Rome she was treated with the greatest respect, and frequently dined at Frascati with Cardinal Henry.

Consideration for appearances kept Alfieri from following his " Donna Amata " just yet. Florence, however, was uncomfortable, so he resolved to go

to Naples, because "the way lies through Rome." As a matter of fact, he stayed in Rome, seeing Louise nearly every evening, until the Pope ordered him to leave within fifteen days. On the 4th March, 1783, he proceeded to Sienna, "like one stupid and deprived of sense, leaving my only love, books, town, place—my very self—in Rome." Meanwhile, a voluminous correspondence was being kept up between the two. When, in 1784, Louise obtained a divorce from her husband, she made the first use of her liberty to proceed to Colmar, where she spent two months with Alfieri. Next summer they met again at the same place.

Two years later (in 1787), Charles died. Louise wept when she received the news. One easily accounts for this by the softened fancy which "recalls past hours of tenderness, and refuses to dwell on past causes of complaint: we forgive the wrongs we have suffered, and weep bitter tears to think we can no longer ask pardon or atone for the wrongs we may have done." Charles' death, at any rate, made no change in the relations of Alfieri and Louise. They were nearly always together; they frequently occupied the same house, and were received in the best society, as if no convention was being outraged.

There may have been a notion that they had been privately married, but, if so, it was unfounded. Hayward says Louise could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty; but we know from her letters to Alfieri's mother that she was disappointed

at the poet's unwillingness to legalise the union. To the last she clung to the hope that Alfieri would make her his wife, but her passion for him was too deep for her to put much pressure upon him, and she dared not risk what might possibly have been the result of a threat to leave him.

It may have been that Alfieri, independently of a poetic dislike to a prosaic termination of his romance, preferred remaining the lover of a "Queen." And it is quite certain that Louise clung with tenacity to her assumed state. At Florence she had in her rooms the canopy of a reigning queen, and the fashionable people spoke of her as "la reine d'Angleterre." Even when she went with Alfieri to Paris, she maintained this assumption of regality. Wraxall, who visited her there, says that in one of the rooms was a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; that all the plate, including the spoons, was engraved with the same arms; that her servants always addressed her as "Your Majesty." Friends gratified her weakness. Mme. de Staël constantly wrote to her as "chère Souveraine"; the Duchess of Devonshire adopted the same tone. One marvels —and smiles—at these innocent illusions now.

In 1790, Alfieri and Louise left Paris for Normandy, and in the following spring visited England, where they remained for some months, partly in London, and partly in the country. It is alleged that the visit was made with the object of obtaining pecuniary assistance from the

House of Hanover! That would have been, indeed, an ironical situation; but it is worth noting that when Cardinal Henry died in 1807, Louise got £1,600 of the £4,000 pension which the complacent George had given to Henry the year before.

Louise, it may be remarked in passing, kept a journal during this visit, from which we learn that she did not think much of England or its society. Here is an extract—

"Although I knew that the English were melancholy I could not imagine that their capital was so, to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. If England had an oppressive Government, this country, together with its people, would be the last in the universe: bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. The English are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures and know nothing about them."

She had some strange adventures in London. Horace Walpole tells of one in a letter to Miss Berry, May 19th, 1791. Walpole speaks of the topsy-turvyhood that characterises the age as being responsible. "Within these two days the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London; and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain!" In a postscript he tells that Louise "was well-dressed and not at all embarrassed" when

announced at St. James'. He mentions another "odd incident": at the Opera at the Pantheon, Mme. d'Albany was carried into the King's box, and sat there. Then Hannah More tells in her *Memoirs* of being taken to the House of Lords to hear the King make his speech: "The thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday."

It appears from Louise's "journal" that she and Alfieri meditated an expedition to Scotland, where she wished to see the spots consecrated by the heroism or misfortunes of the Stuarts and their adherents, and that the journey was abandoned from bad weather. Alfieri attributes the fact to pecuniary difficulties. Two-thirds of their revenue was derived from French investments, paid in *assignats*, the current value of which was dropping down to zero. It may be added that Alfieri, with his love of horses and hatred of France, was a confirmed Anglo-maniac, but could never learn English. Voltaire said that Englishmen gained two hours a day by eating their words, and that was Alfieri's view.

Leaving England, this strange pair got back, by way of Paris, Brussels, Germany, and Switzerland,

to Florence. It was there that Alfieri died, on October 7th, 1803. Chateaubriand, who was passing through, saw and hung over him in his coffin. He was buried by the side of Machiavelli, in the church of the Holy Cross at Florence, where Louise caused a white marble monument, designed by Canova, to be erected to his memory. By his will he left everything to Louise, confiding to her also the printing of his literary remains, and the guardianship of his literary fame. In these respects she fully answered his expectations by publishing a carefully-edited edition of his posthumous works.

With all her faults and weaknesses, it must be admitted that she was to Alfieri very much what Beatrice was to Dante, Laura to Petrarch, and Vittoria Colonna to Michael Angelo—his polestar, his beacon, his inspiration, and his guide. The assertion that after his death she allowed the painter François Xavier Fabre, who was fourteen years her junior, to supplant him is fully disproved by her recent biographer, Mr. Herbert Vaughan, who declares that "her devotion to Alfieri, however much open to censure, was sincere, unselfish, and imperishable"; and that "her character, though far from perfect, has been most unfairly maligned by certain modern critics."

Nevertheless, it is significant that when she died in January, 1824, it was found that she had made Fabre her universal legatee. The result of this was that all the books, MSS., statues,

paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts that had been collected by Charles Edward and Alfieri became the property of the painter. Hayward rightly observes that if Louise had had fancy or imagination, delicacy or sensibility, this notion of making the Frenchman the personal representative of the royal husband and the poet lover would have been rejected with a shudder if suggested to her. But poor Louise was "deficient in romantic interest," with a character "essentially prosaic"; and, perhaps, she never once thought of it. She rests, at any rate, beside Alfieri in the church of Santa Croce, where she is commemorated with much flattery for her virtues. She had bestowed large gifts on Santa Croce, and "gifts persuade even the gods."

In the last twenty years of her widowhood she was the central figure of a *salon* at Florence that achieved a European reputation. There she presided every evening, and received all sorts of notabilities: Canova, the sculptor; Ugo Foscolo, the poet, upon whose eccentric genius she exercised a highly beneficial influence; Lord Byron; Tom Moore; Lord John Russell; and Sir Humphry Davy—to name only a few. The importance of her *salon* was, perhaps, most emphasised by Napoleon's order of May, 1809, that she should repair immediately to Paris. At her first audience with the Emperor, he addressed her: "I know your influence over the society of Florence. I know, also, that you employ it in a

sense adverse to my policy. You are an obstacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for fine arts." She was not allowed to return to Florence till November, 1810.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SOBIESKI STUARTS

THE "Queen's" interview with Napoleon suggests another curious chapter in the Stuart story. Mr. Lang tells, from first-hand authority, how, about 1823, a young English girl was taken by her parents to see Charles' widow in Florence. She then heard Louise inform her (the English girl's) parents that Napoleon had sent for her when he was contemplating an invasion of England. She was shown into a large room in one of the palaces, and left alone. Presently Napoleon entered, marched up to her, and bluntly said: "Madame had you ever a child?" She answered: "No Sire"; and he turned on his heel and strode out again. That Charles Edward Stuart had no child by Louise is indisputable; that he had no child at all except the son and daughter borne him by Clementina Walkinshaw is a fact accepted by all his biographers.

Now, in spite of this, we are confronted with the claim of the two brothers known as the Sobieski Stuarts, who declared that they were the grandsons of Prince Charles and his "Queen." Briefly, the story of these claimants of the royal blood is, that a son was born to Charles and Louise in the most private manner in or about the year 1773. This child, they averred, was

secretly sent out of the country by the arrangement of a Scotch doctor who had been present at the accouchement. It was entrusted to the care of a Captain (afterwards Admiral) Allen, and by him brought to England, named after himself, and acknowledged as his son. The child, according to the story, grew up to be the father of the two brothers who posed as the direct descendants of our Prince.

It is a queer, intricate, absurd story. Admiral John Carter Allen was an old Westminster scholar, a brave sailor, a Whig well looked upon by the Rockingham party, and of such good blood as to induce Lord Hillsborough to believe that he was legal heir-male to the Earldom of Errol. He was twice married, and had two sons. By his will, dated February, 1800, he bequeathed to the elder, Captain John Allen of His Majesty's Navy, £2,200; to the younger, Thomas, also of the Navy, £100. The disproportion has been explained by saying that Thomas Allen was the royal Stuart, and, therefore, not entitled to the same financial consideration as the Admiral's own son.

Thomas Allen, whatever were the grounds of his belief, subsequently styled himself "Count of Albany," the title which Prince Charlie took in 1766 when he laid aside that of Prince of Wales. The fact is certainly curious as showing that Allen's sons were not the first to assume unfounded pretensions. Thomas Allen (it is best to retain that name for the sake of clearness), in 1792, married

the daughter of an English Church clergyman, and the result of the union was the two brothers who afterwards appeared as John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart. Alas! that it should have to be told: Thomas Allen, "Count of Albany," died in a London (Clerkenwell) lodging-house in 1852. He had resided there for seven years, during which time he never once left his rooms, passing his time chiefly in reading and writing. His female attendant used to state that he was "connected with the highest in the land," but had reasons for living in absolute retirement.

The account most favourable to the pretensions of the Sobieski Stuarts is that given by "Monsieur le Vicomte d'Arlincourt," in a book called *The Three Kingdoms*, published in 1844. D'Arlincourt boldly declares that the fact of Prince Charlie's "Queen" having a son is "attested by authentic documents." Some of these he says he has seen, but "will not venture to speak of them." Why not? Surely there was no risk in 1844, and to reveal the documents would have been all in the interest of the Sobieski Stuarts themselves.

D'Arlincourt follows with the story of the Scottish doctor, whom he names Cameron. Being in Florence, Cameron was asked to visit a "noble lady" who was dangerously ill. On arriving, he found she had just given birth to a son. "The portrait of Charles Edward, set round with precious stones, lay on the table; and at the end of

the room was the Prince himself." The doctor wrote and signed a detailed statement of the fact, which statement, according to D'Arlincourt, was in the possession of the brothers. "There still exists a picture, painted at the time (I am not authorised to say where it is), which represents Charles Edward in the act of entrusting his son to Admiral Allen, to be brought up in secret at a distance from him. The Admiral is standing on board ship, his wife is on the shore, with one knee bent to the ground; she is receiving the child from the Prince, and the vessel awaits them." Why should D'Arlincourt not have revealed the locale of this wonderful picture? We may be sure that if it existed, plenty of people would have seen it, and yet it is mentioned by no one else. And if all that is in it was really enacted before the artist's eye (by the way, wouldn't the artist have given away the secret?), several others, including the ship's crew, must have been present, and, therefore, able to furnish accounts which never *were* furnished.

Another version of the ridiculous fable is that Louise was delivered of this child at a lonely villa somewhere in the Apennine country between Parma and Lucca. The doctor, in this version, was a Scottish Jacobite named Beaton, said to have been at Culloden, who then chanced to be travelling in Italy in order to "pay his respects to his legitimate sovereign." It is added that the true circumstances of their father's birth were told

Photo by *A. Swan Watson*

John Sobieski Stuart

to the Sobieski Stuart brothers by Dr. Beaton himself after the said father's death. But Thomas Allen, the putative Prince, died in 1852; so if Beaton fought at Culloden, he would then be something more than a centenarian! A clumsier concoction of improbabilities can hardly be imagined.

Here is another point: If Charles Edward did have a son, what could have been the object of spiriting him away? D'Arlincourt says that Charles wished to place the child in safety till his majority, convinced that his life would be attempted! Moreover, he desired the child to be kept in ignorance of his birth, "that his education and early years might not be disturbed by thoughts of the sceptre and the throne." But, then, why did not the mother, after Charles Edward's death, reveal the existence of another Stuart? Because, they say, she had received considerable sums for continued silence.

Now, let it be repeated that Charles Edward had no child, son, or daughter by Louise of Stolberg. If Louise had, indeed, borne him a child, and the parents had wished to keep the birth a secret, they must have found that utterly impossible. In middle and lower-class life such a secret might be kept, but the thing is out of all question even for pseudo-royalty. Louise was always moving about freely, and if she had been *enceinte* the gossips would have proclaimed it. Charles and his wife were constantly watched by

keen-eyed emissaries of the British Government. Their system of espionage was perfect—at Paris, Leghorn, Florence, Rome. Especially at Florence, where the pair resided, nothing could escape Sir Horace Mann, the *envoy* there. Yet no hint was ever given by Mann or another of anything of the kind. Again, the Jacobites were looking eagerly for an heir. Charles had married with the express purpose of securing an heir to carry on the exiled dynasty. We know how bitter was his disappointment at the union proving childless; therefore he was far more likely to produce a suppositious infant (a possible contingency that Mann was ever dreading) than to conceal a real one. If an heir was in prospect, would the Jacobite leaders not be informed of the fact? And when the "event" came off, how could it have been hidden? Nay, why should it have been hidden?

The explanation of the Sobieski Stuarts that a Stuart baby Prince stood in danger of assassination by hired minions of the Hanoverian House is too ridiculous. The Hanoverians feared nothing from the Jacobites by that time. They knew of the degraded moral and physical state into which Charles had fallen, and King George was too secure in his "chair" to give a serious thought to any would-be disturber of his security. Further, if Charles Edward had a son, why did he ignore him in his will? Why should he have alienated from that son not only his Italian residence, but

the Polish jewels which he had inherited from his mother, and the ancient Crown jewels of England ?

Louise, again, the reputed mother, made no mention of any offspring in her death settlement, but, as we have seen, left all her property to the companion of her old age, the French painter, François Fabre—a circumstance which, if the offspring really existed, we should hardly attribute even to a mother of light nature and little virtue. And if Charles had, indeed, a son in the care of Admiral Allen, why did he not recall that son when, in 1784, after his wife had left him, he begged his illegitimate daughter by Miss Walkinshaw to come and solace him ? With a Jacobite Prince of Wales living, he would assuredly not have legitimised a natural daughter, as he did, in order to create a successor to the Stuart claims. Finally, what about Cardinal Henry ? He, if anybody, would certainly know of the existence of this son. Yet, on Charles' death, did he not assert his right to the British Crown, and style himself Henry IX. ? The whole argument is futile. Both Charles and his "Queen," separately and categorically, denied that they had a child, and no one ever dreamt of doubting them.

Nevertheless, there are some strange features connected with the story put forward by the Sobieski Stuarts. Mr. Andrew Lang, who seems to have met both, says that their likeness to the Stuart family was most marked. This likeness was, he adds, closest to James VIII. (where it

could not be affected) in a photograph of the younger brother taken after death. Patrick Fraser Tytler and Lady Eastlake both described the elder brother as very like the portraits of Charles I. D'Arlincourt, who met the pair in Inverness-shire, also writes that this brother "bears a striking resemblance to Vandyke's portrait of Charles I., but is much handsomer." The other brother, he says, is "the living image of the Pretender."

Both were men of fine physique, and the Highland dress, in royal Stuart tartan, which they always wore, suited them admirably. When in Inverness-shire, D'Arlincourt was assured that they were "the handsomest men in that part of the country." Indeed, their personal beauty and distinguished manners were such that "they could not travel through Scotland a few years ago without awakening the enthusiasm of the Highlanders." They were familiar figures in Edinburgh about the middle of last century, and attracted general attention when they appeared in public. Robert Chambers, the Edinburgh publisher, celebrates them as "two magnificent Highlanders," who came to his house laden with sweetmeats, and drank porter out of old silver tankards, a feat which they repeated many years after with the same tankards in Mayfair. One calls them "a stately pair, after a somewhat theatrical style." D'Arlincourt says of John Sobieski Stuart: "A number of Orders covers his breast, and, in his

Photo by *A. Swan Watson*

Charles Edward Stuart Sobieski

Scottish costume, adorned with his numerous decorations, and enveloped in mystery, he appears surrounded with a mystic charm." On the same writer's authority: "Napoleon, previous to the last disasters of the Empire, heard the brothers Stuart spoken of. He wished to see them and attach them to his person. The young Scots fought beneath his colours. One day, on the field of battle, Napoleon detached his cross from his button-hole and gave it himself to John Sobieski." This has not been verified by the present writer; but, so far as he knows, the incident is not mentioned in any of the standard "Lives" of Napoleon.

The claims of the brothers were so far recognised that they were cherished by the Lord Lovat of their day, who provided a beautiful little home for them at Eilean Agais, an islet on the Beauly. D'Arlincourt describes a visit to the place—

> "There, beneath trees a hundred years old, in a solitude where one seems transported a thousand leagues from civilisation, stands a building, the architecture of which is in the style of the Middle Ages, with ancient windows and painted glass. This strange hermitage, shaded by firs and oaks, has the pediment of a noble mansion on which are displayed the arms of the Scottish Monarchy. Underneath the escutcheon of Charles Edward is this affecting inscription: 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

D'Arlincourt describes a long hall hung round with flags; the walls covered with trophies; several statues; windows gloomy as those of a cathedral;

hammers, ogives, and effigies; a warlike sanctuary; memorials of Charles Edward—his arms, his hammer, his garments, his portrait, his watch, his jewels. "I was shown the chest where the heir of the Highlanders kept his money, his precious stones, and his papers locked up. This chest, originally a present from Francis I., is admirably carved. It still contains title-deeds.

If the brothers really possessed all these Charlie remains, how did they come by them? An *Athenæum* reviewer of October 20th, 1906 (probably Mr. Andrew Lang) says: "We lately saw a frame containing about a dozen Stuart miniatures, several of them excellent, given by one of the brothers to an acquaintance. Where did the Sobieski Stuarts obtain them?" Ay, and where now are all those relics mentioned by D'Arlincourt? Where, too, is that bonnet of "crimson velvet, laid on the seams, and bound with gold and lace," worn by Charles in Glasgow, which the brothers themselves declared they possessed? We know that when the younger brother died he bequeathed to the Marquis of Bute a Highland claymore (Andrea Ferrara) which he said had been worn by his "grandfather" at the ball given at Holyrood on the eve of Prestonpans. Also he left to Lord Lovat a large two-handled sword made by Cosmo Ferrara, which belonged to his "said grandfather," and two pistols formerly owned by Rob Roy (1715). But one has the suspicion that D'Arlincourt must have been

romancing about many of those possessions he enumerates.

Lord Lovat, it is said, gave the brothers their *congé* on being informed that some Government post to which he aspired would not be bestowed upon him if he continued to harbour them. At one time they lived at Logie, on the banks of the Findhorn, being tenants of the Gordon-Cummings there. They were Presbyterians when under the wing of the Earl of Moray, but became Roman Catholics when they moved to the Lovat country. While at Eilean Agais, they attended the Roman Catholic Chapel at Eskadale, and there are surviving memories of their proceeding to chapel in full Highland dress, with pipes playing them on the way. It is here, at Eskadale, that they lie buried, beneath large Celtic crosses, within sound of the rushing Beauly. Somewhere about 1847 they had retired to Austria, but later on returned to London, and would be seen, with indications of dignified poverty, working earnestly in the British Museum Library.

For these Sobieski Stuarts did not devote their energies solely to making good their royal descent. "Education, wit, talents—they were deficient in none of them," says D'Arlincourt. "They were men of many accomplishments," writes Mr. Lang: "poetical, good sportsmen, and in their *Lays of the Deer Forest*, excellent writers of natural history." In 1822 the elder brother, John, published a big volume of 344 pages, entitled *The Bridal of*

Cäolchairn, and other Poems, dedicated to the Duke of Argyll. Then there was his *Vestiarium Scoticum*, a handsome folio, published in 1842; followed three years later by *The Costume of the Clans*. Even now these two works are recognised as the standard authority on the subject of tartans and Highland dress in general.

In 1847 appeared a curious volume, *Tales of the Century*, the joint production of the brothers. Dealing largely with Prince Charlie and Jacobite romance, it sets forth, under feigned names, but with a wealth of detail, the whole story of the authors' alleged royal parentage. The book bears the dedication: "To Marie Stuart by her Father and Uncle"; and the father of the pair, Thomas Allen, figures in it as Iolair Dearg, or Red Eagle, which still further increases the mystery. The younger brother, Charles Edward, published on his own account a small volume of Poems in 1869.

Towards the end of their career, the brothers came down to lodgings in Pimlico, where pseudo-majesty would be heard calling for his boots from the upper floor. Both had married in the same year, in 1822. John died suddenly on board a steamer just leaving Bordeaux at Christmas, 1872; Charles Edward on Christmas Eve, 1880. Charles had called himself "Count of Albany" since John's death. John had two daughters and a son, who married Lady Alice Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol; Charles Edward had three daughters and a son, who also, curiously enough, married

into the Errol family. Charles' four children are all dead; and one only, the second daughter, Louisa Sobieski, Mme. Von Platt, left issue; so that her son, Alfred von Platt, a lieutenant in the Austrian Army, is the present inheritor of the pretensions of the Sobieski Stuarts whatever these may be worth.

Such is the queer, tangled story. How are we to account for the absurd contention on which it was founded? Mr. Lang inclined to think that the brothers' legend was based on an anecdote in Bishop Forbes' *Lyon in Mourning*, the MS. of which was in the hands of their friend, Dr. Robert Chambers. According to this anecdote, "a Scots gentleman, son of a noble family, and captain of a ship of war in Britain," saw Charles at the Opera in Rome. Charles recognised him for a Scot, sent for him, and when he came with his servant, discovered in the latter a man who had brought him a letter at Falkirk in 1746.

It would be easy, says Mr. Lang, for the fancy of the two Allens, who knew the MS. *Lyon in Mourning*, to add that the British captain was Captain Allen, and that a royal babe was secretly entrusted to his charge, to be brought up by him with his own son. Sir Walter Scott attributed their claim to "an over-indulged habit of romantic day-dreaming"; and Mr. Lang considers that it acquired the force of an actual hallucination. The suggestion does not help us very much; for, as Mr. Lang himself observes, it is difficult to

account for hysterical illusion *à deux* — a "collective hallucination," as one might say.

In any case, the brothers had a touching and an absolutely sincere belief in their connection with the fallen House of Stuart; and the fact that they went through life accepted by a vast number of people as the grandsons of Prince Charlie, seems sufficient enough reason for giving them once more a place on the borders of the living land.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAST OF AN AULD SANG

It was in the November of 1780 that Louise fled from her husband, who had all but strangled her in his cups. Naturally he devoted himself more than ever to the bottle. What Murray had written of him in this connection some years before, was doubly true now: "Your Royal Highness is resolved to destroy himself to all intents and purposes. Everybody talks of your conduct with horror, and from being once the admiration of Europe, you are become the reverse. Think what cruel anguish these reports give to me and the few that are truly attached to you! You have banished all your father's subjects." Alas! yes. What "subjects" would care to own allegiance to a broken-down, dissipated, dyspeptic, irritable, nervous wreck of three-score?

In the spring of 1783, Charles was attacked by a serious illness, and thinking himself dying, summoned his brother, Cardinal Henry. Some years before this, he had been seized with an epileptic fit, and was supposed to be dying then. Sir Horace Mann reported the fact to Viscount Weymouth, who returned the coldly contemptuous answer: "It is not necessary to send an Express with the account of the death of the Pretender, if that event should happen, as the early notice is

not of importance." Not of political importance, certainly. Charles Edward and the "cause" he represented were spent forces.

But Charles was not to die just yet. In 1784 the formal separation was arranged between him and his wife, Louise securing "an amicable divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and liberty to reside where she pleases." This relieved him from a position which he declared to be cruel, tyrannical, unjust, and even "barbarous." If he had been indulging the hope that his wife would return to him, that hope was now shattered; and in his loneliness and misery he turned to his daughter, Charlotte Walkinshaw, whom he had treated so abominably.

Already, in March, 1783, he had made a will, in which he designated Charlotte his heir, and legitimated her, with the title of "Duchess of Albany." Now the aforetime "august Papa" begged her to take pity on him, and come to be the head of his household. Charlotte responded to his invitation, left the convent where she was staying with her mother, and before October (1784) was out had joined her father at Florence, where she remained his tender nurse and faithful attendant till his death. "He welcomed her with genuine affection, and on St. Andrew's Day (November 30th) invested her with the Order of Andrew. The old palace awoke to something of its earlier gaiety in Charles' efforts to please and to entertain her. He gave balls, and drowsed

while his guests danced. He lived, too, a cleaner and better life, for his new-found daughter was a young woman of tact and determination who kept him in order, though with difficulty. The 'nasty bottle' entertained him in moderation. The repentance and conversion of the prodigal, a vista once so remote to the anxious Cardinal, seemed almost in prospect, and the Pope offered his congratulations on the tardy dawn of grace."

But Charles was morally, as well as physically, a "done" man, utterly broken in mind and body. Charlotte might "check him when he drank too much," as Mrs. Piozzi said, and her letters to Cardinal Henry show her difficulties in that direction. But it was too late. Charles became more and more feeble. He spoke of himself as being "so bothered in the head," and Mann reported that "his mind seems to approach that of imbecility." "He decays every day visibly," Mann tells Walpole. "The disorder in his legs increases. His daughter did well to come in time to reap his succession, for which she will not wait long." There is a significant anecdote of the time to the effect that one of his visitors, a Mr. Greathead, had encouraged him to talk about his adventures in the '45. Warming to the reminiscence, he became abnormally excited, and presently dropped to the floor in convulsions. Charlotte happened to come into the room at the moment. "Oh, sir," she said to Greathead, "what is this? You must have been speaking

to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders. No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence."

Cardinal Henry was anxious to have his brother in Rome beside him, in the precarious condition of his health; and in December, 1785, induced him to remove from Florence. The journey had been arranged dependent on "the King's legs not refusing him some service." It was accomplished in easy stages, with apparently no ill-effects; and the helpless wreck took up his residence with his daughter in the gloomy old mansion in the Piazza of the Santi Apostoli. "It must," says a biographer of Cardinal Henry, "have been a somewhat depressing home-coming for Charles Stuart, this return to the house of his childhood, that was filled with so many happy and unhappy memories, that was so reminiscent of vain intrigues and bitter family quarrels; but Charlotte's evident pride and delight in thus entering her father's Roman palace as its mistress gave the invalid some compensation for his melancholy thoughts. Before long the dismal old mansion was made to exhibit some share of its former splendour and gaiety under the rule of its new occupant."

Dinners and receptions were given to the leading members of Roman society, and on these occasions Charlotte invariably presided, richly dressed, and wearing the historic Stuart and Sobieski family jewels that her father had recently given

her. As a beloved daughter at last constantly at her "august Papa's" side, and as undisputed ruler of his household, Charlotte Stuart "was in these days at the height of her glory, and few persons will be found inclined to grudge her the enjoyment of these belated and fleeting honours. As it had been her original aim and her first care to restore her father's health and spirits, so it cannot be doubted that her constant attention, her youthful cheerfulness, and her strange but apparently sincere affection for her royal parent, prolonged the Prince's life, and gave him at the last a few unexpected years of self-respect and of comparative happiness."

But this was not to last. Early in 1786 the querulous old invalid had a relapse, and was removed to Albano. There, sick to the death himself, he "touched" others for the "King's evil." Mann wrote that "he has lately assumed the folly practised by his father and grandfather, to touch people who are afflicted with scrofulous disorders. Many old women and children have been presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some ceremony, he gives a silver medal, which they wear about their necks." In the winter of this same year he returned to Rome.

Weaker and weaker he became, fighting with dropsy and threatened apoplexy. Early in 1788 he was stricken with an acute attack of paralysis. Frequently during that terrible January did the

Cardinal Duke visit the anxious household in the dingy old palace, where his brother lay in a semi-comatose state, and where Charlotte was nursing her helpless father with unwearied devotion. At last, on January 30th (according to some, as before-mentioned), the anniversary of his great-grandfather's execution at Whitehall, the wreck of the brilliant hero of the '45 passed away at the age of sixty-seven, "worn out by the fitful fever of a life such as few persons in the world's history have experienced." He died in his daughter's arms, and during the absence of his brother, who had not expected a sudden end. In his last moments he was attended by the Franciscan brothers, Fathers James and Michael MacCormick, natives of Ireland, who both lived to a very great age. James died at Rome in 1818; Michael, who was an able scholar, and spoke nearly every European language with fluency, at Naples in 1820. Father James reported of Charles that "he received all the sacraments of the Church with the demonstrations of a strong faith, and died in the most edifying manner." By his directions, the Fathers watched his corpse, reciting the Office for the Dead, from the moment of his departure till his interment.

The honours that were denied to Charles Edward in life were heaped upon him in death. His body, duly embalmed and regally vested, was placed in a coffin of sweet-scented cypress wood, with crown on head, ring on finger, and

The Stuart Monument in Rome

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sceptre in hand. It lay in state for a short time in the private chapel at the Palace, and was then secretly conveyed by the Irish Franciscans to the Cathedral at Frascati. There all the wealth and magnificence of the impressive Roman ritual were called into requisition to render solemn impressiveness to his obsequies. At the end of the ceremony, the body (with the exception of the heart, which had been already placed in a silver urn) was enclosed in a temporary vault, there to remain until Cardinal Henry's death. Now both brothers lie beside their father in the crypt of St. Peter's. On Charles' tomb there is a graceful epitaph in Italian, which may be roughly Englished—

"The ashes of Prince Charles Edward
Rest in this peaceful place;
Son of King James of England,
Heir of a royal race.
An exile from throne and country,
You ask what guerdon he hath?
Disloyalty of his subjects,
But loyalty to his Faith."

By his will, executed in 1784, Charles left nearly everything to his faithful daughter Charlotte—his palace at Florence, with all its rich furniture; all his plate and jewels, including not only those brought into the family by his mother (among them two rubies of great value, which had been pledged with her father by the Republic of Poland, and a large golden shield

presented to the heroic John Sobieski by the Emperor Leopold after the siege of Vienna), but also such of the Crown jewels of England as had been conveyed to the Continent by James II. in his hurried flight from his kingdom.

Charlotte did not long survive her father to enjoy the income with which he thus tardily endowed her. During the summer of 1789 she went to Bologna "for change of air and in order to reduce the feverish illness which was slowly consuming her," and there she died in the following November. Some writers state the cause of her death to have been the result of a fall from her horse; but all accounts point rather to a deep-seated and long-concealed internal malady, probably some kind of malignant tumour. In any case, she passed away, comparatively young, "greatly admired by many personages of note, and deeply beloved by a host of friends, so that, instead of regarding her as a possible source of political intrigue, it is more pleasant to think of her as the affectionate, unselfish daughter who came at a timely moment to the rescue of Scotland's national hero."

When the news of her father's death reached Robert Burns, he was spending a gay time with his friend William Cruickshank, in St. James' Square, Edinburgh. His great heart was filled with pity for Charlotte Stuart, left solitary so far from the land she might have called her own, and the latent Jacobitism in him broke out in the

production of his well-known song in her honour, entitled "The Bonnie Lass of Albanie"—

"My heart is wae, and unco' wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An' the bonnie lass of Albanie.

"This noble maid's of royal blood,
That ruléd Albion's kingdoms three;
But O, alas! for her bonnie face!
They hae wranged the lass of Albanie.

"In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame, whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albanie.

"But there is a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albanie!

"Alas the day, and woe the day!
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands,
The royal right of Albanie.

"We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
That the time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albanie."

With Charlotte Stuart's death the House whose name she bore was represented by a "barren stock," the Cardinal Henry. After his brother's death he assumed the title of Henry IX., but beyond having a medal struck, bearing the

inscription: "Henry IX., King of England by the grace of God, but not by the will of man," he did nothing to push forward his claim to the Crown. He was not the man to embark on any risky political enterprise, preferring the security of his high ecclesiastical office and its princely emoluments. But he had his regal weaknesses, too. He demanded the use of the title "Majesty" in his domestic circle, and he had the crown of a reigning monarch emblazoned on his plate and seals. He "touched" for scrofula, too, like his brother.

It is said that an English visitor passing through Rome in the early years of the last century, was summoned across the street to speak to the aged Cardinal in a carriage. "You are an Englishman, I think?" said the Cardinal. "Yes, your Eminence," replied the visitor. "And how is my army?" asked the Cardinal. The stranger was naturally unable to grasp the situation, but willing to please an old man in his dotage, replied, "Very well indeed, sir." "And how is my navy?" then asked the Cardinal. "It also is very well," was the reply. The carriage drove on, and it was not till some time later that the Englishman discovered that he had been talking with the last of the royal Stuart line.

Henry had certainly made sure of the comfort of his own future when he became Cardinal. In 1761, when he was appointed Bishop of Frascati and Vice-Chancellor of the Holy See, he became

From the painting by *Blanchet*

Prince Henry, Duke of York, as a youth

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one of the wealthiest churchmen in Italy. His private means, and the revenues coming to him from Spanish sources and from the various offices he held, brought his income up to £30,000 or £40,000 a year. But evil days were now in store for him. Early in 1788, eighteen thousand French troops advanced upon Rome, in the course of Bonaparte's scourging of Italy; and the city suffered its supreme indignity when the Pope was forcibly removed from the Palace of the Quirinal and placed under guard in the Abbey of the Certosa, near Florence.

The day before this French invasion of the holy city, Cardinal Henry fled from his retreat at Frascati, as much on account of the local uprising of disaffected persons as from fear of the advancing army. For ten months Naples afforded a refuge to the old man, for the first time in his long life pursued and harassed. But Naples was soon abandoned to the mercies of the French troops, and Henry had to move again for safety. There is a time-honoured tradition that he was conveyed on Nelson's flagship to Palmero, "thereby affording the curious spectacle of a British man-of-war carrying the British Pretender to a place of safety"; but, in reality, Henry had left Naples in a small coasting vessel chartered by himself some time before the King and Queen of the Sicilies embarked on the *Vanguard*.

There is no need to recount his subsequent

doings. He lost practically all his large revenues in Italy, for the Papal Treasury was impoverished by having to pay Napoleon £1,200,000. And though he had a lucrative benefice in Spain, that was absorbed by the pensions with which his own kindly heart and the bequests of his father and brother had burdened him. These bequests, it is interesting to note, included an annual sum of 3,000 crowns to Clementina Walkinshaw, till her death in 1802. Henry's unfortunate position moved the generosity of George III., who magnanimously provided him with a yearly pension of £4,000. This, one of the ironies of history, was altogether to George's credit.

Cardinal Henry died on the 13th July, 1807, at the long age of eighty-two. Descendant, in direct male succession, of Mary Queen of Scots, with his passing away there disappeared from earth "the last sublime glory of the House of Stuart," and Jacobitism became nothing more than a sentiment. The legitimate succession now opened to the descendants of James II.'s sister, the Princess Henrietta Maria, wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. She died in 1670, leaving two daughters. Mary, the eldest daughter, married Charles II., King of Spain, but died without issue; her sister, Anne, married Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, from whom was descended Francis V., Duke of Modena. In March, 1842, Francis married Adelgonde, daughter of Louis I., King of Bavaria, and died without issue in November, 1875. His younger

brother, Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, had married, in 1847, Elizabeth, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, and left, at his death in 1849, an only daughter, Mary Theresa, who, born in July, 1849, and married in February, 1868, to Louis, Prince of Bavaria, is the present heiress of the House of Stuart.

Thus the story ends—a sad end to a life which opened with such high hopes: an end which presents so poignant a contrast to the gallant days when Charles Edward marched buoyant at the head of his forces, led the dance in the halls of ancient Holyrood, and won all hearts by his gracious affability and princely dignity. "For a few brief months he had tasted life as he interpreted it—activity, leadership, the championship of his House and the Cause it blazoned. He had tilted in the ring, and Fate put him for ever outside the lists." That was his tragedy, that the cause of the fatal and degrading weakness which transformed him as completely as if in reality he were an entirely different personality. When one hope after another deserted him, he drank to drown care and thought, to lose, if but for a time, the deadly, chilling sense of failure.

> "The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
> And shows his miseries in distant lands."

Had Charles died at Culloden, the story of that poor, wasted later life would never have had to be told, and his name would have been fragrant

in the memories of men as that of the "bonnie Prince Charlie" whom Scotland saw and Scotland loved in the brief stirring days of the '45.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, Charles Edward Stuart was the most successful of his line, the saviour and restorer, in a literary way, of the Stuart House. Jacobites do well to extol him, for had it not been for his dashing enterprise and showy character, the memory of the Stuarts would be very different from what it is to-day—in Scotland, at all events. Without him, Jacobitism would certainly never have become romantic, and would probably even be in some degree odious and contemptible to the majority of Scotsmen. For until that final flash of the '45 the cause of the Stuarts had been associated in Scotland, for the most part, with memories unpleasing and even hateful to the great bulk of the nation. It was only in the stirring adventures and the picturesque figures of the later rising that Jacobitism found the transfiguring element of romance needed for its glorification. The Prince himself—"handsome and brave and not too knowing," as Lowell has it—was just the fit hero for such a purpose, and for the same end his campaign could not have had better conduct and issue had it been designed by the most cunning artist of romance.

The daring voyage in the *Doutelle*, the brilliant victory at Prestonpans, and the astonishing march to Derby were not more effective in one

way than the slaughter at Culloden and the forlorn yet unbetrayed flight through the Highlands were in another. The gleam of success and the cloud of failure were alike appropriate and necessary, for what was needed after all was not the recovery of a kingdom, but the restoration of a shattered line's prestige. That, assuredly, was accomplished to the full, and so it comes that bonnie Prince Charlie, in spite of his defeat and even of his decadence, is really one of the great and rare victors of history. He failed, indeed, as any prince might do, to get the regal crown for himself; but of how many Pretenders can it be said that they succeeded, like him, in crowning his dynasty with the halo of romance?

That, forgetting, if we may, the years of exile and self-debasement, should be our last thought. Mr. Lang has written it, and we may borrow his words: "Farewell, unhappy Prince, heir to such charm and to such unmatched sorrows; farewell, most ardently loved of all the Stuarts!"

THE END.

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